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Various Authors



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ASIAN HIGHLANDS PERSPECTIVES 58

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COVERS: (FRONT) Singing at a wedding in Yangs dus ཡངས་དུས། Community, Mgo mang མགོ་མང། (Guomaying 过马营) Township Town, Mang ra མང་ར། (Guinan 贵南) County, Mtsho lho མཚོ་ལྷོ། (Hainan 海南) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྒང། (Qinghai 青海) Province, PR China (2018, Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།). (BACK) Headed home from Mgo mang Township Town (2018, Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།).

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ASIAN HIGHLANDS PERSPECTIVES

Asian Highlands Perspectives (AHP) is a trans-disciplinary journal focusing on the Tibetan Plateau and surrounding regions, including the Southeast Asian Massif, Himalayan Massif, the Extended Eastern Himalayas, the Mongolian Plateau, and other contiguous areas. Cross-regional commonalities in history, culture, language, and socio-political context invite investigations of an interdisciplinary nature not served by current academic forums. *AHP* contributes to the regional research agendas of Sinologists, Tibetologists, Mongolists, and South and Southeast Asianists, while also forwarding theoretical discourse on grounded theory, interdisciplinary studies, and collaborative scholarship.

AHP publishes occasional monographs and essay collections both in hardcopy (ISSN 1835-7741) and online (ISSN 1925-6329). The online version is an open-access source, freely available at <https://bit.ly/2S0tjtE>. The print edition is available to libraries and individuals at-cost through POD publisher Lulu.com at <https://goo.gl/rIT9lI>. The journal currently has a core editorial team of three members and a consultative editorial board of experts from a variety of disciplines. All submissions to the journal are peer-reviewed by the editorial board and independent, anonymous assessors.

AHP welcomes submissions from a wide range of scholars with an interest in the area. Given the dearth of current knowledge on this culturally complex area, we encourage submissions that contain descriptive accounts of local realities - especially by authors from communities in the Asian Highlands - as well as theory-oriented articles. We publish items of irregular format - long articles, short monographs, photo essays, fiction, auto-ethnography, etc. Authors receive a PDF version of their published work. Potential contributors are encouraged to consult previous issues.

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

<https://bit.ly/2vqJMtn>

- "No Receiving Without Giving"
A mdo Tibetan stong mchod
'Thousand-Fold Offering' Practices
Sangs rgyas bkra shis སངས་རྒྱས་བཀྲ་ཤིས།
(Sangjiezhashi 桑杰扎西)

14-78

<https://bit.ly/2RRveKx>

- Reading Tibetan in the Original Chinese:
Tibetan Sinophone Authors and Translation
Duncan Poupard

79-113

ESSAY

<https://bit.ly/2GsGfww>

- The Wutun Language and Modern
Diversity Linguistics
Erika Sandman

115-121

TRANSLATION

<https://bit.ly/30VRiYT>

- ཅོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་དང་འབྲེལ་ཏེ་ཨ་མདོའི་ས་གནས་འགའ་ཡི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་སླེང་བ།
Gray Tuttle
ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ་གྱིས་བསྒྱུར།

123-171

PERSPECTIVES

<https://bit.ly/2ROVIMW>

173-216

<https://bit.ly/2O190Vv>

217-233

<https://bit.ly/2U8Fm4H>

234-238

<https://bit.ly/2GnAPmP>

239-247

<https://bit.ly/37yjKSQ>

248-251

<https://bit.ly/2RPCuGR>

252-258

The Rdo rje Phur pa Ceremony at

Mi nyag Ri khud Monastery

Bsod nams dbang phyug བསོད་ནམས་དབང་ཕྱུག

(Yang Haiyu 杨海宇)

Aasi Nadi 'Bull Play' in the Ledu Tu

(Mongghul) Area, Qinghai Province, PR China

Limusishiden (Li Dechun 李得春)

Ra rgan tshang: An A mdo Tibetan Herders'

WeChat Group

Pad+ma rig 'dzin པད་མ་རིག་འཛིན།

Beloved Animals

Pad+ma rig 'dzin པད་མ་རིག་འཛིན།

Communicating with Yaks:

Shouts and Whistles

Phun tshogs dbang rgyal ཕུན་ཚོགས་དབང་རྒྱལ།

The Pace of Change: Reflecting on the

International Graduate School

North-South 2018 in Nepal

Dkon mchog dge legs དཀོན་མཆོག་དགེ་ལེགས།

PROFILES

<https://bit.ly/2sY4klA>

260-288

<https://bit.ly/316mUet>

289-306

'Brug lha rgyal - Tibetan Dancer

Sgrol ma yag སྒྲོལ་མ་ཡག

Salt Collection and Trading in A mdo

Sangs rgyas tshe ring སངས་རྒྱལ་ཚེ་རིང་།

<https://bit.ly/2GrSZnq>

307-320

<https://bit.ly/2Ruo0gG>

321-338

"Our Chimney Still Smokes" Jiraxji (b. 1926) –

A Huzhu Mongghul (Tu) Woman

Limusishiden (Li Dechun 李得春)

A Huzhu Mongghul (Tu) Woman's Life:

Qixinsuu (1924-1982)

Limusishiden (Li Dechun 李得春)

TIBETAN

NIGHTMARES

<https://bit.ly/2GvJsLP>

339-363

FORTY-FIVE CARTOONS

LITERATURE

<https://bit.ly/2uzq4ei>

365-367

<https://bit.ly/2TWlaBG>

368-370

<https://bit.ly/2U0LMT8>

371-377

<https://bit.ly/37Fh5al>

378-382

<https://bit.ly/2TYS2ej>

383-387

<https://bit.ly/2RUJSRt>

388-395

<https://bit.ly/36vTo2w>

396-402

Mosh-K

Pad+ma rig 'dzin པདྨ་རིག་འཛིན།

Veneered Elegance

Skal bzang tshe brtan སྐལ་བཟང་ཚེ་བརྟན།

Expelling a Demon

Skal bzang tshe brtan སྐལ་བཟང་ཚེ་བརྟན།

Saturday

Gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལས།

An Unclean Bloodline?

Gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལས།

Love at Dream Lake

Gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལས།

No Escape

Gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལས།

<https://bit.ly/36tbGBx>

403-404

<https://bit.ly/2tW2TuP>

405

<https://bit.ly/2vp1221>

406

<https://bit.ly/2vp1ai1>

407-408

<https://bit.ly/2Rr4Rfw>

409-410

<https://bit.ly/2O0YAoR>

411-412

<https://bit.ly/2O2Ms6R>

413-414

<https://bit.ly/30TiyqT>

415-416

<https://bit.ly/2NVUVsr>

417-418

<https://bit.ly/2tRvJfP>

419-420

<https://bit.ly/2O08as8>

421-422

<https://bit.ly/2Rrc7YX>

423-424

<https://bit.ly/30UM27L>

425-426

Preparing Clothes for a Bon Tantric

Practitioner's Afterlife

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Fake Sheep

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

A Balloon

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Smell

Blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

Cleanse Evil From My Mind

Chos skyong skyabs ཆོས་སྤྱོད་སྤྱུངས།

Educating a Son

Chos skyong skyabs ཆོས་སྤྱོད་སྤྱུངས།

Lethal Imagination

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Gullible Compassion

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Warm Blood, Blue Sky

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Sugar

Blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

Best Friend

Blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

A New Life

'Jam dbyangs skyabs འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྤྱུངས།

Best Brothers

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

<https://bit.ly/37Fm2jr>

427-428

A Bolt of Lightning

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ་

<https://bit.ly/2vqJ0MT>

429-430

Safe with Mother

'Jam dbyangs skyabs ཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐལ་

<https://bit.ly/2RuFWYH>

431-432

Nine Rivers

Blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་

<https://bit.ly/30UNtD6>

433-434

It Doesn't Matter

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ་

<https://bit.ly/3aL234E>

435-437

"No Doubt!"

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ་

<https://bit.ly/38S0ekP>

438-440

"This is Not What I Want"

Chos skyong skyabs ཆོས་སྐྱོང་སྐལ་

<https://bit.ly/2GomZAi>

441-443

Broken Promise

'Jam dbyangs skyabs ཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐལ་

<https://bit.ly/3AOBOUK>

444-445

Conceivable Inconceivables

Chos skong skyabs ཆོས་སྐྱོང་སྐལ་

<https://bit.ly/36v9F87>

446-449

A Stitch in Time

Rdo rje dpal 'byor རྡོ་རྗེ་དཔལ་འབྱོར་

BOOK REVIEWS

<https://bit.ly/37w2opF>

Review: *Faith and Empire: Art and Politics in Tibetan Buddhism* by Karl Debreczeny

451-470

Reviewed by Rob Linrothe

<https://bit.ly/38APpDk>

Review: *Beloved Tibetan Children*

by Lha byams rgyal

471-499

Reviewed by Kelsang Norbu (Skal bzang nor

bu སྐལ་བཟང་རོ་བུ། Gesang Nuobu 格桑诺布)

<https://bit.ly/37qgeKi>

Review: *Paper Airplanes* by Yan Yingxiu

500-520

Reviewed by Li Xiuhai 李绣海

<https://bit.ly/38Nflfi>

Review: *The Beloved Children of Tibet* by

Lha byams rgyal

Reviewed by Tshe dpal rgyal ཚེ་དཔལ་རྒྱལ།

521-531

(Caihuajia 才华嘉)

<https://bit.ly/2TZfbgo>

Review: *Jie* by Ciren Luobu

Reviewed by 'Brug mo skyid འབྲུག་མོ་སྒྱིད།

532-542

(Zhoumaoji 周毛吉)

<https://bit.ly/38Fb9hj>

Review: *Cultural Changes at an A mdo Dge*

lugs Monastery by Lhun grub rdo rje

543-553

Reviewed by Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

<https://bit.ly/2RuBs4a>

Review: *China's New Socialist Countryside:*

Modernity Arrives in the Nu River Valley by

Russell Harwood

554-557

Reviewed by Duo Dala (Stobs stag lha ལྷོ་བས་སྐྱེ་ལ།)

<https://bit.ly/2RQ7JSi>

Review: *The Way of Kham-s-pa* by

Chiangyong Tsering

Reviewed by Lhamodrolma (Lha mo sgrol ma

558-563

ལྷ་མོ་སྐྱོལ་མ། Lamaozhuoma 拉毛卓玛)

<https://bit.ly/2Gersw>

Review: *How to Write a Lot* by Paul J Silvia

Reviewed by Lugyal Bum (Klu rgyal 'bum

564-567

ལུ་རྒྱལ་བུ་མ། Lijiaben 李加本)

DISSERTATION

NOTICE

<https://bit.ly/2RUFvFM>

Review: *The Phonetics and Phonology of
Nyagrong Minyag, an Endangered Language
of Western China* by John R Van Way

569-574

Reviewed by Sami Honkasalo

ARTICLES

"NO RECEIVING WITHOUT GIVING"
A MDO TIBETAN STONG MCHOD 'THOUSAND-FOLD
OFFERING' PRACTICES

Sangs rgyas bkra shis སངས་རྒྱལ་བཀྲ་ཤིས།
(Sangjiezhashi 桑杰扎西, Duke University)

ABSTRACT

This ethnographic account of a Stong mchod 'Thousand-fold Offering' [religious ritual] focuses on its practice in a pastoral Tibetan area in Gcan tsha thang (Jianzhatan) Township, Gcan tsha (Jianzha) County, Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, PR China. It considers the impact of the ritual, the administrative location where it takes place, the local population, local religious views and practices, education, community livelihood, government settlement policy, and economic changes. Two maps and five photographs provide additional information.

KEYWORDS

Buddhism, community ritual, government policy, Mtsho sngon, monks, Qinghai, Thousand-fold Offering, Tibetan ritual

†Sangs rgyas bkra shis. 2019. "No Receiving Without Giving"
A mdo Tibetan stong mchod 'Thousand-Fold Offering' Practices. *Asian
Highlands Perspectives* 58:14-78.

††I thank reviewers, *AHP* friends, and several editors for their helpful
comments on this article.

INTRODUCTION

It was late summer 2000, and my family had just moved to our autumn pasture, where the grassland had been ungrazed since spring. The whole community had come and camped. Hundreds of black yak-hair tents lined Kha gyi Valley in the west to Khung ri Mountain in the east.

My family was expecting my two monk uncles, and my monk brother to visit our tent to hold a ritual. I was excited because I had not seen them since my family had moved to the summer pasture some months earlier and also because they often brought me fruit and candy when they visited.

"Sangs kho, climb the small hill where you took our yak calves yesterday. See if the monks are coming. They don't know which tent is ours. Someone needs to bring them here," Mother directed while churning milk.

"Yes, Mother!" I said excitedly and raced to the top of the small hill. I stood on tiptoe and gazed into the northwest, hoping to see my uncles. Disappointment came when I saw only some yaks and flocks of sheep. "Why are they still not here?" I asked myself impatiently.

I sprawled on the ground and waggled my legs in the air, not knowing what to do next. Would my parents let me become a monk? Mother said monks had the most meaningful, happiest life.

A herder on the opposite mountain was singing, which brought me back to the present, but she was too far away for me to make out the lyrics. And suddenly, I spotted three scarlet-clad figures approaching.

"Mother! The monks are coming!" I shouted, which echoed so distinctly that the whole community must have heard it.

I ran toward the monks as fast as I could.

"Sangs kho! Good boy! You've come all the way here to welcome us," said my older uncle.

He patted my head with his right hand, put his left hand into a yellow bag on his right shoulder, and pulled out an apple and handed it to me. I led them to my family's tent while munching on the apple, hoping I would become a monk.

This paper is about local religious views, ritual practices, and particularly my family's annual Stong mchod 'Thousand-fold Offering' practice in Gcan tsha thang (Jianzhatan). I intend to depict a religious reality of indigenous lives, the purpose of rituals for the locals, their understandings, and explanations of their devotion to rituals. This approach will aid in preserving the reality of rituals among ordinary Tibetans.

I will describe the livelihood of the community, which I locate on maps, followed by information about my family's house (ritual space), and the people (participants), scriptures, monasteries, and a nunnery. I also describe the local religion, including local laypeople's religious views, a monastery, a tantric hall, daily religious practices, *rtsis*,¹ ritual instructions, religious rituals, and major annual religious rituals in Gcan tsha thang. Against this background, the main body of the paper focuses on the Thousand-fold Offering, including ritual participants, preparation, a comprehensive account of the ritual process, and ritual expenses.

I also reflect on the influence of various forces stemming from land division, settlement policy, and the community's interest in state-sponsored education on the Thousand-fold Ritual practices in 2017. To better illustrate these forces, I pinpoint the challenges locals face when they move to Mar khu thang (Maketang), a larger population center and the local county's administrative center, in the pursuit of access to better quality education to advance their children's future, and the limited religious space they can access in this new environment.

I conclude by discussing how recent changes are likely to impact not only local religious practice but language, herding culture, and other aspects of herders' lives.

I hasten to add that Tibetan religious belief and practice has many variants. I do not suggest that the Stong mchod described here typifies other areas or even all households in the community where my home is located.

¹ *Rtsis* refers to *nag rtsis* 'astrological calculations related to personal fortune' (Goldstein et al. 2001:603).

GCAN TSHA THANG COMMUNITY

Gcan tsha thang Community is located in Gcan tsha thang Township, Gcan tsha (Jianzha) County, Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, PR China. Gcan tsha thang is a Tibetan community about forty kilometers from the County Town, Mar khu thang. In 2017, the County Town was about a three-hour bus trip (one hour by car) from Zi ling (Xining) City, the capital of Mtsho sngon Province.

In 2017, Gcan tsha thang Township had a land area of 642 square kilometers and 4,000 residents of whom ninety-nine percent were Tibetans.¹ The government divided the Gcan tsha thang herding area in the 1980s, creating four *dadui* 'big groups'.² These are Lo ba (which my family belongs to), Ka brgya dang bo, Ka brgya gnyis pa, and Rkang mo.

Historically, Gcan tsha thang sde ba 'community' had ten *tsho ba* 'tribes':³ Lo ba, Lho ba, Yang rong gong ma, Yang rong zhol ma, Gser kha, Kha lug, Rkang mo, Nor ba, Ka brgya dang bo, and Ka brgya gnyis pa. Intertribal marriage was prohibited. In 2017, Yang rong, Gser kha, Kha lug, Lho ba, and Nor ba were small tribes and part of the four *dadui*, but not recognized officially by the local government. Consequently, these tribal names do not appear on identity cards nor in family *khyim tho* (*hukou*) 'registration books'.

Gcan tsha thang sde ba is grassland with Se bo Mountain to the west, Gzigs chen Mountain to the south, and Lha de'u Mountain to the north. Gzhung chu 'Shared Water' is a stream flowing through the grassland and is the most important local water source. Historically, locals' livelihood depended on herding yaks, sheep, horses, and goats and moved seasonally among winter, spring, summer, and autumn camps. However, after the grassland division in the 1980s, seasonal

¹ Population and land area data are from <http://bit.ly/2p2DpEp> (accessed 1 May 2017).

² This location has been described in Sangjie Zhaxi and Stuart (2018).

³ *Tsho ba* refers to small tribes within *sde ba* who are believed to share common ancestry.

movement was dramatically curtailed, and further constrained by government-mandated fencing. As a consequence, for example, in 2017, my family moved only to summer, autumn, and winter camps.

Furthermore, in 2017, most families sought income from collecting caterpillar fungus (*Ophiocordyceps sinensis*) in the fourth to fifth lunar months,¹ doing construction work locally, or finding service work in restaurants and hotels in Mar khu thang. A majority of those born after about 1990 attended school. Of those who completed high school and took university entrance examinations, only about twenty percent passed. Some ninety-five percent of those who graduated from institutions of higher education were unable to find official government employment. Instead, they herded livestock; became *dge rgan glas ma*² 'temporary teachers', earning about only 1,000 RMB a month; or did a combination of construction work and herding. Local parents encourage their children to obtain official jobs near the community because official jobs are secure, and the parents can frequently interact with their children.

¹ Locals used the Chinese lunar calendar before about 2012. In 2019, most used the Tibetan lunar calendar. Nevertheless, some families celebrate New Year according to the Tibetan lunar calendar, some do not, and others also celebrate the Chinese New Year. According to my father (Rin chen rgyal, b. 1963) adopting the Tibetan calendar was closely tied to the Bod skad dag ma 'Pure Tibetan' movement in around 2010 when college students and Tibetan scholars encouraged the use of Tibetan without mixing it with Chinese, and wearing Tibetan clothes to preserve Tibetan culture. Locals then decided to follow the Tibetan lunar calendar.

² *Dge rgan glas ma* is a local term for a teacher who substitutes for an official government-paid teacher, generally because the latter dislikes their job. In this way, the official teacher retains their official salary and benefits, while paying the substitute teacher only a portion of the salary they earn. The term has negative connotations for the substitute teacher unable to find official (government-paid) employment.

MAPS

FIG 1. Map of Mtsho sngon.¹

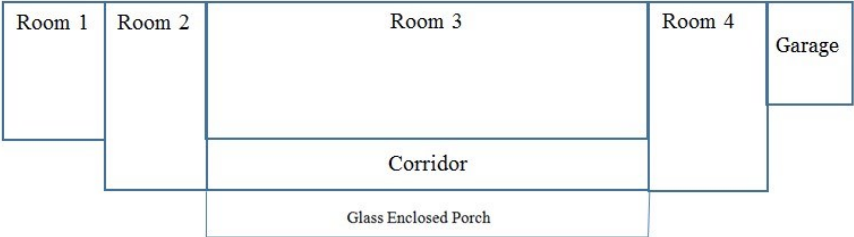


FIG 2. Map of Gcan tsha thang.



¹ Maps of Mtsho sngon and Gcan tsha thang sde ba are rough cut and modified from <https://bit.ly/2u0RuX9> (accessed 10 March 2019).

FIG 3. My family's one-story house.



My family house was constructed from adobe, wood, and red bricks and is located at the foot of Se bo Mountain. The house has four rooms, one garage, one corridor, and one glass-enclosed porch. None of the rooms have specific names. For the sake of convenience, I have labeled them rooms 1, 2, 3, and 4.

FIG 4. People in the text: names, descriptions, and birth and death dates.

Name	Descriptions	Birth-Death
'Jigs med	Pa lo skyid's brother	1939-2015
A lags blo bzang	local <i>bla ma</i> of Sgar kha	1940
A lags ngang rong	local <i>bla ma</i> , in 2014 the abbot of Sgar kha	1961
Ban+de rgyal	brother	1988
Bkra shis rgya mtsho	Rin chen rgyal's brother	1980
Bsod nams rgya mtsho	paternal grandfather	1942-1993
Bstan 'dzin mkhyen rab	monk participant	1991
Dge 'dun shes rab	brother	1986
Gser mtsho skyid	Ban+de rgyal's wife	1987

Gur mgon skyabs	Rin chen rgyal's brother's son	1996
Klu mo tshe ring	mother	1963
Mkhyen rab rgya mtsho	Rin chen rgyal 's brother, a respected monk in Gshong mo che	1966
Pa lo skyid	Rin chen rgyal's mother	1942
Rdo rje thar	Rin chen rgyal's brother, husband to Snying dkar skyid, and father of Gur mgon skyabs	1975
Rin chen rgyal	father	1963
Sgrol ma skyabs	Rin chen rgyal's sister's husband	1979
Skal bzang rdo rje	Rin chen rgyal's brother	1988
Skal bzang rgyal	Gser mtsho skyid's father	1964
Snying dkar skyid	Rdo rje thar's wife	1975
Tshe ring	Gser mtsho skyid's wife's brother	1989

FIG 6. Monasteries and a nunnery.

Name	Detail
Bla brang (Bla brang dga' ldan bshad sgrub dar rgyas bkra shis g.yas su 'khyil ba'i gling)	A Dge lugs monastery with 1,400 monks in Bsang chu (Xiahe) County (Smith 2017:6).
Gnam rdzong (Gnam rdzong bsam gtan 'phel rgyas gling)	According to Nian and Bai (1993:302), it was founded by Pad ma rig 'gzin (Banmarenzeng) during the Qing Dynasty (1644-1912) and had 55 nuns before closing in 1958. It reopened in 1980. Smith (2017:188) records it as a Rnying

	ma ¹ nunnery in Khams ra (Kanbula) Township, Gcan tsha County with 170 nuns.
Gsang sgrog (Gsang sgrog bde chen bshad sgrub 'phel rgyas gling)	A Sa skya ² monastery during the Yuan Dynasty (1279-1338) that converted to the Dge lugs School. Closed in 1958, it reopened in 1985 (Nian and Bai 1993:179). Smith (2017:187) writes that it is a Dge lugs monastery with 75 monks in Skya rgya Township, Gcan tsha County.
Gshong mo che (Gshong mo che byang chub bde chen gling)	Founded by Sbyin pa rgya mtsho (Jingbajiancuo) in the Qing Dynasty, there were 208 monks in 1953 and 370 monks in 1958. It reopened in 1981 (Nian and Bai 1993:194). Smith (2017:61) lists it as a Dge lugs monastery located in 'Phrang dmar (Changmu) Township, Khri ka (Guide) County, with 20 monks.
Ngang rong (Ngang rong bkra shis chos 'phel gling)	Founded by 'Jam dbyangs rgya mtsho (Jiayangjiancuo) during the Qing Dynasty, it had 130 monks before closing in 1958 and reopening in 1980 (Nian and Bai 1993:179). Smith (2017:188) reports it to be a Dge lugs monastery with 55 monks located in Mtsho drug Township.
Sgar kha (Sgar kha dga' ldan rnam rgyal gling)	Founded by a local monk, Dpal ldan (Huadan), who received great help from local people in 1626. Before 1985, Sgar kha had 34 monks. It reopened in 1985 (Nian and Bai 1993:176). Smith reports

² A Tibetan Buddhist sect that derives its name from the Sa skya monastery that was founded in 1073 about eighty kilometers north of Jo mo glang ma (Mount Everest) (<https://bit.ly/2k2kkVu>, accessed 7 August 2019).

	that Sgar kha is a Dge lugs ¹ monastery located in Gcan tsha thang Township with 30 monks (2017:44) and provides a photograph (48).
Yonghegong Yonghe Temple (Dga ldan byin chags gling)	A Dge lugs monastery, better known as Bla ma Temple in Dongcheng District, Beijing. Yonghegong was founded in 1694 and originally served as an official residence for court eunuchs. Later, the fourth son of the Kangxi Emperor (1654-1722), the Yongzheng Emperor (1678-1735) converted it into his residence. Half of the temple was converted into a monastery for Tibetan monks. ²

FIG 5. Scriptures mentioned in the text.

Name	Detail
<i>Bzang bo spyod pa'i smon lam</i> 'Aspiration to Good Action'	<i>Aspiration to Good Action</i> describes the positive actions of many Bodhisattva committed to acting for the benefit of all beings. Those who chant the scripture pray that they will be able to follow these good actions to achieve Buddhahood. Not many locals can recite <i>Aspiration to Good Action</i> , but a few do, including my mother.
<i>Gdugs dkar</i> 'White Parasol'	Gdugs dkar/Sitatapatra, a female bodhisattva, is also a short name for <i>Gdugs dkar mchog grub ma</i> , a scripture that Father and Ban+de rgyal often recite. The benefits of chanting this scripture are mentioned in the scripture, e.g., see this excerpt from Zlog pa grub chen las kyi rdo rje (nd:216):

¹ The predominant Tibetan Buddhist order since the seventeenth century.² See more about Yonghe Temple at <https://bit.ly/328qTqK> (accessed 9 July 2019).

De bzhin gshegs pa'i gtsug tor nas byung ba'i
gdugs dkar po can gzhan gyis mi thub pa phyir
zlog pa rig sngags kyi rgyal mo 'di.

དེ་བཞིན་གཤེགས་པའི་གཙུག་ཏོར་ནས་བྱུང་བའི་གདུགས་དཀར་པོ་ཅན་
གཞན་གྱིས་མི་ཐུབ་པ་ཕྱིར་སྒྲོག་པ་རིག་སྒྲགས་ཀྱི་རྒྱལ་མོ་འདི།

This undefeated *White Parasol Mantra* that
comes from the crown (Skt. *uṣṇīṣa*) of the
Buddha's head:

gro ga'am/ ras sam shing shun la bris te/ lus
sam mgul du btags sam klog par byed na de ji
srid 'tsho'i bar du mtshon gyis mi tshugs/ dug
gis mi tshugs/ mes mi tshugs/ chus mi tshugs...

གྲོ་གཤམ། རས་སམ་ཤིང་ཤུག་ལ་བྲིས་ཏེ། ལུས་སམ་མཁུལ་དུ་བརྟགས་སམ་
སྒྲོག་པར་བྱེད་ན་དེ་དེ་སྲིད་འཛའི་བར་དུ་མཚན་གྱིས་མི་ཚུགས། མས་མི་
ཚུགས། ཚུས་མི་ཚུགས།”

written on wood, cloth, bark, tying it on the
body, or reading it protects against weapons,
poison, fire, water...

<i>Nor gzungs</i> 'Mantra of Wealth'	<i>Nor gzungs</i> is a short name for <i>Nor rgyun ma'i gzungs</i> , the <i>Mantra of Wealth</i> associated with Nor rgyun ma (Vasudhara), the Bodhisattva of Wealth.
<i>Sgrol ma</i> 'the Mother of Liberation/Tara'	A general term referring to several Tara scriptures. Locals often recite two <i>Sgrol ma</i> scriptures. The longest is <i>Sgrol ma 'Tara'</i> . A shorter version is ' <i>Khor ba las sgrol ma 'The Liberator of All Suffering from Cyclic Existence'</i> '. The central theme is the significant attributes of Tara's twenty-one images. White

	Tara and Green Tara are the images most often seen locally.
<i>Shes rab snying po 'The Heart of the Perfection of Wisdom'</i>	A well-known sutra explaining the fundamental emptiness of all phenomena. Most men in Gcan tsha thang have memorized it and recite it daily.
<i>Skyabs 'gro 'Taking Refuge'</i>	A short scripture chanted as a prelude to reciting Buddhist scripture. Locals often say, " <i>Chos kyi mgo ma skyabs 'gro</i> 'The Beginning of the Dharma is <i>Skyabs 'gro</i> .'" <i>Skyabs 'gro</i> emphasizes and is literally about taking refuge in the Three Jewels (the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha).
<i>Sman bla'i mtshan 'Mantra of the Medicine Buddha'</i>	The focus is on eliminating all suffering and affliction. Locals chant it when someone is ill and for the better health of all sentient beings.

LOCAL RELIGION

Not only does ritual fill Tibetan space, but it also pervades Tibetan time.
 –José Ignacio Cabezón (2009:2)

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS, A MONASTERY, AND A TANTRIC HALL

Locals self-identify as "Sangs rgyas chos lugs pa," which they understand to mean 'those who believe in and follow the Buddha's teachings'. Older monks who have received advanced Buddhist teachings explain that being a Buddhist requires belief in The Three Jewels. Religious recitations, prostrations, and occasionally circumambulating Sgar kha, the local monastery, are integral to locals' daily life. For example, my mother chants *Skyabs 'gro, Sgrol ma'*, and *Bzang bo spyod pa'i smon lam* daily while doing housework. Though

roughly fifty percent of locals are illiterate, they perform recitations transmitted orally from generation to generation.

Monks, nuns, and laypeople often chant scriptures from two handbooks: *Bstod smon phyogs bsgrigs* 'A Collection of Praises and Aspiration Prayers,' and *Zhal 'don phyogs bsgrigs* 'A Collection of Chanting Scriptures'. Since about 2003, these two texts have been available in bookstores in Mar khu thang. Similar in size and content, these texts were traditionally printed by hand from woodblocks. The printed pages were then wrapped with cloth and tied with a string. The ones available in the shops are machine printed.

Sgar kha is at the foot of Gzigs chen Mountain, and the nearby Sgar kha'i mchod rten 'Sgar kha White Stupa' is visible throughout the community. In 2017, Sgar kha was a relatively small monastery with about thirty monks, all of whom were from the local community. Most became monks when they were nine- or ten-years-old, but there were exceptions. For example, I know two who became monks in their thirties. My family is familiar with all the monastery monks.

One of the most important *lha rten*¹ in the local monastery related to my family is Stong bshags kyi lha sum cu so lnga 'The Thirty-Five Gods of Confession' made by Gu ru in about 1982. Grandmother told me to visit the monastery and see those thirty-five images. "They are very important to the monastery, and our family should be proud," she said.

Later, I talked to Father, who said:

In about 1982, when I was nineteen, my father asked Lha bzo 'deity sculptor' Gu ru to make Stong bshags kyi lha sum cu so lnga. Lha bzo Gu ru was from Sde chen² and well-known for his sculpting. He spent months at his home making Stong bshags kyi lha sum cu so lnga. Our family spent about 4,000 RMB for the sculptures. That was a lot of money at that time when a big sheep sold for about forty RMB. Twenty male adults among our relatives took eight yaks to transport the sculptures to the local monastery, a trip that took about ten hours. We also invited the entire community to

¹ Deity images, scriptures, and other religious items.

² Located in Nang khog (Nengke) Township, Gcan tsha County.

the monastery, prepared *mang ja*,¹ and served it to the monks and the local people.

Sgar kha had an old '*du khang* 'assembly hall' that was destroyed during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976). A small one built later was in poor condition, so the monks wanted to build a new '*du khang*. Locals made a plan to collect the necessary funds. Elders gathered and made a list of local families who were considered wealthy. Families could donate the amount they wanted. However, local elders asked wealthy families to donate 10,000 to 20,000 RMB. For example, my family was asked to donate 20,000 RMB.

In 2014, A lags blo bzang and A lags ngang rong were the local *bla ma* and the abbot of Sgar kha, respectively. A lags blo bzang was from the community. Forced to disrobe and marry during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976), A lags blo bzang is respected and obeyed by locals. A lags ngang rong was a monk from Ngang rong Monastery. Both visit Sgar kha on important occasions such as Bzhi ba'i smyung gnas 'Fourth Month Fast'.² A lags blo bzang often stays in Gsang sgrog Monastery, while A lags ngang rong lives in Ngang rong Monastery.

Rig 'dzin smin grol gling or Sngags khang 'Tantric Hall' is about fifteen kilometers east of the monastery and is where about fifty local *sngags pa* 'tantric practitioners' hold rituals such as *Ma Ni dung sgrub* 'Chant *Ma Ni* One Hundred Million Times' on the twenty-first to the twenty-third days of the eighth month.³ Many locals, both male and female, participate.

¹ *Mang ja* refers to food offerings made for monks by a family, jointly by several families, or by an individual. The *sbyin bdag* 'donor' or the *mang ja* 'sponsor' paid for all *mang ja* expenses, cooked in the monastery kitchen, and served food to the monks. In 2017, *mang ja* cost at least 700 RMB. Additionally, the *sbyin bdag* gave about fifteen RMB to each monk.

² Each family sent at least one representative to the monastery to fast on the fourteenth and fifteenth days of the fourth month.

³ *Ma Ni* is a short form for *oM ma Ni pad+me hU~M*, the mantra of the Bodhisattva of Compassion, better known as Avalokiteśvara. This ritual held in the Tantric Hall involves repeating *ma Ni* one hundred million times. Locals attend and chant with the tantric practitioners.

LOCAL UNDERSTANDING OF RELIGIOUS RITUAL

Tibetan ritual has been observed, studied, and theorized by numerous researchers (Beyer 1973, Beyer 1978, Mumford 1989, Bentor 1989, Karmay 1998, Sihlé 2006, Berkwitz 2006, Karmay and Nagano 2003, Dotson 2008, Cabezón 2009, Buffetrille 2012, Cupchik 2013, Garrett et al. 2013, Smith 2015). Explanations of the philosophical significance of texts, revealing the origins of rituals, the interconnected relationships between Tibetans and certain deities, and how the Tibetan cosmological worldview has been shaped, have often been the focus of research. More recently, the number of image documentations of Tibetan rituals has increased on social media such as YouTube.¹

This article aims to give a grounded description of the Thousand-fold Offering and the related religious views of the locals in Gcan tsha thang as well as its social functionality, and how such ritual practice is challenged by the implementation of contemporary state policy related to settlement, educational demands, and migration.

According to Cabezón, a Tibetan term closer to "ritual" is *cho ga*, a word that can mean "the manner or way of acting" or "a rule" (2009:13) often used in Tibetan ritual guidebooks. The *cho ga* of a specific ritual outlines the proper ritual procedure. For example, the *Cho ga of the Thousand-fold Offering to Medicine Buddha* is a ritual text that monks use when guiding the ritual. Tantric practitioners and monks use this term. However, laypeople in Gcan tsha thang rarely use *cho ga* in religious contexts. Instead, *cho ga* is commonly used to rate the way someone or something performs or acts. For example, if a horse is not very fast, locals say, "*Rta de la cho ga med gi* 'that horse doesn't have *cho ga*,'" meaning that the horse is slow.

The most general term locals use to describe "ritual" is '*rim gro*' that suggests chanting or other forms of religious activities done to overcome obstacles and for other purposes. For example, when my family holds the Thousand-fold Offering, they feel they are doing something meaningful that is apart from their usual daily routine. Never having formally studied Buddhist teachings, my parents cannot

¹ See, for example, <https://bit.ly/300Anma> (accessed 5 July 2019).

offer explanations of texts, but they understand basic teachings and believe performing such rituals as the Thousand-fold Offering is a way to be Buddhist and practice Buddhism. This is important to them, because it fulfills their spiritual needs, and gives them a sense of leading a meaningful life.

Locals also believe that doing such rituals positively influences their next incarnation, ultimately helping them to achieve Buddhahood. Holding rituals is thus not only for this life but also for future lives. Furthermore, it is believed that undertaking religious activities such as chanting and prostrations can cure illness immediately, and protect families against natural disasters. Performing rituals also imparts a sense of confidence that life will have fewer obstacles, and the family will be successful in their undertakings. Importantly, part of the motivation for doing rituals is also to influence all sentient beings and the entire world positively.

Not all locals view rituals in the same way. Interpretations and motivations vary, and few local monks or laypeople have an advanced understanding of rituals. My focus is to describe the participation of ordinary laypeople who have no formal education, such as my grandparents and parents. While unable to explain sophisticated ritual texts and their philosophical implication, they have their understandings and motivations to practice rituals in ways that make sense to them. Knowledge of the locals' understanding of and motivations for doing rituals is crucial to appreciate the local realities in many Tibetan communities better.

LOCAL DAILY RELIGIOUS PRACTICE

Growing up with religious culture embedded in my daily life meant that rituals were utterly normal until I moved to Xi'an City in 2012 to study the Chinese and English languages. In my new life with Chinese and people from different countries, I quickly experienced profound differences that separated the Tibetan culture I had experienced for more than two decades from the culture of modern, urban China. This led me to reflect on my own culture.

The lives of my home community members are seamlessly intertwined with religious practice. For example, my mother recites scriptures from early morning to late at night. She has no recitation schedule and only stops reciting when she converses with others and during meals. Humorous, sociable, and eloquent, she is socially engaged during the day. Rarely watching TV with family members, she recites scripture and prostrates, explaining:

I admire monks and nuns who have the opportunity to practice *chos* 'Buddhist teachings'. I often pray and recite scriptures to create positive *las* 'karma' - hopefully, a monk's life in my next life. How fortunate we are to be born as humans in this life, especially in a place where *chos* can be heard and practiced. I often pray to understand better how this life is an incredible opportunity to achieve something meaningful that brings happiness not only to me but also for *ma sems can thams cad* 'all sentient beings who have been our mothers'.

From early morning to late at night, religious aspects of existence are part of daily life in Gcan tsha thang Community. Every morning, the first critical activity before breakfast is offering *bsang* 'fumigation rite,'¹ and the last activity before dinner is another fumigation offering. A Tibetan proverb advises:

Nangs snga mo nangs bsang snga dgos/ mi bzang rta bzang sngon na
yod/ Dgong phyi dro dgong bsang 'phyi dgos/ mi ngan rta ngan phyis na
yod/²

Offer morning-fumigation early, good people and good horses are ahead.
Offer night-fumigation late, weak people and weak horses are behind.

¹ Sangjie Zhaxi and Stuart (2018:18) describe 'offering fumigation' by Ban+de rgyal.

² Here and elsewhere when reporting speech, I write the Tibetan as spoken. The differences between the colloquial and Literary Tibetan are minimal.

The time-honored spiritual base for offering *bsang* is far more complex than what this proverb captures. However, it illustrates a sense of time that surrounds offering *bsang* by ordinary Tibetans.

Offering morning-*bsang* initiates the day and cannot proceed without first washing the face and hands and putting on Tibetan robes. My parents believe that as a Tibetan, wearing a Tibetan robe while offering *bsang* is important. Offering night-*bsang* at around seven PM is done after families bring livestock back home, milk yaks, feed the horses, and so on.¹

Other religious activities are embedded in daily life. Grandmother turns her small prayer-wheel whenever her hands are free while reciting Buddhist scriptures, which I describe later. Locals use prayer beads to count the number of times they chant a scripture. Three worn out sandalwood beads from my neighbor (Lhun 'grub, 1936-2009) were given to his granddaughter as amulets. They had been worn out from his rubbing them between his thumb and right index finger while reciting scriptures every day.

At times, locals describe today's world as Bskal ba yag po 'Better Times', alluding to people having more religious freedom than during the period of the Cultural Revolution. My parents say, "This is a great time to practice religion. Who knows about the future?" and often recite scriptures such as *Skyabs 'gro*; *Sgrol ma* 'the Mother of Liberation; and *oM ma Ni pad+me hU~M* every day.

There is no fixed time and place to chant. For example, Father chants while mopping the floor and if someone approaches him and wants to chat, he makes sure to remember where he stops in his chanting, speaks to the person, and after finishing the conversation, resumes chanting where he left off.

Every morning, Mother gets up around six AM, recites scriptures, and prostrates in front of the *chos sgam*² 'dharma cabinet' where *Shes rab snying po* 'The Heart of the Perfection of Wisdom'³

¹ For studies of offering *bsang*, see Karmay (1998).

² All local homes have a *chos sgam* 'a wooden cabinet with images of deities and high-ranking *bla ma*, scriptures, and offerings'.

Gdugs dkar 'White Parasol', and other scriptures are kept. In the *chos sgam* there are also Buddha figures, and images of such important religious figures as the tenth PaN chen bla ma (1938-1989) and the seventeenth Karma pa (b. 1983). I memorized many religious texts simply from hearing my parents repeat them daily.

Gdugs dkar mchog grub ma at about sixteen pages, is one of the longest scripture laypeople memorize (Rin chen tshe ring 2006:258-274). Ban+de rgyal, for example, is illiterate but can recite many scriptures, including the lengthy *Gdugs dkar mchog grub ma*, which he learned by listening to the recordings he made on his phone of locals chanting.

It is considered shameful for locals not to know basic scriptures such as *Shes rab snying po*, *Gdugs dkar*, and *Sgrol ma*. Families regularly invite laypeople to their homes to chant for the family. Furthermore, each year the entire community gathers several times and chants for three to five days. At least one person from each individual family joins such activities. In most cases, two or three people in a family participate. The chanting is either organized by the local community or the local monastery.

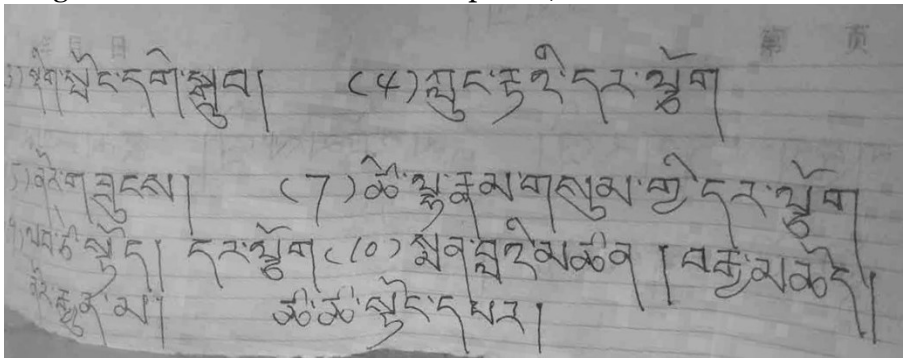
RTSIS AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTIONS

Generally, locals go to a *bla ma* or a well-known monk and ask for a *rtsis* in the hope for guidance when facing difficulties, such as a serious illness that medicine has not cured, or on behalf of someone who is inexplicably in conflict multiple times. Many parents also ask *bla ma* for *rtsis* to determine a child's marriage. Certain families ask someone to do a *rtsis* once a year to learn what ritual needs to be done to ensure that the family will have a peaceful, successful year.

My family asked Mkhyen rab rgya mtsho, my father's brother, to perform *rtsis*. He is a respected monk in Gshong mo che and the local community for his knowledge of Buddhism, and for observing the rules that a monk is expected to follow. The result of the *rtsis* is written in Tibetan on a piece of paper (see Figure 2) and indicates what is to be avoided, for example, not traveling in certain directions and

avoiding quarrels and conflicts; and what should be done, for example, making offerings to mountain deities, chanting, donating money, and fixing public roads.

Figure 6. My family's ritual list according to Mkhyen rab rgya mtsho's *rtsis* in 2015. Part of the bottom is missing. The numbers in parentheses indicate the month for performing the ritual. Finishing an assigned ritual ahead of time is acceptable, but not later.



The list reads (with free translation):

- (3) *Sdig spong dge sgrub* 'Avoid anything that is sin, and accumulate merit'¹
- (4) *Rlung rta'i dar lcog* 'prayer flags'²
- (5) *Nor gzungs* 'Mantra of Wealth'
- (7) *Tshe lha rnam gsum gyi dar lcog* 'The Prayer Flag of Three Longevity Deities'
- (9) *Lab tse bstod, dar lcog* 'renew lab tse, 'prayer flags'³
- (10) *Sman bla'i mtshan, Brgya mchod, Nor rgyun ma, Tsha tsha stong dpar* 'Mantra of Medicine Buddha', 1,000 Offerings of

¹ For example, not killing animals and avoiding hurting others in this month and doing such good things as chanting, making charitable donations, and generally helping others.

² A prayer flag is a long, multicolored cloth printed with scriptures that is tied to sticks and placed on mountains and other high locations.

³ "Renew *dar lcog*" refers to adding new *dar lcog* on *lab tse* or other hills or mountains that have *dar shing* 'long wooden sticks placed in the earth with *dar lcog* attached'.

*mchod me 'ghee lamps', The Mantra of Wealth, and make 1,000 tsha tsha*¹

The religious activities my family needed to do from one year to the next varied. For example, in 2015, my family held no rituals during the first and second months. My parents said there were requirements during the eleventh and twelfth months (missing from the list). My family members can recite the required chants, so most of these rituals were done without the monks' assistance. However, monks would be invited for the major rituals that laypeople could not complete without their assistance.

MAJOR ANNUAL RELIGIOUS RITUALS

Community rituals require a great deal of preparation, organization, money, specialists, food, space, and time. An entire community's input is needed to complete these rituals.

¹ *Tsha tsha* refers to clay images of Buddha or other deity figures created in concave-shaped molds. *Tsha tsha* are dried and placed on top of the walls of houses and courtyards, high hills, and in other locations. According to Mkhyen rab rgya mtsho, the number 1,000 is not arbitrary - it is the result of the *rtsis*. Numbers vary depending on the result of the *rtsis*, which may indicate families should offer ghee lamps that might be 1,000 and even 10,000.

FIG 7. Annual collective religious activities by Gcan tsha thang Community.

Ritual, Time, Location	Activities
Rgya lo'i smon lam	On the fifteenth day of the first month, locals visit monasteries to prostrate, chant, and circumambulate in the hope that they will be reincarnated in the time of the Future Buddha, and will receive his teachings in his presence.
First Month Prayers	
Sgar kha Monastery	
Bzhi ba'i smyung gnas	On the fourteenth and fifteenth days of the fourth month each family sends at least one representative to the local monastery to fast. Locals take food with them on the first day and drink milk tea in the morning before sunrise. At noon, participants eat as much as they desire but do not eat meat. Before darkness, they have milk tea. Other times of the day are occupied with chanting and prostrations. Talking, eating, and drinking are taboo on the second day. Chanting is done the entire day. Participants eat and drink around six AM on the third day.
Fourth Month Fast	
Sgar kha Monastery	
Drug pa'i lab tse	<i>Lab tse</i> often refers to bushes and a collection of long pieces of wood resembling arrows tied with strings made from sheep wool and supported upright by stones. Many prayers flags are tied to the branches. <i>Lab tse</i> are believed to be the abodes of mountain deities. Offerings to mountain deities are held here and are placed on an altar near the <i>lab tse</i> . Renewing <i>lab tse</i> refers to adding new wood, wool, and so on. Locals visit <i>lab tse</i> at Sras chen, Gzigs chen, and Se bo.
Sixth Month <i>Lab tse</i> Renewal	
Sras chen, Gzigs chen, and Se bo mountains	

Dgu ba'i nyer gnyis	Dgu ba'i nyer gnyis refers to the twenty-second day of the ninth month, the day when the Buddha returns to the earth from Lha yul 'Heaven'. Dge 'dun shes rab told me that Buddha's mother was reincarnated in Heaven after passing away, so the Buddha went to Heaven and gave teachings. Locals make offerings at home. Those living near Sgar kha Monastery make offerings, chant, prostrate, and circumambulate the monastery.
twenty-second day of the ninth month	
at home; Sgar kha Monastery	
Bcu ba'i lnga mchod	Bcu ba'i lnga mchod commemorates the day the founder of the Dge lugs Sect, Rje tsong kha pa (Je Tsongkhapa, 1357-1419), passed away. Locals believe that he also achieved enlightenment on this day. Sgar kha Monastery makes offerings of ghee lamps, <i>mchod chu</i> 'offering water', ¹ and fumigation. Laypeople make offerings on the mountains and offer ghee lamps at home.
twenty-fifth day of the tenth month	
at home; Sgar kha Monastery	
Ma Ni dung sgrub	Ma Ni dung sgrub is often held around the fourth day of the sixth month at Ma Ni thang ² in the east of the community. There is no fixed date. Locals gather and recite <i>ma Ni</i> one hundred million times collectively.
no fixed date	
recite <i>ma Ni</i> one hundred million times	
Ma Ni thang	
Gdugs dkar khri 'don	Every year during the first month, the entire community gathers in Sgar kha and chants <i>Gdugs</i>

¹ Fresh, clean water.

² Ma Ni thang consisted of a few local stores until 2018 when it became a settlement site and local government offices were slated to relocate there. Sa sga nyag ga (Saganiha) was the officially recognized name for Ma Ni thang, however, locals use the latter because it is where Ma Ni dung sgrub is held.

first month	<i>dkar</i> 10,000 times. Also, around the fifteenth day of the eighth month, the community gathers in the community's <i>tshogs ras</i> 'meeting tent' ¹ and
chant <i>Gdugs dkar</i> 10,000 times	chants <i>Gdugs dkar</i> 10,000 times. Locals refer to this ritual as <i>Gdugs dkar khri</i> 'don. About 600 local males participate, including at least one male from each household. Families without a male who can recite <i>Gdugs dkar</i> must find one to represent them. In some cases, two or three males from each household participate. <i>Gdugs dkar khri</i> 'don is generally held on the fifteenth days of the first and seventh months.
Sgar kha Monastery	

Certain religious activities in the local community have not been included, e.g., Chos skor,² and pilgrimage to Lha sa and other sacred sites, participation in various Buddhist teachings, and funerals.³

¹ The *tshogs ras* is a large white tent used by the community for rituals and community meetings.

² Locals carry scriptures on their back and circumambulate the place where they live.

³ *Gdugs dkar* is also chanted outside Gcan tsha thang, for instance, Snying bo rgyal and Rino (2008) report on a *Gdugs dkar khri* 'don ritual in Reb gong:

Villagers held *gdugs dkar khri* 'don¹⁷⁴ and Seng gdong together in 2007...

¹⁷⁴ Villagers took turns holding this ceremony in their homes annually from the twenty-third to the twenty-ninth of the tenth month. They read or recited *Gdugs dkar mthog grub ma* during this ceremony (93).

Tshe dpal rdo rje et al. (2009) give a similar account of villages in Sde tsha Township:

Brag dmar nang Village and four villages⁸ in Sde tsha Township gather to chant *Gdugs dkar* for one day in each of three villages and two days in each of two villages from the nineteenth to the twenty-fifth days of the fifth lunar month (18).

⁸The four villages are Lcang rtsa, Grang ka, Mes nyag yar ka, and Mes nyag mar

THOUSAND-FOLD OFFERING

Rituals such as the Thousand-fold Offering play an important role in the internal world of local people. When I asked Mother why and when my family started to hold the Thousand-fold Ritual, she explained:

After your grandfather passed away in about 1990, your father and I decided that we would hold the ritual annually, which is what we have done. We have never missed a year. After your grandfather passed away, your grandmother almost became mad, so we invited monks to hold this ritual for her. Her brother, 'Jigs med, a tantric practitioner, said that if our family could do *Stong mchod* annually, everything would be better. A lags blo bzang also told me that it was wonderful that our family held *Stong mchod* every year because it was a way to accumulate merit and experience enduring happiness.

Our family members have never had big problems. So many terrible things are happening, such as car accidents, illness, fighting, and dying from disease in our community, and in other places that I hear news of, but nothing like that has happened to our family. I believe that this is because our family holds rituals such as *Stong mchod* every year. We are accumulating merit, and I am glad that we can do this in our life. It is also for our next lives.

During the Cultural Revolution, many men, especially those who were considered rich, were imprisoned. My family was one of the richest local families, but somehow, my father was not jailed, and our family members were fine. Others were all jailed. Why? I believe it is because my family invited a hundred monks from different monasteries to perform the Thousand-fold Offering to the Medicine Buddha for several days before that difficult time. This protected my family. Doing such rituals is very important.

The THL¹ Tibetan to English Translation Tool² gives following translations for *Stong mchod*; "1,000-fold offering," "a thousand-fold offering," and "Thousand-fold offering." I use Thousand-fold Offering in this article, which is a general term. Variants are dedicated to

ka (18).

¹ Tibetan & Himalayan Library.

² <http://bit.ly/1FwOWPo> (accessed 14 August 2017).

numerous buddhas, deities, and *bla ma*. Ritual procedures also vary in terms of scriptures. For instance, Ngag dbang phul byung's (nd) *Stong mchod phyogs bsgrigs 'Collection of Thousand-fold Offering'* lists the procedures for nine different Thousand-fold Offering rituals that are often performed by monks. Other texts featuring Thousand-fold Offering rituals were more readily available after the early 1990s when texts were increasingly printed by machine, as mentioned earlier.

According to Mkhyen rab rgya mtsho, Thousand-fold Offering rituals often held in A mdo include:

- *Sman bla'i stong mchod* 'Thousand-fold Offering to Medicine Buddha'
- *Sgrol ma'i stong mchod* 'Thousand-fold Offering to Tara'
- *Tshe lha rnam gsum gyi stong mchod* 'Thousand-fold Offering to the Three Deities of Longevity'
- *Rje'i stong mchod* 'Thousand-fold Offering to Rje tsong kha pa'
- *O rgyan stong mchod* 'Thousand-fold Offering to Padmasambhava'

Visual recordings of Thousand-fold Offering rituals include Pohua Dondrup's ['Phags pa don grub] (2014) documentary examining why and how the ritual was done by a rural A mdo Tibetan family who experienced the deaths of their parents and elder brother from illness, despite their best efforts to provide medical care.¹ Believing the Thousand-fold Offering had the power to heal and protect their family, 'Phags pa don grub's brother, Dondrup [Don 'grub], stated:

Since graduation, my family experienced numerous disasters. My siblings were often ill. We saw doctors, but the medicine didn't seem much help. In my view, practicing the Dharma makes medicine more effective. The result is apparent. Since 2007 my siblings and I decided to hold the Thousand-fold Offering annually.

¹ <https://bit.ly/2Lx53ou> (accessed 28 May 2018).

Studies of the Thousand-fold Offering include Cairangdangzhi [Tshe ring don grub] (2009), who gives a general history of *Qiangong* 'Thousand-fold Offering', the virtue of Thousand-fold Offering practice, its function, and its influence on economic life, emphasizing reciprocity between the monks and locals at Bla brang Monastery. He writes that the monks' lives improved as offerings to the monastery increased. Thousand-fold Offering practice also brought spiritual satisfaction to the locals and other Buddhists. His suggested changes to the ritual include replacing ghee lamps with electronic lamps to reduce the possibility of fires and donating surplus food offerings to eliminate food waste and to help poor villagers.

Luo and Yang (2017) describe Thousand-fold Offering practices in Tha rgya (Tajia) Village, Tajia Town, Dpa' lung (Hualong) Hui Autonomous County, Mtsho byang (Haidong) City, Mtsho sngon Province. Their emphasis is on how local Tibetans maintain their cultural practices and traditional values in a rapidly changing world.

Cairangdangzhi [Tshe ring don grub] (2009) and Luo and Yang (2017) examined Stong mchod in certain locations as indicated by texts, however, very little is said about the locals' understanding of the ritual and what the ritual means to them. Methodology is unspecified.

Thousand-fold Offering rituals were and are practiced not only by Tibetans but also by Chinese Buddhists. Yonghegong annually holds the ritual on the fifteenth day of the fourth month (Xu and Yang 2017). Thousand-fold Offering rituals are also commonly practiced in Bönpo communities (Karmay and Nagano 2008).

My family practices the offering rituals to Sgrol ma and Sangs rgyas sman bla, which typifies the most common Thousand-fold Offering rituals in the local community. Though not required by my uncle's *rtsis* my family annually holds the ritual to engage actively in religious practices and to create a meaningful moment in lives removed from accumulating cash, herding livestock, watching television, and operating cellphones. My parents identify as Buddhists and doing the Thousand-fold Offering brings them joy and affirms their religious faith. They also believe it protects family members from illness, natural disasters, and bad luck. Meritorious actions are

considered virtues that create good health, wealth, and, happiness. They believe holding such rituals as the Thousand-fold Offering accumulates merit, i.e., being generous is a way of being kind to others and helps create wealth in this life and their next lives. Father says, "*Phar la ma byin na tshur la yong rgyu med/ phar la ci 'dra mang bo byin na tshur la de 'dra'i mang bo yong ni red/* There is no receiving without giving, and the more you give, the more you receive." Practicing the Thousand-fold Offering is not only being generous to others but also to invisible beings such as *dri za* 'odor eaters'.

I now describe how the ritual was performed in my home community, based on my personal experience of participating in 2017. As of 2019, I have participated in this ritual about twelve times (2000-2017). The description below is specific for the 2017 ritual.

RITUAL PARTICIPANTS

In 2017, the people listed below from my home community participated in the Thousand-fold Offering.

FIG 8. Ritual participants in 2017.

Name	Description	Year of Birth
Ban+de rgyal	Sangs rgyas bkra shis' brother	1988
Bkra shis rgya mtsho	Rin chen rgyal's brother	1980
Skal bzang rgyal	Gser mtsho skyid's father	1964
Bstan 'dzin mkhyen rab	a monk participant	1991
Gser mtsho skyid	Ban+de rgyal's wife	1987
Gur mgon skyabs	the son of Rdo rje thar and his wife, Snying dkar skyid	1996
Klu mo tshe ring	Sangs rgyas bkra shis' mother	1963

Mkhyen rab rgya mtsho	Rin chen rgyal's brother, an older monk	1966
Pa lo skyid	Rin chen rgyal's mother	1942
Rdo rje thar	Rin chen rgyal's brother	1975
Rin chen rgyal	Sangs rgyas bkra shis' father	1963
Sgrol ma skyabs	Rin chen rgyal's sister's husband, former monk, cooked for monks	1979
Skal bzang rdo rje	Rin chen rgyal's brother	1988
Snying dkar skyid	Rdo rje thar's wife	1975
Tshe ring	Ban+de rgyal's wife's brother	1989

PREPARATION

The Thousand-fold Offering is held around the fifteenth day of the first month, after families have moved to their winter homes from the autumn camp. There is no fixed day for the ritual. It is easier to do the ritual in the winter home because it is cold and most of the ritual has to be done inside.

There was no phone service in the community before 2013. Consequently, to communicate we had to travel. During the year, one of my parents would walk for three hours, or sometimes ride a horse, to Gshong mo che Monastery, and ask the monks when they would be available to conduct the ritual. The monks would then walk to my home. I would climb a small hill behind our winter home and wait to catch sight of the monks' arrival. This was an exciting moment because my family would offer candies, fruit, and rice mixed with sugar and ghee, which I could only eat on special occasions. In 2017, cellphones were widely used and communication was greatly facilitated.

The monks were occupied with study, chanting, and rituals in the monastery, so it was not easy to persuade them to come chant for a family. However, having a personal relationship made this easier, and in 2017 my uncles, Mkhyen rab rgya mtsho and Bkra shis rgya

mtsho, assigned monks in the monastery to come to my home for the Thousand-fold Offering.

My parents discussed among themselves when my family should hold the ritual. Ban+de rgyal and his wife did not comment on such decisions. Father made the final decision. When the date of the ritual drew near, Father or Ban+de rgyal would go to Mar khu thang and buy cabbage, green onions, potatoes, turnips, eggplants, vermicelli, raisins, green pepper, apples, and peanuts; and beverages such as Coca-Cola, Sprite, and orange-flavored drinks.

Mother and Sister-in-law would clean the house; wash all the dishes, bowls, spoons, chopsticks, clothes, quilt covers, pillow covers, and towels; fry bread; and both boil and steam dumplings.

In 2017, many families had vehicles that made communication and transportation convenient. Monks often came in their private cars. My family members and neighbors would rush out, removing their scarves and hats to show respect when they noticed the cars approaching.

Neighbors and relatives were told about the ritual a few days before, but many others also came to help and participate once they heard about it. Elders attended the ritual but they were not expected to do anything except be there. They had no special duties.

MONKS ARRIVE

Six monks came to conduct the ritual, arriving in one car at around three PM and prepared for the ritual that started the next day. Everyone greeted them with smiles as they got out of their cars. My parents greeted, "*Ya ya bud la shog, bud la shog, bde mo yin na/ Ya! Ya! 'Come! Come! How are you?'*"

"*Nga tsho bde mo yin/ khyed tsho bde mo? 'We are fine. How are you all?'*" the monks returned.

Brother and Sister-in-law helped the monks with their bags and escorted them through the glass-enclosed room to Room 3. The winter wind is strong, and the corridor and glass-enclosed rooms keep dust out and make the rooms warmer.

The monks removed their shoes and sat crossed-legged on the *hu tse*.¹ Older monks like Mkhjen rab rgya mtsho wore old-fashioned *lham* 'shoes' while younger monks wore modern shoes. Red and blue Tibetan carpets had been put on the *hu tse*, and yellow short-legged wooden tables were in the center of the *hu tse*. Each monk had a specific place to sit based on age, i.e., the oldest monk sat first, then the next oldest, and so on. After the monks were seated, milk tea, bread, butter, cheese, and *rtsam pa*,² or *ja kha*³ were offered.

FIG 9. Mealtimes, food, and guests in 2017.

Day	Time	Food	Guests
1st	4 PM	milk tea, bread, butter, <i>rtsam pa</i> or <i>ja kha</i>	monks
	9 PM	noodles, mutton, yogurt, fruit, peanuts, sunflower seeds, beverages	monks
2nd	8 AM	milk tea, bread, <i>rtsam pa</i> , <i>ja kha</i>	monks and helpers
	1 PM	<i>rtsam pa</i> , fried bread, <i>gor skya</i> , ⁴ yogurt, rice with ghee, sugar, <i>gro ma</i> (<i>Potentilla anserine</i> L) 'wild yams', ⁵ fried vegetables, and milk tea	monks and helpers

¹ *Hu tse* is explained in Sangs rgyas bkra shis and Stuart (2018:4). It is a colloquial term for an adobe platform, heated through a channel attached to a stove. It is a place mostly for sleeping, eating, and entertaining guests.

² *Rtsam pa* is a common food made by pouring hot black tea or milk tea into a bowl, adding butter which melts, dry cheese, and roasted barley flour. Sugar is added according to personal preference (Sangs rgyas bkra shis and Stuart 2018:113).

³ *Ja kha* is similar to *rtsam pa*, but moister (Sangs rgyas bkra shis and Stuart 2018:17).

⁴ *Gor skya* refers to bread baked in *gor mo phye*, a local term used for a small metal pot with a lid. Dough is put into the *gor mo phye* and covered with embers to bake the bread.

⁵ *Gro ma* are small, sweet yams that grow in wetlands. The plant has short green leaves. Locals dug *gro ma* in summer. The yams are very limited,

	5 PM	black tea, <i>gor skya</i>	monks and helpers
	8:30 PM	dumplings, black tea, yogurt, peanuts, sunflower seeds, beverages	monks
3rd	8 AM	<i>ja kha</i> or milk tea, <i>gor skya</i>	monks
	12 PM	steamed twisted bread, fried vegetables, milk tea, yogurt	monks

The monks chanted *Ja mchod 'Tea Offering'*¹ before each meal. The lead chanter started, and the others followed. Ideally, the lead chanter has a deep, resonant voice and is very familiar with the ritual procedure. Each meal took about forty minutes. While eating, the monks chatted with my parents and grandmother. Neighbors came to talk to the monks about the locals' health, livestock, grassland conditions, and monastery activities such as when the monks needed to participate in *chos thog*,² and who the *gnyer ba*³ was and how well he performed his duties.

After the meal, the monks began making *lha bshos*,⁴ an activity that continued until about nine PM. In doing this, the monks put *rtsam*

highly prized, and generally only served to *bla ma* and monks. Yams were purchased in 2019 and no longer collected.

¹ *Ja mchod* refers to a short scripture of usually four-line verses. Before each meal, the monks chanted a different *Ja mchod*.

² *Chos thog* is a term that refers specifically to ritual gatherings, often mandatory, in the monastery. The monks have various mandatory chanting rituals each month.

³ *Gnyer ba* as used here, refers to the monk(s) in charge of the food budget. For instance, two monks were *gnyer ba* at Gshong mo che Monastery in a year and were responsible for raising funds for all the monks in the monastery during *chos thog*. Before about 2005, these two monks went to individual homes in herding communities with a local person and solicited donations of butter and cheese. They also visited agricultural villages and collected *rtsam pa*, rapeseed oil, and flour. In 2017, the monks received funds from the government and wealthy Chinese Buddhists. Consequently, *gnyer ba* were less worried about finding support for the monastery.

⁴ *Lha bshos* as used here, refers to the offering of objects made from *rtsam pa* decorated with butter. *Lha bshos* were narrow at the top while the body

pa on platters, warm water was added, and the *rtsam pa* was kneaded until it became soft. Monks cut the pliable *rtsam pa* into same-size pieces, rubbed a piece between their palms, and made *lha bshos*. Others mixed *rtsam pa* and water and began making 1,000 *lha bshos*. The heads of the *lha bshos* were dunked in liquid *mar khu* 'ghee'.

The monks chatted slowly and very quietly because monks needed to be aware of their mind, body, and speech to avoid aggressive action and frivolous talk.

Mother and Sister-in-law busily cooked in the kitchen while the monks made *lha bshos* on the *hu tse*. Father stood in Room 3, ready to provide the monks with what they requested, e.g., offering bowls, platters, ghee, towels, water, and so on. Once they sat down to make *lha bshos* the monks did not stand again and instead, they called out for what they needed.

SUPPER

Supper was served after the monks finished making *lha bshos*. A typical supper was dumplings or noodles, mutton or beef, yogurt, fruit, and beverages. The youngest monk served the older monks. My family members urged them to eat and drink as a sign of generosity.

The monks and my family members chatted about the community and the monastery during the meal. Monks and the laity led separate, different lives. Spending time together and chatting was a rare, valued opportunity.

At around midnight, the monks went to bed on the *hu tse*. My family had earlier prepared clean quilts and pillows. *Hu tse* covers were homemade felt mats that were reserved for monks. I once returned home from school and found my quilt was still wet from being washed. I opened a wooden cabinet, took out a nice quilt, and used it. The next morning, Father noticed the quilt I had used was for monks.

was wider. The bottom was rounded and still wider. Butter was put atop the *lha bshos*, a butter sunflower decorated the body, and a butter lotus ornamented the base.

He was upset, purified the quilt by wafting smoke from burning *bsang* across it, and told me not to use such quilts again.

The local custom is that same-gender guests sleep together. My family members slept in other rooms. Before each meal, the monks relieved themselves behind a hill near our house. There were no toilets.

MORNING

The next morning, my family got up at six AM to prepare breakfast and heat water for the monks. It was cold in winter, and warm water was welcomed for brushing teeth and washing hands and faces. We had no shower facilities and no tap water. Women fetched water on their backs, or it was brought by car or motorcycle from a river that was twenty minutes away on foot.

The monks got up at around seven AM, washed, brushed their teeth, and got ready to have a breakfast of *rtsam pa*, milk tea, and bread. The monks started chanting after breakfast, at around eight-thirty AM. Neighbors had arrived at around eight AM and were ready for the ritual. Uncle Rdo rje thar and his wife, Snying dkar skyid, and their son, Gur mgon skyabs, drove for one hour to reach our home and assist with the ritual. In return, my family assisted when they held the Thousand-fold Offering.

The people who came to help were divided into five or six groups, each with clearly defined responsibilities. The list below gives what had to be done to complete the Thousand-fold Offering ritual of Tara:

- A display of twenty-one Tara images
- 1,000 *lha bshos*
- Chant *Sgrol ma'i gzungs*¹ 'The Mantra of Tara' 1,000 times

¹ *Sgrol ma'i gzungs*, a short mantra, is repeated in the belief that it has the power to positively transform life. Many scriptures that are locally chanted feature some Sanskrit. Locals have a general sense of the meaning but do not understand individual Sanskrit lexical items. Locals learn how to pronounce Sanskrit mantras that are transcribed in Tibetan from local *bla ma* or monks, and a few learn how to pronounce Sanskrit mantras from texts such

- Chant *Sgrol ma'i bstod pa*¹ 'Praise of Tara' 1,000 times
- Offer 1,000 bowls of barley grain
- Offer 1,000 bowls of water
- Offer 1,000 flowers
- Circumambulate *Sgrol ma'i bstod pa* or other scriptures 1,000 times
- Do 1,000 prostrations
- Offer 1,000 ghee lamps
- Offer 1,000 *ril bu*²

Chanting, wiping copper bowls, prostrations, offering ghee lamps, and circumambulation are performed in overlapping time periods.

CHANTING

Chanting involves reciting scriptures listed in the *Cho ga'i dpe cha* 'Ritual Book'. For example, *Rje btsun 'phags ma sgrol ma la stong mchod 'bul tshul dngos grub kun 'byung* 'The Procedure of Thousand-fold Offering Ritual of Tara'³ is used by Gshong mo che Monastery monks. *Sgrol ma'i gzungs*⁴ 'Mantra of Tara' and *Sgrol ma'i bstod pa* 'Glorification of Tara' are sections that are chanted 1,000 times each. Other sections are chanted three times, or only once. For example, at the beginning of a chant, '*Skyabs 'gro* is chanted three times. Toward

as *Sngags bklag thabs bsdus pa*, one of the best-known texts used to learn how to pronounce Sanskrit mantras (Snar thang lo tsA ba nd).

¹ *Sgrol ma'i bstod pa* refers to a scripture describing the physical image of Tara and the power of Tara to protect all beings from harm and suffering.

² *Ril bu* refers to a small ball of *rtsam pa*. One thousand *ril bu* are made, put on a large plate, and displayed in front of the *chos sgam* during the ritual.

³ See Dge 'dun chos skyong rgya mtsho (nd).

⁴ *Gzuns* refers to words encompassing the core meaning of the scripture, and are believed to have special power if read in the original Sanskrit.

Consequently, Tibetan translators kept some scriptures in Sanskrit. Based on my knowledge, scriptures translated from Sanskrit into Tibetan retain some Sanskrit, which is why Tibetan monks and laypeople learn Sanskrit, with varying degrees of comprehension.

the end, '*Bsngo ba*'¹ '*Dedication of One's Merit*' is chanted once in order to dedicate or transfer all of one's merit to others so that they might also achieve enlightenment.

*Zhum gtor dkar po*² and twenty-one Tara images are placed in front of the *hu tse* table. Ghee lamps are lit next to the *zhum gtor dkar po*. As the monks begin chanting, they pour water into two copper bowls and place them on the right side of the table. Barley grain is also put into copper bowls and offered. *Me tog tsam pa ka*³ 'white flowers', are inserted into the copper bowls containing barley grain. *Lha bshos* are put on the table after barley is offered.

WIPING COPPER BOWLS

My family had only twenty-one copper bowls, so my uncles from the monastery brought one hundred *ting phor* 'copper bowls' for offering *mchod chu* and barley. Each time the series of chants were recited, about forty copper bowls were used to offer water and barley. The monks poured the water and barley from the copper bowls into two large separate containers after they finished one chanting series. A layperson was in charge of removing the containers and bringing back fresh water and barley. Later, the discarded water was poured on a high, clean place behind our family house, and the barley was fed to our yaks and horses.

After the water and barley were emptied into containers, the copper bowls were wiped dry by a group of about ten people sitting on the floor near the *hu tse*. A big cloth lay in the center of this group. Each

¹ *Bsngo ba* refers to dedication or transformation of one's merit.

² A large round white *lha bshos* decorated with a butter lotus.

³ The flowers have a long stem so that they can be pushed into barley grain and stand upright. After one series of chanting, the flowers are removed and reoffered. Mkhyen rab rgya mtsho explained:

We don't have 1,000 flowers. We also don't have 1,000 copper bowls, so we have to use them repeatedly. Offering 1,000 flowers at one time is better and more convenient, but we don't have enough bowls or flowers (phone conversation, 20 July 2017).

group member had a towel and waited to wipe the bowls, which were scattered on the large cloth. They were quickly wiped because the bowls needed to be returned to the monks before the next round of chanting began. If the bowl wiping was not finished on time, the monks waited. Ideally, offering and chanting were simultaneous. This challenge required a number of people, and my parents often worried that they might lack an adequate number of helpers.

LHA BSHOS

The 1,000 *lha bshos* were made the day the monks arrived. About forty *lha bshos* were used for one chanting series. After one series, the used *lha bshos* were put into a large container. After the *lha bshos* dried, they were fed to our sheep.

CIRCUMAMBULATION

Circumambulation started in the morning of the second day. About fifteen people circumambulated several volumes of scriptures placed on a wooden table in front of our house. Previously, the house where the monks were chanting was circumambulated. However, in 2017, my family's courtyard was attached to the walled courtyards of two neighbors. The only choice at this point was to put the woodblock printed volumes outside the house to circumambulate. Those circumambulating the scriptures were mostly children. The few participating adults counted the number of circumambulations, held prayer beads, and chanted while circumambulating. Most participants were children who enjoyed walking and running around the scriptures.

PROSTRATION

Five or six people performed prostrations in the enclosed glass room of our house beginning at approximately ten AM on the second day. About two hours were required to do 1,000 prostrations. Grandmother

and some other elders prostrated, performing more than 1,000 prostrations to ensure that at least 1,000 had been done.

GHEE LAMPS

Offering 1,000 ghee lamps was challenging, because my family had only fifteen *skong bu*¹ consequently, my monk uncles borrowed one hundred *skong bu* from Gshong mo che Monastery to facilitate the ritual proceedings.

Offering ghee lamps began when the monks started chanting. Four people offered lamps and alternated in performing this duty, e.g., two people offered ghee lamps for about an hour and then rested while the two others replaced them. Staring at burning wicks is hard on the eyes. Responsible, careful people were chosen to offer ghee lamps because the lamps were unstable and could easily turn over, burning the wooden table. After a *sdong ras* was placed in each cup, hot liquid ghee was poured into the cups. Each was lit in turn using a metal wire cut from fence wire. One end was wrapped in cotton, put in liquid ghee, and lit to light the lamps.

About an hour was required for all the ghee in a *skong bu* to burn. My uncles brought the smallest *skong bu* so the lamps would finish burning more quickly. After all the lamps finished burning, the *skong bu* was cleaned with a towel, filled with liquid ghee, and lit again. The four participants responsible for offering lamps wore face masks to prevent polluting the lamps with their breath.² The lamp offering did not finish until around midnight of the second day. I did not have

¹ A *skong bu* resembles a small metal/copper cup with a small hole (open at the top, closed at the bottom) in the base to accommodate the wick, which is made of *sdong rtswa*, a plant that grows in local wetland. My family collected dried *sdong rtswa* from a small hill in front of our house. *Sdong ras* is a combination of a dried plant that has been broken in one-and-a-half centimeter-long pieces, wrapped with cotton, and placed upright in the hole of the cup. Ghee was poured inside. My family prepared 1,000 *sdong ras* prior to the ritual.

² Those wiping the copper bowls did not wear masks.

to herd livestock when I was in charge of offering ghee lamps, so I looked forward to doing it and also because I found it entertaining

AFTERNOON

Lunch was served at around one-thirty PM, a time that marked the completion of half of the ritual. Meat was not offered during the ritual. Instead, we offered *rtsam pa*, fried bread, *gor skya*, yogurt, rice with ghee, sugar, *gro ma*, fried vegetables, milk tea and other beverages, sunflower seeds, and peanuts. Sgrol ma skyabs cooked for the monks because he was a former monk and was considered to be a very good cook. Mother and Sister-in-law cooked for the helpers. *Gro ma* and fried vegetables were initially offered only to the monks. If there were leftovers, they were offered to the helpers or my family members. As a child this was my favorite time because I could have sweet beverages and snacks. My favorites were Pepsi and peanuts. In 2014, the condition of the grass and livestock were conversation topics because there was too little grass in winter for the livestock, especially when it snowed. Other community news, including weddings, fast horses at horse races, and the government's settlement policy were also discussed.

Men and women did not sit or eat together in Room 3. Men talked among themselves, telling jokes. For example, Tshe ring, my Sister-in-law's brother, suddenly said to Skäl bzang rdo rje, "What did you do the least and eat the most today?"

Skäl bzang rdo rje turned red and lowered his head as everybody laughed.

Women talked and laughed among themselves, but less loudly than the men.

THE RITUAL ENDS

After lunch, the ritual continued, and those attending resumed their duties. By about six PM, most of the ritual had been completed except for the ghee lamp offering, and parts of the chanting. The *ja lhag* 'extra

meal' was prepared, which was usually *chob*.¹ Participants relaxed, and my family members thanked all of the helpers. We urged everyone to eat more to demonstrate generosity and kindness. For example, Mother would say:

Ya le lags tsho!	ཡ་ལེ་ལགས་ཚོ།	Thank you all!
Da stong mchod 'grub song ni red.	ད་སྟོང་མཚན་འགྲུབ་སོང་ནི་རེད།	The ritual is finished now.
Tshang mar bka' drin sku drin che.	ཚང་མར་བཀའ་བློན་ སྤྱི་བྱིན་ཆེ།	Thank you all very much.
Da tshang mas rgyag cig 'thung.	ད་ཚང་མས་རྒྱུ་ ཅིག་འཇུང་།	Please eat well.
Le lags tsho. Khyod tsho med rgyu na de ring nged tshang gcig pos ba ni ma red.	ལེ་ལགས་ཚོ། ཁྱོད་ཚོ་མེད་ རྒྱུ་དེ་རིང་རེད་ ཚང་གཅིག་པོས་བ་ནི་ མ་རེད།	Thank you! My family could not have done the ritual without you.

After *ja lhag*, most helpers who had come by car or motorcycle prepared to leave. Mother encouraged them to take fruit and snacks. My parents thanked them again. The monks went outside to enjoy the view of the grassland. Close relatives and neighbors sometimes stayed to help clean the dishes. Meanwhile, I continued offering ghee lamps until midnight.

The monks also chanted some of the other scriptures indicated by my uncle's divination, and finished at around nine PM, at which time dumplings were prepared for a final meal.

¹ *Chob* is a colloquial term for soup containing beef, vermicelli, green onion, dumplings, red pepper, radish slices, salt, and soy sauce. Once the ritual is done, it is acceptable to offer meat (Sangs rgyas bkra shis and Stuart 2016:16).

My family members were familiar with all the monks and chatted with them until midnight. Yogurt, fruit, snacks, and beverages continued to be offered during the conversations. My uncles and some of the older monks enjoyed chatting with my parents and Grandmother. The young monks enjoyed interacting with Brother and me. We played card games or watched Mtsho sngon Tibetan TV programs. If my family had no other rituals to be performed, the monks would leave the next morning. Sometimes, however, my family asked the monks to chant scriptures required by my uncle. For example, in 2017, the monks chanted *Gdugs dkar* all of the following day.

Families offered different amounts of cash to the monks in payment for the performance of the ritual. Historically, only food had been offered. My family usually offered about 200 RMB to each monk, although it was not required. Nothing critical was said if the family had little cash to offer. Typically, the monks would say it was too much but eventually took at least half the money. My parents would then force them to take the rest of the money, knowing such donations were their only source of income to buy food and clothing. Father would forcefully throw the money into their car or put it into their robe pouches when they were leaving. Otherwise, they would not take it.

FIG 10. Thousand-fold Offering ritual expenses in 2014.

Items	Description	RMB
food	cabbage, green onions, potatoes, turnips, eggplants, vermicelli, raisins, apples, peanuts, Coca-Cola, Sprite, orange-flavored drinks, rice, sugar, flour, meat ¹	320
transportation	gasoline	150

¹ Meat is served for dinner before and after the Thousand-fold Offering. However, my family never buys meat for the ritual because meat from animals butchered every year in the ninth Chinese lunar month generally lasts the whole year. However, a sheep might be butchered in summer if my family runs out of meat.

<i>rtsam pa</i>	25 kg	80
offering	200 RMB per monk	1,200
butter	15 kg	800
barley grain	1 bag	150
total cost		2,700

CHANGES AND THE RITUAL'S LIKELY FUTURE

In 2003, as part of a government settlement policy, twenty local families moved voluntarily to Sha bzang thang, located seven kilometers from Mar khu thang. According to local people I interviewed, an annual per person payment of 600 RMB, farmland, and an annual payment of eighty RMB per *mu*¹ of farmland per family member were major incentives. Other families moved to Mgo log Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture and to Dar mtsho (Xinghai) County, Mtsho lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture where they herded livestock for families who, in return, allowed them to collect caterpillar fungus on the land without payment.

Families living in Mar khu thang found it difficult to hold rituals that required monks because it was far from Sgar kha dga' ldan rnam rgyal gling. Furthermore, living quarters in Mar khu thang were small, a further restriction on the conduct of rituals such as the Thousand-fold Offering.

Finding ritual helpers was also challenging in Mar khu thang. Most people living there were engaged in small business, construction work, or service industries, and lacked time to help for an entire day. Nevertheless, in 2017, many families in the County Town attempted to hold religious rituals. For example, families consulted close relatives in the community and held rituals in their homes in Gcan tsha thang where there was enough space to invite monks and where ritual helpers were available.

¹ One *mu* = 0.067 hectare; 0.165 acre.

The number of monks in Sgar kha was also decreasing, posing another challenge to the continuation of rituals. Most parents sent their sons to government-run schools instead of to the local monastery to be monks. Indeed, many monks became laymen, which locals viewed as inauspicious because it was considered a serious sin to break vows. A monk who did not keep his vows was considered untrustworthy and disloyal, and would inevitably be negatively gossiped about. Therefore, it was better not to take monk vows if the person was not determined to become a monk.

There were also no acknowledged Buddhist teachers in the local monastery. Two *bla ma* were in charge of Sgar kha, but they were also in charge of Gsang sgrog and Ngang rong monasteries and did not spend much time in Sgar kha.

Traditionally, families had five or six children, and it was very common to send one or two sons to the local monastery. For example, two of Grandmother's sons became monks. After the government implemented a one-child policy, local Tibetans could have only three children, which had a major impact on the number of monks in the local monastery.¹

Parents who decided their sons should become monks sent them to larger monasteries where there were opportunities to obtain a higher degree of Buddhist knowledge. For example, some families sent sons to Bla brang Monastery. A few girls were sent to Gnam rdzong Nunnery.

Children born after the 1990s were not allotted land, a serious issue in this herding community. Residents needed livestock to support themselves. No land meant no income.

Because of changes, particularly in the pursuit of better education, the future practice of ritual is in jeopardy. Every year, members of some local families move to Mar khu thang, believing that the quality of education there is far better than what is available from 'Gcan tsha thang bca' sdod slob chung 'Gcan tsha thang Primary Boarding School' in the local community. More than eighty percent of

¹ In 2017, most parents wanted only two children, because it was financially challenging to support many children due to the high cost of education.

the families rent rooms there, and one or more family members live with the children who attend schools. For example, my parents purchased a small apartment in Mar khu thang in 2015 and plan to move there in 2020 to care for the grandchildren they plan to send to school.

Living in Mar khu thang is a challenge for the migrating locals who have very limited Chinese language skills and no social networks that would lead to employment. About seventy percent of the businesses, including the stores and restaurants, are operated by Han Chinese and Muslims. Non-Chinese speakers cannot easily find employment. Tibetan elders typically have been street sweepers and cared for their grandchildren.

In July 2017, I stayed in the County Town for five days and met Tshe ring 'tsho, a local woman I know very well. She wore a yellow uniform and was sweeping the streets. It was hot and Tshe ring 'tsho was sweating. This was the first time I had seen her not wearing a Tibetan robe. She was very happy to see me because her son and I had attended primary school together. She told me that she and her husband had moved to Mar khu thang in March 2016 because they wanted to send their two grandchildren to school. She had a one-hour lunch break, and at one PM, she took me to a single room that she and her husband had rented and where they lived with their grandchildren. It was along a street where many construction workers lived. The room had a metal stove, a pot, a thermos, some bowls, two beds, a rusty metal table, and little else.

"Do you like your job?" I asked.

"Of course not, but this job is my only option, and I'm fortunate to have it. Some people cannot even be a *srang phyags mkhan*,"¹ Tshe ring 'tsho replied and went on to tell me that there were around fifty *srang phyags mkhan* of whom thirty-five were women from Gcan tsha thang. They had to work from eight AM to eight PM with only a one-hour lunch break and were paid 1,200 RMB per month.

Older men took care of their children or grandchildren. Young people did construction work, waited in restaurants, collected

¹ *Srang phyags mkhan* 'street sweeper' is a local Tibetan term.

caterpillar fungus, or had other part-time jobs. It was impossible to practice rituals like the Thousand-fold Offering when family members lived separately.

In 2018, around 300 households in Gcan tsha thang were relocated to Ma Ni thang. Other households were sent to Rta ra kha, another settlement site a thirty-minute drive from the County Town. A few families were also sent to the County Town. Local officials selected families to move to settlement sites on the basis of physical disabilities, small amounts of herding land, few livestock, and the number of school-age children. Families who were recipients of government-built houses had to pay 10,000 RMB and were required to demolish their old houses in their home community.

Families in the worst financial situation received annual aid from the government. One person from each of the poorest families was selected to patrol local pastures and report the local situation. They were called *rtswa srung* 'grass protector'. If someone set fire to the grassland, *rtswa srung* had to extinguish the fire. They were paid 2,800 RMB annually by the government.

I visited six settled families in Ma Ni thang to learn more about their life. Their houses were built in neat lines reminiscent of institutional camps. All the houses had a door number and were the same size, style, and quality. When I asked how they would make a living once they had given up herding, no one had an answer. Don 'grub (b. 1958) said, "We look at the sky every day, waiting for something to happen. We don't know what will happen and we don't know how to make a living here."

In 2016, a solar panel project was established in Gcan tsha thang, about a fifteen-minute-drive from Ma Ni thang. According to locals, many rejected the idea when Chinese business people first proposed it. They did not trust the businessmen and thought that solar panels might negatively affect the environment and the local climate. However, fourteen households in the community rented 2,500 *mu* of their land for twenty years, with one *mu* earning 3,500 RMB. The electricity is sold to the government. Since the community's land is

divided among individual families, they had the right to lease their land.

Three years after the project, the land was fenced and no one could enter except those working for the project.

Many locals worried that the solar panel project might have negative, disfiguring influences on the environment. My grandmother was concerned that strong light reflecting from the solar panels might blind birds:

Local birds are not familiar with these new things. For example, many pigeons, sparrows, and crows struck wire fences at night and died when fences first came into the community. Later, electric wires created similar problems for the local birds. Now, there are solar panels whose strong light will blind those poor birds. Sangs kho, you probably remember that when you are a child, we never allowed you and other children to play with small mirrors when you were outside because the reflection from those mirrors might accidentally blind the birds.

The solar panel project incentivized locals. More land meant more money. Consequently, locals' desire for land ownership intensified, creating conflict between neighbors and family members.

CONCLUSION

The Thousand-fold Offering is one of the most common rituals performed in Gcan tsha thang. Particularly, my parents started to hold the ritual annually after my grandfather passed away in 1990. My parents believe that performing such a ritual can prevent harmful incidents and lead my family to a happier life. Furthermore, the benefit of practicing such a ritual is also for the next lives.

Apart from the rituals that are done by the whole community such as Bzhi ba'i smyung gnas, and individual's daily recitations, the Thousand-fold Offering is a collaborative work where the family members are the primary holders, assisted by relatives. Moreover,

unlike Gdugs dkar khri 'don performed by local male adults or the other rituals that are conducted by monks, the Thousand-fold Offering is accomplished as a collective of monks, males, females, and children. Therefore, this ritual is significant with respect to the diversity of people that are involved.

On the other hand, not all families in Gcan tsha thang can hold such a ritual since it requires money, people, and a house that can accommodate a number of people. Thus, only some families that have the necessary resources conduct the Thousand-fold Offering regularly. For example, my family is considered modestly wealthy by local standards and conducts the ritual. Many other families cannot afford to hold it.

Though religious rituals, including the Thousand-fold Offering, are very much alive today, the future of rituals is unclear in Gcan tsha thang. As a result of new state policies such as the Nomad Settlement Policy that requires herders to settle in towns, many locals in Gcan tsha thang seek work away from home. The Thousand-fold Offering is difficult to conduct for those who live outside the community because they lack cash, people, and a suitable place. Additionally, settling in new towns creates distances between the families and the local monastery. Thus, the future of religious practices in Gcan tsha thang is uncertain.

In 2014, Mo'o tse tung's (Mao Zedong; Chairman Mao) name was visible in the Tibetan language on a broken door on the old assembly hall of Sgar kha. Grandmother described how in the 1950s, utterances suggesting any religious beliefs were forbidden. Many locals were publicly humiliated, beaten, and jailed for chanting mantras or having religious objects in their homes. Religious objects such as scriptures and Buddha images in monasteries were burned, or broken and thrown away.

Despite attempts to eradicate local religious belief, Grandmother told me that, during that chaotic period, she and her family members had chanted and offered fumigation in the family stove for deities at night. Many hid religious objects in the ceiling of

their homes and took them out in about 1978 when religious practices were less restricted.

In 2018, Buddhist practices and beliefs were locally vibrant. However, according to the locals, at this same time, the government instituted a new requirement, requiring Sgar kha Monastery to send all junior monks to school until the age of eighteen. Locals did not know how strictly this requirement would be enforced. For example, what would happen if a monk failed his high school entrance exams and could not continue his education?

Dramatic changes occurring in local communities such as Gcan tsha thang have had certain positive impacts. Children attending schools in Mar khu thang are more likely to succeed in a world where knowledge of the Chinese language and technology matters. They will also most likely score higher on college entrance examinations compared to those who study in the primary school in Gcan tsha thang.

However, there is a downside to this transition. Mar khu thang residents have less time and energy to engage with Tibetan culture and religion. Many of the children who grow up in Mar khu thang speak Tibetan mixed with Chinese. Very few can sing Tibetan traditional songs, give wedding orations, tell folk stories, recite scriptures, care for livestock, or wear Tibetan robes. Many locals worry about their children's identity and the preservation of their culture when they send them to study in Mar khu thang. "*Slob grwar 'gro ba ni rang gi ske la lcebs thag skon pa dang 'dra bo* 'Going to school is equivalent to hanging yourself'," is a popular saying. The idea is that young Tibetans often lose their "Tibetanness" by attending school and are no longer Tibetan when they return from school because they do not speak Tibetan, do not wear Tibetan robes, and lack an appreciation of their own culture. Thus, the future generations of Gcan tsha thang will likely be less interested in practicing rituals including the Thousand-fold Offering.

PHOTOGRAPHS

FIG 11. *Lha bshos* in small containers at Skäl bzang rgyal's home during the Thousand-fold Offering (April 2015, Sangs rgyas bkra shis).



FIG 12. Skäl bzang rgyal's home during the Thousand-fold Offering. Bstan 'dzin mkhyen rab chants the *Mantra of Tara* (2015, Sangs rgyas bkra shis).



FIG 13. Cleaning offering bowls at Skal bzang rgyal's home during the Thousand-fold Offering (2015, Sangs rgyas bkra shis).



FIG 14. Scriptures atop a car were circumambulated during the ritual at Skal bzang rgyal's home during the Thousand-fold Offering (2015, Sangs rgyas bkra shis).



FIG 15. Skal bzang rdo rje and other helpers offer ghee lamps at Skal bzang rgyal's home during the Thousand-fold Offering (2015, Sangs rgyas bkra shis).



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Zlog pa grub chen las kyi rdo rje ལྷོག་པ་གུབ་ཆེན་ལས་ཀྱི་རོ་རྩེ། nd. *Gdugs dkar mchog grub ma གདུགས་དཀར་མཆོག་གུབ་མ།* [The White Parasol] Bstod smon phyogs bsgrigs བསྟོད་སྟོན་ཕྱོགས་བསྡུགས། [A Collection of Praises and Aspiration Prayers]. Zi ling ཟི་ལིང་།: Mtsho sngon mi rigs dpe skrun khang མཆོག་རྩེ་མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྐྱུང་ཁང་། [Mtsho sngon Nationalities Press].

TIBETAN TERMS

'du khang འདྲུ་ཁང་།
'jam dbyangs rgya mtsho འཇམ་དབྱངས་རྒྱ་མཚོ།
'jigs med འཇིགས་མེད།
'khor ba las sgröl ma འཁོར་བ་ལས་སྐྱོལ་མ།
'phrang dmar འཕྲང་དམར།
a lags blo bzang ཨ་ལགས་བློ་བཟང་།
a lags ngang rong ཨ་ལགས་རང་རོང་།
a mdo ཨ་མདོ།
ban+de rgyal བན་དེ་རྒྱལ།
bca' sdod བཅའ་སྡོད།
bcu ba'i lnga mchod བཅུ་བའི་ལྔ་མཚོད།
bkra shis rgya mtsho བརྒ་ཤིས་རྒྱ་མཚོ།
bla brang བླ་བྲང་།

bla brang dga' ldan bshad sgrub dar rgyas bkra shis g.yas su 'khyil ba'i

gling ལྷ་མའ་དགའ་ལྷན་པའདྲུབ་དར་རྒྱས་བཀྲ་ཤིས་གཡས་སུ་འབྱིས་བའི་གླིང་།

bla ma བླ་མ།

bod skad dag ma བོད་སྐད་དག་མ།

brag dmar nang བླ་མ་དམར་ནང་།

brgya mchod བརྒྱ་མཆོད།

bsang བསང་།

bsang chu བསང་ཆུ།

bskal ba yag po བསྐལ་བ་ཡག་པོ།

bsngo ba བསྟོན་བ།

bsod namṣ rgya mtsho བསོད་ནམས་རྒྱ་མཚོ།

bstan 'dzin mkhyen rab བསྟན་འཛིན་མཁྱེན་རབ།

bstod smon phyogs bsgrigs བསྟོད་སློང་ཕྱོགས་བསྟོན་གསལ།

bzang bo spyod pa'i smon lam བཟང་བོ་སྟོན་པའི་སྟོན་ལམ།

bzhi ba'i smyung gnas བཞི་བའི་སྟུང་གནས།

cho ga'i dpe cha ཆོ་གའི་དཔེ་ཆ།

chob ཆོབ།

cho ga ཆོ་ག།

chos མོས།

chos skor ཆོས་སྒྲུབ།

chos kyi mgo ma skyabs 'gro ཆོས་ཀྱི་མགོ་མ་སྐྱབས་འགོ།

chos sgam ཆོས་སྒྲམ།

chos thog ཆོས་ཐོག

dar lcog དར་ལྷོག

dar mtsho དར་མཚོ།

dar shing དར་ཤིང་།

dga' ldan byin chags gling དགའ་ལྷན་བྱིན་ཆགས་གླིང་།

dge 'dun shes rab དགེ་འདུན་ཤེས་རབ།

gshong mo che གཤོང་མོ་ཅེ།

gshong mo che byang chub bde chen gling གཤོང་མོ་ཆེ་བྱང་ཅུབ་བདེ་ཆེན་གླིང་།
 gu ru གུ་རུ།
 gur mgon skyabs གུར་མགོན་སྐྱབས།
 gzhung chu གཞུང་ཅུ།
 gzigs chen གཟིགས་ཆེན།
 gzungs གཟུངས།
 hu tse ཏུ་ཙེ།
 ja kha ཇ་ཁ།
 ja lhag ཇ་ལྷག།
 ja mchod ཇ་མཚོད།
 jo mo glang ma ཇོ་མོ་གླང་མ།
 ka brgya dang bo ཀ་བརྒྱ་དང་བོ།
 ka brgya gnyis pa ཀ་བརྒྱ་གཉིས་པ།
 karma pa ཀཾ་པ།
 kha gyi ཁ་གྱི།
 kha lug ཁ་ལུག།
 khams ra ཁམས་ར།
 khri ka ཁྲི་ཀ།
 khung ri ཁུང་རི།
 khyim tho ཁྲིམ་ཐོ།
 klu mo tshe ring ལུ་མོ་ཙམ་རིང་།
 lab tse ལབ་ཙེ།
 lab tse bstod ལབ་ཙེ་བསྟོད།
 las ལས།
 lcang rtsa ལང་རྩ།
 lha bshos ལྷ་བཤོས།
 lha bzo ལྷ་བཙོ།
 lha de'u ལྷ་དེ་ལུ།

lha rten ལྷ་རྟེན།
 lha sa ལྷ་ས།
 lha yul ལྷ་ཡུལ།
 lham ལྷ་མ།
 lho ba ལྷོ་བ།
 lhun 'grub ལྷུན་རྒྱུབ།
 lo ba ལོ་བ།
 ma Ni མ་རྩི།
 ma Ni dung sgrub མ་རྩི་དུང་སྐྱུབ།
 ma Ni thang མ་རྩི་ཐང།
 ma sems can thams cad མ་སེམས་ཅན་ཐམས་ཅད།
 mang ja མང་ཇ།
 mar khu མར་ཁུ།
 mar khu thang མར་ཁུ་ཐང།
 mchod chu མཚོད་ཚུ།
 mchod me མཚོད་མེ།
 me tog tsam pa ka མེ་ཏོག་ཙམ་པ་ཀ།
 mes nyag mar ka མེས་ཉག་མར་ཀ།
 mes nyag yar ka མེས་ཉག་ཡར་ཀ།
 mgo log མགོ་ལོག།
 mkhyen rab rgya mtsho མཁྱེན་རབ་རྒྱ་མཚོ།
 mo'o tse tung མོ་འ་ཙེ་རུང།
 mtsho byang མཚོ་བྱང།
 mtsho drug མཚོ་དུག།
 mtsho lho མཚོ་ལྷོ།
 mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྒོན།
 nang khog རང་ཁོག།

nangs snga mo nangs bsang snga dgos/ mi bzang rta bzang sngon na
 yod/ dgong phyi dro dgong bsang 'phyi dgos/ mi ngan rta
 ngan physis na yod/ ནངས་སྤྱོད་ནངས་བསང་སྤྱོད་གོས། མི་བཟང་རྟ་བཟང་སྤྱོད་ན་ཡོད།
 དགོང་ཕྱི་རྩོད་གོང་བསང་འཕྱི་དགོས། མི་ངན་རྟ་ངན་ཕྱིས་ན་ཡོད།
 nga tsho bde mo yin/ khyed tsho bde mo ང་ཚོ་བདེ་མོ་ཡིན། ཁྱེད་ཚོ་བདེ་མོ།
 ngag dbang phul byung ངག་དབང་ཕུལ་བྱུང་།
 ngang rong ངང་རོང་།
 ngang rong bkra shis chos 'phel gling ངང་རོང་བརྒྱ་ཞེས་ཚས་འཕེལ་གླིང་།
 nor ba རོར་བ།
 nor gzungs རོར་གཟུངས།
 nor rgyun ma རོར་རྒྱུན་མ།
 nor rgyun ma'i gzungs རོར་རྒྱུན་མའི་གཟུངས།
 o rgyan stong mchod ཨོ་རྒྱན་སྟོང་མཆོད།
 oM ma Ni pad+me hU~M ཨོ་མ་ཏི་པ་སྒྲེ་ཧྲཱི།
 pa lo skyid པ་ལོ་སྒྲིད།
 pad ma rig 'dzin པད་མ་རིག་འཛིན།
 paN chen bla ma པཎ་ཅེན་བླ་མ།
 phar la ma byin na tshur la yong rgyu med/ phar la ci 'dra mang bo
 byin na tshur la de 'dra'i mang bo yong ni red བར་ལ་མ་བྱིན་ན་ཚུར་ལ་
 ཡོང་རྒྱུ་མེད། བར་ལ་ཅི་འདྲ་མང་བོ་བྱིན་ན་ཚུར་ལ་དེ་འདྲ་འཛིན་ཡོང་ནི་རེད།
 Pohua Dondrup, 'phags pa don grub འཕགས་པ་དོན་གྲུབ།
 rdo rje thar རྡོ་རྗེ་ཐར།
 rgya lo'i smon lam རྒྱ་ལོའི་སློན་ལམ།
 rgyo'u rgya རྒྱུ་རྒྱ།
 rig 'dzin smin grol gling རིག་འཛིན་སློན་གྲོལ་གླིང་།
 ril bu རིལ་བུ།
 rim gro རིམ་གྲོ།
 rin chen rgyal རིན་ཅེན་རྒྱལ།

rje btsun 'phags ma sgrol ma'i stong mchod 'bul tshul dngos grub kun

'byung རྟེན་བཅུན་འཕགས་མ་སྒྲུལ་མའི་སྟོང་མཆོད་འབུལ་ཚུལ་དངོས་གྲུབ་ཀྱིན་འབྱུང་།

rje tsong kha pa རྟེན་ཚོང་ཁ་པ།

rje'i stong mchod རྟེན་སྟོང་མཆོད།

rkang mo ཀང་མོ།

rlung rta'i dar lcog ལྷུང་རྟའི་དར་ལོག་

rma lho ལ་ལྟོ།

rnying ma རྟིང་མ།

rta de la cho ga med gi རྟ་དེ་ལ་ཚོ་ག་མེད་གི།

rta ra kha རྟ་ར་ཁ།

rtsam pa རུས་པ།

rtsis རུས།

rtswa srung རྩ་སྲུང་།

sa sga nyag ga ས་སྒ་ཉག་ག།

sa skya ས་སྐྱ།

sangs kho སངས་ཁོ།

sangs rgyas bkra shis སངས་རྒྱས་བཀ་ཤེས།

sangs rgyas chos lugs pa སངས་རྒྱས་ཚོས་ལུགས་པ།

sangs rgyas sman bla སངས་རྒྱས་སྐྱོན་བླ།

sbyin bdag སྤྱིན་བདག་

sbyin pa rgya mtsho སྤྱིན་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ།

sde ba སྡེ་བ།

sde chen སྡེ་ཆེན།

sde tsha སྡེ་ཚ།

sdig spongs dge sgrub སྡིག་སྤོངས་དགེ་སྦྱབ།

sdong ras སྡོང་རས།

sdong tswa སྡོང་ཙ།

se bo སེ་བོ།

seng gdong སེང་གདོང་།
 sgar kha སྒར་མཁའ་།
 sgar kha dga' ldan rnam rgyal gling སྒར་མཁའ་དང་ལཱ་ལྷན་རྒྱལ་གླིང་།
 sgar kha'i mchod rten སྒར་མཁའི་མཆོད་རྟེན།
 sgrol ma སྒྲོལ་མ།
 sgrol ma skyabs སྒྲོལ་མ་སྐྱབས།
 sgrol ma'i bstod pa སྒྲོལ་མའི་བསྟོད་པ།
 sgrol ma'i gzungs སྒྲོལ་མའི་གཟུངས།
 sgrol ma'i stong mchod སྒྲོལ་མའི་སྟོང་མཆོད།
 sha bzang thang ཤ་བཟང་ཐང་།
 shes rab snying po ཤེས་རབ་སྙིང་པོ།
 skal bzang rdo rje སྐལ་བཟང་རྩེ་རྒྱུ།
 skal bzang rgyal སྐལ་བཟང་རྒྱལ།
 skong bu སྐོང་བུ།
 skya rgya སྐྱའ་རྒྱ།
 skyabs 'gro སྐྱབས་འགོ།
 slob grwar 'gro ba ni rang gi ske la lcebs thag skon pa dang 'dra bo སྐྱོབ་
 སྐྱར་འགོ་བཅི་རང་གི་སྐེ་ལ་ལྷེབས་ཐག་སྐོན་པ་དང་འདྲ་བོ།
 sman bla'i mtshan སྐྱམ་བླའི་མཚན།
 sman bla'i stong mchod སྐྱམ་བླའི་སྟོང་མཆོད།
 sngags bklag thabs bsdus pa སྔགས་བཀྲལ་ཐབས་བསྐྱུས་པ།
 sngags khang སྔགས་ཁང་།
 sngags pa སྔགས་པ།
 snying bo rgyal སྙིང་བོ་རྒྱལ།
 snying dkar skyid སྙིང་དཀར་སྐྱིད།
 srang phyags mkhan སྣང་ཕྱགས་མཁན།
 sras chen སྣས་ཆེན།
 stong bshags kyi lha sum cu so lnga སྟོང་བཤགས་ཀྱི་ལྷ་སུམ་ཅུ་སོ་ལྔ།

Cairangdangzhi 才让当知

Changmu 常牧

Dadui 大队

Dongcheng 东城

Guide 贵德

Haidong 海东

Huadan 华旦

Hualong 化隆

Huangnan 黄南

Hui 回

Hukou 户口

Jianzha 尖扎

Jianzhatan 尖扎滩

Jingbajiancuo 金巴坚措

Kanbula 坎布拉

Kangxi 康熙

Luoguihua 骆桂花

Maketang 马克唐

Mao Zedong 毛泽东

mu 亩

Nengke 能科

Qiangong 千供

Qing 清

Qinghai 青海

Saganiha 萨尕尼哈

Sangjiezaxi 桑杰扎西

Tajia 塔加

Xiahe 夏河

Xi'an 西安

Xinghai 兴海

Xining 西宁

Yangzong 央宗

Yonghegong 雍和宫

Yongzheng 雍正

Yuan 元

READING TIBETAN IN THE ORIGINAL CHINESE: TIBETAN
SINOPHONE AUTHORS AND TRANSLATION

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ABSTRACT

In contemporary China, Tibetan literature is classified as a distinct branch of Chinese literature and, in recent decades, writers from Tibetan regions have increasingly used Chinese script in their literary compositions. This has led some to question the cultural authenticity of Tibetan literature in Chinese. This article suggests that we should not confuse script and language; that stories written in Chinese can still make use of Tibetan words via certain translational strategies. A number of Sinophone Tibetan authors on the periphery effectively use Tibetan language in their writing, creating a Tibetan intellectual world by way of phonetic and semantic translation, and at the same time show how standard Chinese can be hybridized in a way that makes it possible to read the Tibetan behind the Chinese.

KEYWORDS

cultural translation, hybridity, literature in China, minority literature, Sinophone, Tibetan literature

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INTRODUCTION

Can literature written in Tibetan and Chinese ever convey "identical" meaning? The field of translation studies could be said to be founded upon the idea that any immaculate transfer between languages is impossible.¹ We know that no two words from different languages can ever be truly equivalent, for there is always some connotation, some common or obscure usage or potential play on words that can cause meaning to divert in myriad directions. Roman Jakobson defined the three major types of translation as intralingual, interlingual, and intersemiotic, the second being the process of transfer from a source to a target language, but immediately followed this schema by questioning the possibility of equivalence: "The intralingual translation of a word uses either another, more or less synonymous, word or resorts to circumlocution. Yet synonymy, as a rule, is not complete equivalence" (Jakobson 1959:233). Nevertheless, it has been suggested that complete equivalence exists between the Tibetan translation and original Chinese versions of the story *Purple Highland Barley* (Chinese: *Zi qingke*, Tibetan: *'Bru smug po*) by Nima Panduo: to wit, "The ideas and meaning in the Tibetan and Chinese version are identical" (Pad+ma rig 'dzin 2018:309). This quote comes from an excellent review published in this journal by the independent scholar Pad+ma rig 'dzin, where we see a comparison between an "original"

¹ One of the first prominent translation studies theoreticians, JC Catford (1917-2009), wrote what could be described an early refutation of true meaning transfer in the translation process: "In translation, there is substitution of TL [target language] meaning for SL [source language] meanings: not transference of SL meanings into the TL" (Catford 1965:48). The use of the term "substitution" instead of transfer suggests that in translation there is an implantation of one meaning in the place of another.

(and I put this word in quotation marks because the *true* original is not necessarily discernible in situations of widespread bilingualism and language mixing)¹ of a story about Tibet by a Tibetan author and published in Chinese in 2010, and the Tibetan language translation that followed in 2011.

Another translation of the same novel, this time into English, was later published in 2016, a rendition that is not without its accuracy problems,² as Pad+ma rig 'dzin notes. The reported failure of the English version to better convey the meaning of the Tibetan leads us to further question how the Chinese and Tibetan versions can be considered so identical. The answer may be that perhaps the "source" language (in this case Chinese) was not entirely *Chinese* to begin with, or else the ideas would not transfer so perfectly. In other words, the reason the translation works so well is that the text was already a hybrid, translational text interweaving Tibetan and Chinese language *before* the actual translator came along. Tibetan stories written in Chinese belong to the category of Sinophone writing, a form of writing that, while ostensibly Chinese, often includes elements from other languages, and in the case of Sinophone writing within China, displays hybridity between the dominant written form of standard Chinese and

¹ In the Tibetan Autonomous Region (TAR) for example, there have been alternating educational policies concerning the medium of instruction in schools, with some primary schools teaching in Tibetan and others in Mandarin Chinese. Recent years have seen an increasing emphasis on Chinese-language instruction (see Tsung 2014:129). In situations such as these, where the "first" language is hard to gauge, and as a consequence bilingualism prevails in all aspect of cultural life, a work written in Chinese is not necessarily solely and originally Chinese.

² These include names in non-standard romanization, incorrect Chinese-derived romanizations, and several instances of inaccurate translation of culture-specific words (see Pad+ma rig 'dzin 2018:308-309).

a vast network of minority languages. To what extent, then, can we see the Tibetan language in these Chinese works?

SINOPHONE WRITING

While the term "Sinophone" can refer to Sinitic languages as they are spoken or written across the global diaspora, I apply it here to specifically "peoples and their cultures - now national minority peoples or, in the official lingo, 'minority nationalities' - within the nation-state of China" (Shih 2013:3). According to official state classification, China has fifty-six ethnic groups and fifty-five minorities, that includes the Tibetans as one distinct group. All these ethnic groups have oral traditions, while some, like the Tibetans, have their own native writing systems and written literary traditions that date back centuries. The first appearance of *minzu wenxue* 'ethnic minority literature' as a category in itself can be traced back to the inaugural issue of the journal, *Renmin wenxue* 'People's Literature', in September 1949.¹ From the 1950s, as China's Ethnic Classification Project got underway, this category began to be explored, as scholars asked questions that are to this day still the subject of debate, such as: "What is ethnic minority literature? What is an ethnic minority writer? What purpose does ethnic minority literature serve?" (Bender 2015:262). In contemporary China, ethnic minority literature is a distinct branch of Chinese literature defined as writing composed by officially-recognized ethnic minorities: there is no distinction based upon language. In recent

¹ Li discusses this issue in detail (Li 2017).

decades, writers from China's ethnic minorities (such as the Tibetans Alai, Meizhuo, Yidam Tsering, and Tashi Dawa) have increasingly used Chinese script for their literary compositions. Chinese texts have wide circulation in China, whereas texts written in Tibetan, or other minority scripts, are automatically constricted to a much smaller readership.

Yang Zhengwen, a Naxi minority writer from Diqing Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture in the foothills of the Himalayas, has very articulately encapsulated the dilemma faced by China's minorities when it comes to literary creation. This is a dilemma so important that I believe it is worth recounting his thoughts on this topic in full (and because they were originally printed as a postscript to a very obscure piece of ethnic minority fiction):

我在近四十年的写作历程中，尤其碰到创作小说时，常常会有这样的疑惑：在表现纳西族尤其是其古老支系纳罕人时，就有一个怎么写的问题。。。要写到人物对话时就有些为难了：究竟是让他说一口流利的汉语呢？还是让他半通不通地说些颠三倒四的汉语？或是让他按纳罕语一说到底？如此，究竟如何翻译好？

我们国家是个大家庭，有五十六位情同手足的兄弟。除汉族老大哥是主体民族外，其余五十五个都是少数民族。每个兄弟民族中都有几位，几十位乃至几百位作家。他们中除少数作家能用本民族语言文字写作外，绝大多数要用汉语言文字写作。因此，用汉语言文字创作民族题材的小说，可以说是共性。

Over the past forty years of my writing career, especially when writing novels, I have often encountered the following uncertainty – when relating the stories of the Naxi people, especially those of the ancient branch of

the Naxi, the Nahan, the problem of how to write crops up ... when writing a dialogue, it's tricky: do you make them speak in fluent Chinese? Or in faltering, topsy-turvy Chinese? Or just make them speak Nahan from start to finish? And if so, how do you translate it?

Our country is one big family, with fifty-six closely-knit brothers. Apart from the Han, who are the big, elder brother, the other fifty-five are the ethnic minority groups. Among the minority brethren each group has one or two, perhaps dozens, even hundreds of writers. Aside from the minority among them who can write in their own ethnic scripts, the overwhelming majority must use Chinese script to write. In this way, using Chinese to create novels on minority topics can be said to be a commonality (Yang 2015:13).

Yang Zhengwen is a Naxi author living in a primarily Tibetan region. He writes specifically about one particular sub-branch of his own ethnic group,¹ but the questions he raises are universal for minorities in China; questions that are the heart of this paper. How do China's minority writers, in particular the Tibetans, write their stories in Chinese? What language do they use, and if they use multiple languages, how do they translate between them?

After the 1950s, Tibetan literature bifurcated into two main directions: Tibetan literature written in Tibetan (usually standard literary Tibetan) and ethnic Tibetan literature written in Chinese. This has led to debates, as described in Hartley and Schiaffini-Vedani (2008) about true "Tibetanness," with the question over whether texts written in Chinese can properly represent Tibet. The 1980s saw the rapid

¹ In this case, the officially unrecognized "Nahan" people who inhabit Sanba Township of Xianggelila Municipality.

development of modern Tibetan literature, yet some of the most established Tibetan authors are not fully recognized as Tibetan by the Tibetan community, as Tsering Shakya has attested (2001:xix). There is a conceptual model, then, that suggests while some Tibetans write in Tibetan and others in Chinese, writing in Tibetan is somehow believed to be more authentically Tibetan. I wish to posit here the existence of a third category: while it is of course eminently possible for Tibetans to completely adopt Chinese script and language, there is also the possibility of using Sinitic graphs to represent Tibetan words, within a framework of a Chinese language text. This kind of language use suggests a hybrid form of writing.

In the discourse surrounding Sinophone Tibetan literature, and all minority literature in China, there has been a consistent failure to distinguish between language and script. Script is taken as language. Just because something is written in Chinese script does not mean that Tibetan language is entirely absent. Going back to the novel mentioned in the introduction, *Purple Highland Barley*, the reviewer Pad+ma rig 'dzin gives some examples of Tibetan words appearing in the original Chinese, depicted via phonetic transcriptions followed by translations in standard Chinese. Representative of these Tibetan elements include phrases such as:

- 羊毛精织的'协玛'（最上等的氍毹）[Finely knitted woolen *shad ma* 'Tibetan wool of the highest class']¹
- 钦点（神物），*byin rten* 'sacred relics'

¹ In translating examples, I transfer all Chinese language into English, and use Wylie to transcribe Tibetan. All translations are my own, except where otherwise specified.

"Finely knitted woolen *shad ma*" is obviously not entirely an English noun phrase, for the noun itself is a Tibetan word. In such cases, the translator transferring the story into Tibetan is essentially dealing with back translation: these terms have already been translated *out of* Tibetan, so the transfer back into Tibetan should prove painless.

Such examples show how minority writers can be seen to choose certain elements of their native culture to carry across in their dominant-language writing. This process is all the more noticeable if their intended readership is primarily made up of international or dominant-culture readers (Tymoczko 1999:24). While Tymoczko is primarily describing postcolonial authors, we can see in the Sinophone writing of authors from China's ethnic minorities an attempt at transferring the cultural metatext of their traditional culture to a target, dominant-culture readership. The idea of ethnicity in the minority context is, however, very much subjective, and as Harrell (1996) has indicated, ethnic identities are "negotiated" by numerous groups with often conflicting interests. Translation, or translational writing, is one particular tool used by these groups to negotiate ethnicity. Traditionally, translation has been conceived of as a practice that is restricted to interlingual transfer: a translator takes a text in one language and transforms it into a text in a second language. Sometimes, however, the line between author and translator can be blurred. Tibetan writers who write in Chinese are themselves creators of translational texts, works of literature that exist in a space between languages. Hassan has specifically conceptualized "translational literature" as works that problematize translation and the notion of an original, as they are original texts within which cultural translation is already being performed:

In the space between translators and translated, there are texts that straddle two languages...they participate in the construction of cultural identities from that in-between space and raise many of the questions that preoccupy contemporary translation theory (Hassan 2006, 754).

Works of original creation can then also become works of translation, because the minority author is always already a translator. The postcolonial and/or minority writer who wishes to transfer the metatext of their native culture into the language of the dominant culture can use a number of translational strategies. In the Chinese context, the most common are glossing and "non-translation." Examples of these strategies as used by postcolonial African writers have been explained in great detail by Tymoczko (1999), and Ashcroft has expanded upon these strategies to include other linguistic approaches such as syntactic fusion. In China, perhaps for reasons of comprehension and conformity, the primary strategy is simple glossing.

The Tibetan words inserted into Chinese writing can be divided into two major categories: those which are culturally-specific, and those which are not. A culture-specific lexical item, to adopt Mona Baker's definition, is "abstract or concrete, it may relate to a religious belief, a social custom, or even a type of food" (1992: 21). An example in Tibetan Sinophone literature might be 扎巴 *zhaba*; ལྷ་པོ་ *grwa ba*, either glossed in Chinese as "ordinary Buddhist monk" or left untranslated), which can be found in works by several Sinophone Tibetan authors (e.g., Liangjiong Langsa 2006 and Dazhen 2009). This word denotes the lowest ecclesiastical rank, for which there is no direct

equivalent in Chinese, hence the gloss explanation. In contrast, non-culture-specific items are common across languages.

An example from *Yinbi de lian* 'Hidden Face' by Tibetan author Gerong Zhuimei: "她會說：'阿多（啊，看），某某，別裝出無辜的樣子，給我倒一碗酒來'" [She would say " 'a, ltos (oh, look), whoever, don't act all innocent, go fetch me a bowl of wine"] (Gerong Zhuimei 2011:250). Here the Tibetan verb "look" is transcribed in Chinese (*a duo*) and glossed in with a simple equivalent: there is actually no need to use the Tibetan if one simply wants to convey the meaning of "look," but its usage is an appeal to Tibetan identity, a strategy deployed in answer to the uncertainty posed by the writing of minority language dialogue such as Yang Zhengwen describes.

It may be hypothesized that an analysis of the use of Tibetan words will mostly reveal transcriptions of culturally-specific items (e.g., plants, animals, religious terminology, etc.) and that this would entail a lack of choice on the author's part, thus making for unconvincing evidence of hybridization. Certain words simply do not exist in Chinese, so the author will have no choice but to invent transcriptions for them. Even so, the use of words such as 扎巴 (*zhaba*) are of note in that, with repeated usage, they present possible additions to the Chinese lexicon. Non-culture-specific terms are indeed more useful for demonstrating hybrid forms of writing, however.

My research into the Tibetan Sinophone literature has so far identified over 600 glossed Tibetan words and phrases in Chinese, and almost half of these are non-culture-specific lexical items such as common nouns and action verbs. The choice involved in the "look" example above is obvious: the author could have simply used the Chinese verb *kan* 看 (as in the gloss), but instead chooses to use the

Tibetan word in Chinese transcription, followed by a translation. These conscious decisions do not necessarily reflect a crisis of identity or some kind of postcolonial struggle, but they do show an awareness that linguistic difference is a marker of a distinct ethnic identity.

WRITING FROM THE PERIPHERY

Tibetan author Alai (A le) is perhaps the most well-known of China's contemporary Sinophone Tibetan writers. His writing, and that of all minority Sinophone authors, belongs to what Deleuze and Guattari (1986:16-17) call "minor literature," which "does not come from a minor language; it is rather a minority construct within a major language." Minor literature has, in their definition, three characteristics: "the deterritorialization of language, the connection of the individual to a political immediacy, and the collective assemblage of enunciation" (*ibid* 18). All three aspects here are relevant to Tibetans writing in Chinese. It is a paradox that works of minor literature can accrue a collective value as representative of a wider culture, and the political nature of writing in a context as heavily politicized as ethnicity, identity, and state control cannot be denied. I would, however, like to focus on the aspect of language. What language are these writers using exactly, and how can it be said to "deterritorialize"? Alai himself has written that minority authors can hybridize Chinese: "When [minority writers] use this common language of 'Han Chinese' or 'Mandarin', we bring some aesthetic feeling or mode of expression from our own original regional language, or different ethnic languages into it, making it richer, and

bringing change to the language" (Alai 2014:11). It is this change that I want to address, change that is embodied by the use of translational language. Tibetan is, of course, not a monolithic language. The temptation is to see all Tibetan words in Chinese language work as representing a Lhasa dialect, but these words can also reflect dialect differences. Take the simple noun, "friend." While this could easily be expressed with the Chinese word, *pengyou*, in two distinct examples of Tibetan Sinophone literature we get two different words for friend. First, take Jamyang Sherab's 2003 novel, *Xizang zuihou de tuo dui 'Tibet's Last Yak Caravan Train'*¹:

阿若，①阿若：昌都方言，意思是朋友。一口想吃个胖子没有门，懂吗？！

[*A rogs*, ① *a rogs*: Changdu dialect, meaning 'friend'. Don't you know that there's no way you can get fat in one bite?!] (2003:176-177)

In this example, we see the word 阿若 *a ruo*, which is clearly a rendition of the Tibetan *a rogs*, used in the dialogue. The intratextual footnote (which appears within the text, not at the bottom of the page) suggests that this is Chab mdo dialect. Another example of "friend" would be the more literary term for an intimate friend found in ancient

¹ Jamyang Sherab's novel features widespread use of Tibetan language in Chinese transcription. A thematic focus is the unique language belonging to the saltmen of Tibet, so one would expect actual language used within the book to reflect the reality on the ground. There are instances where he introduces complete, syntactic sentences in the dialect of the saltmen, and deconstructs them by stating which words are Tibetan borrowings, which are coined neologisms, and what the Chinese meaning of the terms are. All of this is written via phonetic transcriptions in Chinese (see for example Jamyang Sherab 2003: 52).

texts, *mdza' bo*, and that also appears in Chinese transcription in Sina Jundeng's work:

"放心，那是我最好的沙普（藏语：朋友之意），他会照顾好的"

[Don't worry, that's my best *mdza' bo* (Tibetan, meaning 'friend'), he'll look after you] (Sina Jundeng 2017:151)

This time the gloss comes in the familiar parenthesis, and once again, within dialogue, the writer makes a claim for the ethnic authenticity of their Tibetan characters via the introduction of Tibetan language. A further example of dialect words in transcription can be seen in the work of Meizhuo:

"篝火点燃了傍晚，青年男女围在火旁跳起了卓，卓是一种舞蹈的名字"

[The bonfire lit up the evening. Around the fire, young men and women danced the *bro - bro* being the name of a kind of dance] (Meizhuo 1995:388)

Here the gloss comes within the narrative itself, no footnote, no parenthesis, a direct explanation of this word, *bro* (transcribed in the text via the Chinese *zhuo*, a type of dance from Eastern Tibet),¹ that serves as a marker of the local culture of the author's native A mdo, where the novel takes place.

Alai is a mainstream author who makes sparing use of glossing (one rare example from his most famous work, *Chen'ai Luoding*,

¹ In her novel, Meizhuo states that *bro* is a type of dance. *The New Tibetan-English Dictionary* specifically calls it "a type of dance from Eastern Tibet" (Goldstein 2001:742). However, *bro* can also be used more generally to simply mean "dance," as in Jäschke (1998:382).

would be *xiari*, which is glossed simply as "bones" (Alai 2000:11), but is actually a Chinese transcription of the Tibetan *sha rus* 'flesh and bone'). Such examples are few and far between in Alai's oeuvre. But more extensive examples of translation can be found in the writing of other Tibetan authors on the periphery. In the border regions, we can find the best examples of hybrid, translational writing, but they come from the less mainstream authors: those on the metaphorical periphery of the literary scene, whose primary concern may not be sales figures and readership, but rather to express their unique local cultures. These are writers who dwell on the geographic periphery of the Tibetan lowlands, far from the center of the Tibetan literary sphere in Lhasa. One story I will take several examples from is 萦绕心灵的琴声 *Yingrao xinling de qinsheng* 'Zither Music that Lingers in the Soul', a short piece of fiction by Sina Nongbu, senior editor at the *Diqing Daily* newspaper, that was recently collected in an omnibus of local literature in celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the establishment of Diqing Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture.

The protagonist of this story is a college student with a Tibetan mother and a Chinese father in what we presume to be urban Diqing. Like many Tibetans living outside of Tibet proper, she does not read Tibetan, but she can speak it. Throughout the course of the short story she is persuaded of the importance of Tibetan writing via a friend who learns Tibetan to promote Tibetan music and culture. The first example of hybrid writing comes early in the story:

我当时躲在外祖母的怀里，望着阿爸小声好奇地喊："加¹阿爸，加阿爸"

¹加：汉人

[Back then I'd hide in my grandma's bosom, peek out at daddy and, with quiet curiosity, say, "*rgya*¹ daddy, *rgya* daddy"

¹Rgya: Chinese] (2017:5).

Interestingly, the *a ba* here written in Chinese could be an idiomatic way of saying "daddy" in Chinese, or could be a perfect phono-semantic transcription of the Tibetan *a pha* ཨ་ཕ།, colloquial "daddy." Either way, the Chinese *jia* is most definitely a transcription of the Tibetan *rgya*, meaning Chinese, as the footnote tells us. Another example is the term the Diqing locals would use to describe the protagonist of the story: "人们说我野得像"布" (男儿) " [People said I was wild like a "*bu*" (boy)] (2017:*ibid*). There is an element of choice here, the author could directly use the Chinese *nan'er* 'boy'); but he does not. The word spoken is Tibetan, *bu*, and the translation is provided to non-Tibetan speakers in the parentheses. The parentheses also work to suggest a difference, a border between the languages that is not necessarily easily crossed. These are Tibetan characters, speaking Tibetan, and we are introduced to this world via these translations.

Further, there are instances where the Tibetan language goes beyond single words:

他们一定会为有自己的第一个藏族教师而感到高兴，就连那些还不会擦鼻涕的小孩也会跳起"生巴永拉尕雄"¹来迎接我。

¹民间弦子名，意为心里十分高兴。

[They will definitely be happy that they have their first ethnic Tibetan teacher, even those kids who can't even wipe their own noses will jump up and dance the "*sems pa yongs la dga' zhing*"¹ to welcome me.

¹Name of a traditional Tibetan folk dance, meaning "Hearts full of rejoicing"] (2017:13).

This is a fully syntactic noun phrase: not a simple, single word, but Tibetan *sems pa yongs la dga' zhing* that needs to be unpacked and translated for the non-Tibetan speaking reader. This phrase actually doubles up as both culture-specific and non-culture-specific, as it is clearly composed of ordinary vocabulary items, but together is the proper name of a specific folk dance. There are yet more examples of hybridity here, in particular a passage that suggests a melding of both scripts, where we can actually see the ligatures of the Tibetan script coming together behind the veil of the Chinese graphs:

我从汉语注释中找出"唱歌"一词，指着藏文请他拼读。他犹豫了一下，接着流利地给我拼了起来—

"嘎拉达拉响窘鲁—，拉蒸不利那练—，鲁练巴。"

I found the word "sing" in the Chinese notes and, pointing to the Tibetan writing, asked him to spell it out. He hesitated for a moment, then went on to spell it fluently: "*Ga la btags gla zhabs kyu glu; la 'greng bu le na len; glu len pa*" (2017:9).

This is semi-translated - we know that this long string of syllables "*ga la btags gla zhabs kyu glu; la 'greng bu le na len; glu len pa*", means "to sing" from the immediate context, but we have no idea which part

of this is "sing" exactly. In fact, this is the traditional method of spelling out Tibetan words, taking the distinct elements of the stack and adding them together to get the final word. Hence the first syllable *glu* is comprised of *ga*, *a la btags* (subscribed *la*), which together are pronounced *gla*, and, with the *u* vowel, become *glu*. The author also includes the specific, fanciful words for the Tibetan vowels, which are left untranslated: *zhabs kyu* for the *u* vowel, and *'greng bu* for the *e*.

In the following line, the protagonist makes a telling observation:

瞧那挺正经的样子，就像我外婆念经一样，我不禁失声笑开了

[With that serious expression, he looked just like my grandma reciting scripture; I couldn't help but laugh] (*ibid*).

To the uninitiated reader, this arcane string of syllables may as well be a line from a Buddhist sutra; it takes on an almost magical unknown quality, while it is in fact the most mundane practice of spelling out the individual letters of a word. There is no deep meaning behind this Tibetan, just the existence of the Tibetan script, script that is clearly present without being written. What we have in the course of this single story is a mixture of strategies: glossing with brackets and footnotes, combined with some non-translation. These are all translational strategies that are used in the creation of a cultural world, of Tibet and Tibetan, within Chinese writing. The characters are speaking Tibetan, the language comes through despite the façade of Chinese writing. As the example of the spelling of the word "sing" shows, the Tibetan script exists *behind* the Chinese characters; these

graphs are not to be read as the Chinese is read, they are to be read as Tibetan. Essentially, and taken to a logical extreme, this is a mode of writing Tibetan in Chinese orthography.

What purpose does the presence of all this Tibetan serve? It is to create a "Tibetanness" that shines through in the writing despite the Chinese framework. As the protagonist's friend says, upon having successfully learned Tibetan script and presenting a book of traditional Tibetan music to his friend, with added Tibetan notation:

如果能在你们的演出中听到具有民族特色的美的旋律, 我就心满意足了

[If I can hear some beautiful melodies with an ethnic flavour in your music, then I'll be satisfied] (2017:16).

The "beautiful melodies" can easily be conceptualized as Tibetan language; the subtext being that literary composition is like musical composition: the writer/composer is not looking for a big publishing deal and the fame and fortune that comes with it, but merely that there is some real "Tibetanness" to the composition.

Together, these examples reveal the ways in which Sinophone writers can "Tibetanize" Chinese. Here I use the word Tibetanize after the way in which Hassan describes the "Arabization" of English in the work of Ahdaf Soueif, a process he notes that is also similar to the "Indianization" of English in the works of Raja Rao (Hassan 206:765), but this Tibetanization is by no means reducible to a monolithic conceptualization of Tibet: Meizhuo's writing is steeped in the culture of A mdo, while Alai's work often conjures up images of his native Rgyal rong.

It must be stressed that all Sinophone writers who write about their native places engage in some form of translational writing. By transcribing words and expressions, then explaining them in the text, in footnotes, or indeed in not explaining them at all, they are still translating their source culture into Chinese. Tibetan Sinophone writers are not just writers, they are also translators, and they are ethnographers of their own native cultures. Ethnographic translation such as this questions homogenous Tibetan or Chinese identities, introducing peoples, cultures, and histories that are removed from those of mainstream Chinese literature.

"TIBETANNESS"

I will limit my discussion of "Tibetanness" to the use of language in Sinophone writing, specifically of Tibetan language as a marker of numerous cultural identities that are traditionally grouped together as "Tibetan." There have been several studies of Sinophone Tibetan writing in both Chinese and English language scholarship, but they share a marked avoidance of discussing specific examples of translational language. The focus is primarily on the stylistic and thematic content of the writing, and where linguistic elements are analyzed, it is usually only syntactic in nature. Take, for example, the following discussion on Alai's work by Chinese scholar Dan Zhencao:

小说运用了大量结构简洁的句子，这类句子以单句见多，短句子简洁有力，流利灵动，具有独特的艺术魅力

The novel uses a large number of concise sentences; mostly simple in structure, these short sentences are clear and impactful, to the point and vivid, possessing a unique artistic beauty (Dan 2008:126)

An example of this vivid language is given as: "喇嘛的泻药使我的肠子唱起歌来了" "The lama's laxatives made my intestines sing" (*ibid*).

The linguistic analysis focuses primarily on style and imagery, and actually foregoes diction entirely, despite various references to nebulous and subjective ideals of simplicity and purity. The line about laxatives and singing intestines is not particularly Tibetan, despite the existence of the word "lama" that could just as easily have been written by an ethnically Han Chinese author. As is often the case when Chinese commentators discuss Tibetan authors, the above quote suggests an essentialization of Tibetan writing in Chinese as simple and direct, a conceptualization that veers dangerously close to the myth of the noble savage: the suggestion here being something akin to "Look how pure and free from artifice this writing is!" Are all Tibetans who write Chinese condemned to be seen as simplistic in their use of language? The choice of example in itself is revealing, as Alai happens to be a Tibetan author who does not use a lot of Tibetan words, but who is nevertheless taken as an archetype of Tibetan authors who write in Chinese. As I have attempted to show, there are authors who *do* employ glossed Tibetan words (or untranslated Tibetan words), but these writers are regularly overlooked in favor of the more commercially successful in the analyses of Tibetan literature - not without reason, for they are less visible, and therefore less discussed. Nevertheless, the literary, artistic merit of these works is not necessarily the question that should be addressed when analyzing

language; rather the value of this minor literature lies in its use of language and translation to create a hybrid written form.

Wang Yiyang asks important questions about the role of Tibetan Sinophone writing, especially the works of Alai:

How can Alai's Aha retain the significance of other literary native places, such as those of Lu Xun, Shen Congwen, Lao She, and Jia Pingwa, not simply as a local place glowing with historical grandeur and cultural symbols but as the native place for a sense of nationhood? How can ethnics "write back" to the motherland (i.e., challenge the motherland's doctrines about them) in the general context of ethnic politics and in the case of Alai's Tibet in particular? (Wang 2013:104)

On the topic of writing back to the center, of challenging the assumptions that the people of the motherland may have about them, we can see that perhaps one strategy is to employ complex Tibetan language that requires translation, such as gloss explanations. This creation of a hybrid form may go some way toward defying the stereotypes of simplicity. But the creation of hybridity is not without its pitfalls. In a discussion of the Tibet-centric novels of Yangjin Lamu, He Dahai, the editor of *Xianggelila* magazine, suggests that Tibetanness in Chinese literary works must go beyond the surface:

对于小说的创作而言，要让作品真正具备"民族特色"不是件容易做到的事。在常见的一些人的作品当中虽然人物，地名可能都是些"卓玛" "扎西" "香巴拉" "雪山" "牧场"等，描写其生活的情节中可能也有一些民俗，风情，宗教之类的附会之物，却可能仍然无法让读者感受到真正

厚实的"民族特色", 原因在于这些作者对"民族特色"的理解是表象的, 肤浅的, 或者是刻意的。

When it comes to writing novels, imbuing a work with a real "ethnic flavor" is no easy task. In those works by the people we are often hearing about, even though the names of people and places are all "Sgrol ma" and "Bkra shis" and "Shambhala" and "snow mountain" and "high pastures," and even though the descriptions of life will contain some local culture and customs, religious elements, and other extraneous things, they still can't make the reader feel a real, tangible "ethnic flavor" because these authors have a superficial, shallow, even forced understanding of what "ethnic flavor" is (He 2017:173).

The "Tibetan" linguistic elements here are downplayed: authors can name their characters "Tashi" and write about the mysterious "Shambhala," but this is all so much Tibetan window dressing that does not get to an inner truth of the Tibetan experience. This is the same criticism that Bengali and English writer Ketaki Kushari Dyson aims at Salman Rushdie: "His use of Urdu adds colour to his texts, but does not lead us to an Indian intellectual world" (1993:179). I believe, however, that this "color," *when used in combination with translational language*, has the purpose of revealing the traditional culture, the minority construct, and this mode of translation is a way of highlighting cultural identity. He Dahai goes on to suggest that the characters need to *feel* Tibetan in a way that goes beyond the surface level markers of Tibetan identity. This can be done, I contend, in the way in which characters are portrayed in Sina Nongbu's work; as conduits of real Tibetan language and, of course, writing.

Kangba, by Dazhen, is another example of a contemporary Sinophone Tibetan novel that makes frequent use of Tibetan words:

琼泽堪布在与曹山话别后特意走到郑云龙身边，说道：“扎西德勒！”郑云龙却不知如何回敬堪布，正束手无策，堪布微笑着用额头轻轻碰了郑云龙的额头。他感到堪布的额头在他的额头上来回摩挲，反复说“雅么松，雅么松”祝他一路走好

Having parted with Caoshan, Qiongze Kanbu walked deliberately over to Zheng Yunlong, and said, "*Bkra shis bde legs!*" Zheng Yunlong didn't know how to respond in kind, and, while he was at a loss, Kanbu smiled and gently touched his forehead against his own. He felt Kanbu's forehead stroking his, as the former intoned "*Yag mo song, yag mo song*" repeatedly, wishing him a good journey (Dazhen 2009:65).

Here, the usage of 扎西德勒 to denote *bkra shis bde legs*, the traditional Tibetan auspicious phrase, while admittedly translational, is by this point cliché; there is no need for a gloss translation, for it has already become a commonplace phrase in standard Chinese. This is the kind of surface-level marker of Tibetanness that He Dahai warns against. It is, however, followed up by more translational language, *yag mo song* 'go well' in what we are told is Khams dialect. The meaning is provided in an intratextual explanation. This is how Chinese can be changed and enriched by Tibetan, as Alai envisioned, and provides an answer to the question asked by the Naxi author, Yang Zhengwen, that I cited at the beginning of this piece: what to do with the characters? How should they speak? The answer becomes clear. They should speak their own language, and it is up to the author to

decide how to write it, how to translate it, or how to gloss it, for the reader to understand. We need to identify those works that are not just Chinese novels wrapped up in Tibetan window dressing, but are actually "Tibetan Chinese," and this can be done with the authenticity of the language, the Tibetanness of the characters.

From an analysis of the Tibetan language within Sinophone Tibetan literature we can move toward building a dataset that would serve as the foundation for a dictionary or glossary of Tibetan words in Chinese. Such a dictionary would be helpful for both encoders and decoders. It would help translators find the right way to transcribe Tibetan words that appear in the source text, and of course to avoid defaulting to Chinese Pinyin (an occurrence that leads to secondary transcriptions - phonetic renderings based on phonetic renderings). This dictionary would also be beneficial to readers, who, encountering an unfamiliar word, would be able to look up the Tibetan "original." It would also help writers find "standard" transcriptions for certain words, perhaps helping to provide inspiration in their creative process of writing Tibet.

In the first instance, as translators, we can make sure to avoid mistakes and unnecessary sinicizations when transliterating Tibetan words from Chinese. A couple of examples of this follow:

骨头，在我们这里是一个很重要的词，与其同义的另一个词叫做根子。根子是一个短促的词："尼。" 骨头则是一个骄傲的词："辖日。" 世界是水，火，风，空。人群的构成乃是骨头，或者根子 (Alai 2000:10).

Bone, a very important word here, as is another, *root*, which means about the same thing. But the word *root* in Tibetan is short and abrupt: *nyi*. *Bone*,

on the other hand, has a proud sound: *shari*. The natural world is made up of water, fire, wind, and air, while the human world is made up of bones, or roots (Alai 2001:13).

The translation by Howard Goldblatt turns *sha rus* 'flesh and bone', into *shari*, a hybrid transcription that melds Tibetan with Chinese Pinyin, and thus, if this is not taken to be a meta-commentary on Alai's own hybridity, some of the linguistic authenticity is lost.

Another example from the story *A Soul in Bondage* (系在皮绳扣上的魂) by Tashi Dawa reads "人们有事相求时，照样竖起拇指摇晃着，一连吐出七八个"咕叽咕叽"的哀求" (Tashi Dawa 1999:60). This has been translated: "And when people ask a favor they will say, "*gu-ji, gu-ji*" in a plaintive voice" (Tashi Dawa 1989:416). Here, the Tibetan "please" should be rendered in transliteration as *sku mkhyen* (at least in Wylie), but the translator simply uses the Chinese Pinyin spelling of the graphs, giving us what is essentially a Chinese way of pronouncing what should be a Tibetan word. In fact, this example marks an interesting feature of these translations: phonetic translation affords the author the ability to depict dialect pronunciation without requiring them to worry about norms of written Tibetan. Nevertheless, difficulty lingers. How can the reader know how the word that lies beyond the Chinese characters is supposed to be pronounced? Can the reader really read these words as they were intended?

These words also pose a challenge for the translator, who cannot be expected to be *au fait* with numerous languages and romanization systems. A dictionary of these words, with full example citations (and dialect information where necessary) would be a useful

resource. An example entry from such a dictionary might end up looking something like this (to use an earlier example):

沙普 shapu (T *mdza' bo* བཤེན་པོ།) n. 朋友 friend

Example (glossing): "放心，那是我最好的沙普（藏语：朋友之意），他会照顾好的" "Don't worry, that's my best *mdza' bo* (Tibetan, 'friend'), he'll look after you" (Sina Jundeng 2017:151).

CONCLUSION

There are essentially two assumptions that could be made about the use of Chinese language to compose Sinophone Tibetan writing: either the authors are unwilling to write in Tibetan in the first place, perhaps because they want to reach a wider audience, or they are simply unable to write Tibetan. Literacy rates in Tibetan are low, even in Lhasa. In 1988, only 14.1 percent of the heads of households in Lhasa could read Tibetan proficiently (Ma 2011:308). Besides pointing to the low number of potential readers of Tibetan literature, this suggests that the majority of authors are writing in the script that they know how to use. If an author cannot write Tibetan, they will have no choice but to use the writing system with which they are most familiar: Chinese. Alai identifies as "a Tibetan who writes in Chinese" (Alai 2011:152), but it is worth noting that many Tibetans who live in Tibetan regions of China outside the TAR proper will not have had the opportunity to learn Tibetan script during their schooling. They may have a mother language that is not Chinese, but do not have easy access to a mother

script. Wang Yiyan notes how this speaks to the complicated relationship between language and cultural belonging:

I agree that there are differences between Tibetan writers who write in different languages (Tibetan, Chinese, and/or English), but the cultural identity of an author, and more important, of his or her writing, should not be reduced to language only... In this respect, there is a striking similarity between Tibetan writers who write in Chinese, such as Alai, and Indian and African writers who write in English or French: their inability or unwillingness to write their native tongues speaks loudly of their life experiences and ethnicity... (Wang 2013:99).

But is Sinophone Tibetan simply writing in Chinese? I believe we should not be classifying all Chinese as essentialized standard language. Just as we should not essentialize the Tibetan experience, there is Chinese and there is "chinese." Through various modes of translation each "chinese" is not the same. In this way, Chinese can be said, like English, to encompass decentralized codes, denoted by a lower case initial:

We need to distinguish between what is proposed as a standard code, English (the language of the erstwhile imperial centre), and the linguistic code, english, which has been transformed and subverted into several distinctive varieties throughout the world. For this reason, the distinction between English and english will be used throughout our text as an indication of the various ways in which the language has been employed by different linguistic communities in the post-colonial world (Ashcroft et al. 1989:9).

We should also distinguish between the standard code of Chinese and the different linguistic codes of Chinese that are influenced by minority languages. Sinophone Tibetan, especially when it is written by the more adventurous authors (frequently the less mainstream, such as Jamyang Sherab and Sina Nongbu), becomes a translational writing: not Tibetan, and not quite Chinese; more a Tibetan-influenced "chinese," with a lower case "c." But whichever path these authors take, these are all valid literary forms. We must be wary not to discount Sinophone Tibetan writing, however as merely/only Chinese, or as a betrayal of true "Tibetanness," for there is always writing behind the writing.

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NON-ENGLISH TERMS

'a ltos འཕྱོས།

'bru smug po འབྲུ་སྐུག་པོ།

'greng bu འགྲེང་བུ།

Aba འ་བ་, rnga ba ར་བ།

a ba འ་བ་

Alai འ་ལའ་, a le འ་ལེ།

Amdo, a mdo ཨ་མདོ།

a pha འ་ཕ།

a rogs འ་རོགས།

bkra shis བརྒྱ་ཤིས།

bkra shis bde legs བརྒྱ་ཤིས་བདེ་ལེགས།

bro བློ།

bu བུ།

byin rten བྱིན་རྟེན།

chab mdo ཆབ་མདོ།, Changdu 昌都, Qamdo

Chen'ai Luoding 尘埃落定

Dan Zhencao 丹珍草,

Dazhen 达真

Diqing 迪庆, bde chen བདེ་ཆེན།

ga la btags gla zhabs kyu glu; la 'greng bu le na len; glu len pa ག་ལ་བཏགས་གླ་མཁའ་པུ་ལུ་ལ་འགྲེང་བུ་ལེ་ན་ལེན་པ།

བཏགས་ལྷ་ཞབས་ཀྱ་ལུ་ལ་འགྲེང་བུ་ལེ་ན་ལེན་པ།

Gerong Zhuimei 格绒追美

grwa ba གྲ་བ།

glu ལུ།

Han 汉

He Dahai 和大海

Jamyang Sherab 加央西热, 'jam dbyangs shes rab འཇམ་དབྱངས་ཤེས་རབ།

Jia Pingwa 贾平凹

kan 看

Kangba 康巴, khams pa ཁམས་པ།

khams ཁམས།

la btags ལ་བརྟགས།

lama 喇嘛

Lao She 老舍

lha sa ལྷ་ས།

Liangjiong Langsa 亮炯·朗萨

Lu Xun 鲁迅

mdza' bo མཛའ་བོ།

Meizhuo 梅卓, me sgron མེ་སྟོན།

minzu wenxue 民族文学

Nahan 纳罕

nan'er 男儿

Naxi 纳西

Nima Panduo 尼玛潘多, nyi ma phan thogs ཉི་མ་ཕན་ཐོགས།

pad+ma rig 'dzin པད་མ་རིག་འཛིན།

pengyou 朋友

rgya རྒྱ།

rgyal rong རྒྱལ་རོང་།

Sanba 三坝

sems pa yongs la dga' zhing ཤེས་པ་ཡོངས་ལ་དག་འཛིན།

sgrol ma སྐྱོལ་མ།

shad ma ཤད་མ།

Shambhala, Xiangbala 香巴拉

sha rus ཤ་རུས།

Shen Congwen 沈从文

Sina Jundeng 斯那俊登

Sina Nongbu 斯那农布

sku mkhyen སུ་མཁྱེན།

Tashi Dawa 扎西达娃, bkra shis zla ba བརྒྱ་ཤིས་ཟླ་བ།

Tsering Wangdu 汪都 Shakya, Cirenxiajia 茨仁夏加, tshe ring dbang

'dus shAkya ཆོ་ཤིང་དབང་འདུས་ཤུག་།

Wang Yiyan 王一燕

Xianggelila 香格里拉, sham b+ha la ཤམ་བཤ་ལ། Shangri-La

xiari 轄日

Xizang zuihou de tuo dui 西藏最后的驮队

yag mo song ཡག་མོ་སང།

Yangjin Lamu 央金拉姆, dbyangs can lha mo དབྱངས་ཅན་ལྷ་མོ།

Yang Zhengwen 杨正文

Yidam Tsering, yi dam tshe ring ཡི་དམ་ཆོ་ཤིང།

Yinbi de lian 隐蔽的脸

Yingrao xinling de qinsheng 萦绕心灵的琴声

Yunnan 云南

zhabs kyu རྩ་བ་ལྷུ།

zhuo 卓

Zi qingke 紫青稞

ESSAY

THE WUTUN LANGUAGE AND MODERN
DIVERSITY LINGUISTICS

Erika Sandman (University of Helsinki)

ABSTRACT

The author's interest in the Wutun language, diversity linguistics and its application to the Wutun language, and the importance of diversity linguistics are described.

KEYWORDS

modern diversity linguistics, Qinghai Province China, Wutun language

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BEGINNINGS

I first heard about the Wutun language when I was a second-year student majoring in East Asian Studies and General Linguistics at the University of Helsinki, Finland. My supervisor, Professor of East Asian Studies, Juha Janhunen, had done fieldwork in Manchuria, Inner Mongolia, and Amdo and offered courses on languages spoken in these areas, including Wutun and Amdo Tibetan. Although I started my studies by learning Putonghua 'Modern Standard Chinese', I have been interested in little-documented minority languages of Inner Asia since the beginning of my career in linguistics. After all, we already know so much about the major European and Asian languages that are widely taught in schools. As a linguist eager to gain new insights into human language, it is rewarding to work on undocumented languages spoken by small communities.

Wutun is a particularly interesting language from a linguistic point of view because it has developed in close contact with Tibetan and Chinese speakers. Its vocabulary and grammar reflect both of these languages. Internationally, linguists want to know what happens when languages have close contact. Wutun is spoken in three villages - Upper Wutun, Lower Wutun, and Jiawangma in Tongren County (Rebkong), Huangnan Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Qinghai Province. Other than a couple of linguistic articles on Wutun written in the 1980s, there was very little research on this intriguing language. Consequently, I decided to study Wutun to learn more about its origins and grammatical features.

In 2004-2005 I spent a year as an exchange student at Inner Mongolia University in Hohhot. During that time, I visited Qinghai to meet some Wutun speakers and travel to the Wutun villages. In 2006, my supervisor and I also invited a Wutun speaker to Finland to work at the University of Helsinki.

My research involved fieldwork in Qinghai in 2007, 2010, and 2013 where I worked with several native speakers of Wutun in Xining City and in Wutun villages in Tongren. We recorded many texts and conversations, transcribed and analyzed them, and went over dozens

of questionnaires on vocabulary and grammar. This research led to my Master's thesis, completed in 2007. In studying little-documented languages, the role of native speakers and the speech community is as important as the role of the linguist. The linguist is dependent on the help of the speakers who provide the data for a linguistic study and help the researcher transcribe and analyze it. I was extremely fortunate to be assisted by Wutun speakers who were willing to involve in linguistic research and patiently teach me the intricacies of their language. Later, I worked on a reference grammar of Wutun for my PhD dissertation (completed in 2016). It focuses on the Wutun sound system, word classes, grammatical categories, clauses and clause combining, as well as background information on the geography of the Wutun-speaking area, the speakers' culture, the use of Wutun in everyday situations, and contact with neighboring languages. The theoretical background for my work comes from modern diversity linguistics, which is a popular field of linguistics today both in Finland and internationally.

WHAT IS DIVERSITY LINGUISTICS?

Diversity linguistics documents and compares languages of the world. It consists of two branches: descriptive linguistics and linguistic typology. Descriptive linguistics focuses on documenting individual little-studied languages. It involves working with native speakers, collecting and publishing materials (such as texts and conversations) on individual languages, and writing grammars. Writing a grammar of Wutun is an example of descriptive linguistics.

Linguistic typology is concerned with comparing languages to make generalizations on what is common, uncommon, or even possible in languages. Language typologists read and compare large amounts of grammars of individual languages to see what is similar or different in languages of the world. Comparing how different languages talk about past events is an example of linguistic typology. Language typologists believe documenting individual languages and

comparing them with other languages helps us understand the fundamentals of human language and the human mind.

One problem in modern linguistics is that what we know about languages is mostly based on major European languages since most linguists work on languages such as English, French, Spanish, and German. However, the languages of Europe represent only three percent of the world's languages. To better understand human language, we need to know more about small language communities outside Europe. In today's world, many small languages are endangered, and when a language dies, valuable information and cultural heritage are lost forever. Therefore, in descriptive linguistics supporting the maintenance of endangered languages by making recordings, publishing texts, and compiling dictionaries are vitally important.

A key point of modern diversity linguistics is that every language represents a unique way of conceptualizing the world and can teach something new about languages and human thinking. All languages are valuable. There are no "more developed" or "less developed" languages. Languages with few speakers are as important as languages with many speakers, and unwritten languages are as important as languages with a writing system. Diversity linguistics is concerned neither about the status and power of languages in society nor the norms of written languages. Instead, the research focuses on spoken languages as they are used in everyday situations. In the light of linguistics, it is also natural that all the languages change across time.

Furthermore, contact with neighboring languages shapes language. Languages that mix numerous elements from two or more diverse languages are as valuable as languages that have not received considerable influence from other languages. While different types of languages are created in different social situations, they equally serve the needs of their speech communities and represent their unique ways of thinking.

THE WUTUN LANGUAGE AND DIVERSITY LINGUISTICS

I have presented my work on Wutun in numerous linguistic conferences both in Finland and abroad, and the audience has always been keenly interested. Linguists from throughout the world have found Wutun extremely interesting and believe that it has much to offer our better understanding of languages. Linguists are particularly interested in Wutun language because close contact between two different language communities - Tibetan and Chinese – has created it. Wutun's vocabulary and grammar are mixtures of elements from these two languages. Studying languages such as Wutun helps us better understand what happens to languages when the speakers come into close contact with each other. This provides new perspectives on how languages change and how new grammatical categories develop. These are fundamental issues for linguistic theory.

The study of Wutun also contributes to our understanding of Inner Asian history. Languages like Wutun have been documented throughout the world, including my home country, Finland. Over a century in the capital of Finland, Helsinki, bilingual speakers who spoke both Finnish and Swedish created a unique language with Swedish vocabulary and Finnish grammar. This language is called Old Helsinki Slang, and it was spoken in the eastern districts of Helsinki. The residents of these districts remain very proud of their language and its unique way of expressing thoughts. They consider it an important part of their cultural heritage and promote it in various cultural associations.

Linguists working on diversity linguistics think that the grammar of each individual language can tell us something important about what the human mind is capable of. In the case of Wutun, its knowledge system is very special. In every sentence, the speaker must distinguish between events in which he or she has been personally involved and events he or she is not part of. Personal involvement is marked by the suffix *-yek*, while observations from an outsider's perspective are marked by the suffix *-li*. Similar systems are also found in Amdo Tibetan and in many Mongolic languages of the Amdo area.

Although knowledge systems such as this are found in various languages of the Amdo region, they are very rare in the languages of the world and therefore of great interest to linguists.

The grammar of knowledge is a current topic in linguistics. Studying knowledge systems of the world's languages helps us to understand how human beings conceptualize information. It gives us new viewpoints on the theory of mind: how we understand each other and how we take into account other people's perspectives. An in-depth study of the Wutun system has provided many new perspectives on these issues. These questions are of interest to linguists, but also those working in psychology, philosophy, and social scientists.

CONCLUSION

The study of Wutun has enriched our worldviews and has taught many other linguists and me a great deal about language. I am deeply indebted to the Wutun community for sharing the secrets of their language. They have many reasons to be proud of their language and its unique way of expressing thoughts.

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TRANSLATION

ཙང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་དང་འབྲེལ་ཏེ་ཨ་མདོའི་ས་གནས་འགའ་ཡི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་སྒྲུབ་བ།

Gray Tuttle(ཁྲུ་ལོ་མ་སྤྱིས་ཡུ་གཙུག་ལག་སློབ་ཆེན།)•

ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ་གྱིས་བསྒྱུར།¹

སྤྱིར་བཏགས།

འདིར་ཙང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་གཡས་གཡོན་དུ་ཆགས་ཤིང་ཀུན་ལ་ཆ་རྒྱས་ཆེན་པོ་མེད་པའི་དགོན་ཕྱེ་རྒྱུད་རྒྱལ་ཉམས་
 ཞིབ་བྱས་པ་བརྒྱུད་དེ་ཨ་མདོའི་ས་གནས་འགའ་ཡི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་འཆོལ་ཞིབ་བྱས་ཡོད། གནས་འདིའི་སྤྱི་མ་དང་དགོན་པ་དག་གིས་
 ལྷ་ས་དང་པེ་ཅིང་སོགས་ལས་བརྒལ་ཏེ་རིག་གནས་དང་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཀྱི་དོན་ཐང་ནས་རྒྱལ་པ་བསམ་གྱིས་མི་ཁྲབ་པ་ཐོན་ཡོད་ལ།
 ལྷག་པར་ཏུ་དགོན་ཕྱེ་འདི་དག་ནི་ས་ཁུལ་སོ་སོའི་མང་ཆོག་ས་ཀྱི་རིག་གནས་དོ་བོ་རྒྱུན་སྲིད་དང་། བོད་སྐད་ཡིག་གི་འབྲི་སྟོན་
 ཆོས་ལུགས། ལྷ་ཅལ་(རི་མོ་དང་ལུགས་སྒྱུར་ལྷ་ཅལ། པར་སྐྱེ། གར་འཆམ།)སོགས་རིག་གནས་སྤྱི་འདུས་ཤུན་སྐྱེའི་ཆོག་ས་
 པར་འགྱུར་བའི་ཕྱོག་གནས་སུ་ཆགས་ཡོད་ནང་། བོད་ཀྱི་ཤར་མཐའི་རིག་གནས་ཁྲབ་ཁོངས་འདི་ལ་རྒྱབ་སྐྱོད་སྒྲུབ་ཀྱིས་ཁབ་ཀྱི་
 སྐད་ཡིག་ཞིབ་འཇུག་ཁོད་དུ་དོ་སྣང་བྱས་མེད།

མིང་བརྒྱུད་གཙོ་བོ།

ཙང་ཁ། ཨ་མདོ། ས་གནས་སོ་སོའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས། ཆོས་ལུགས་ལོ་རྒྱུས། བོད་ཀྱི་ས་བཤད། མ་དགོན་དང་བུ་དགོན་(དགོན་ལག)།
 བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བསྟན།

•Gray Tuttle. 2019. Tsong kha'i ri rgyud dang 'brel te a mdo'i sa gnas 'ga' yi lo rgyus
 gleng ba ཙང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་དང་འབྲེལ་ཏེ་ཨ་མདོའི་ས་གནས་འགའ་ཡི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་སྒྲུབ་བ། [Local History in A Mdo: The
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¹ [བསྐྱུར་པོ་པོས་འདིར་གནས་ཚུལ་གཞན་དག་ལ་འདྲུང་བ་ཅུང་ཟད་ཡོད་དེ། དཔེར་ན། bit.lyབཞག་ཏེ་བྲེ་ཆོག་ས་ཀྱི་སྤྱིལ་
 གནས་མིང་བོད་གཞི་ཐུང་ལ་བཏང་བ་དང་། ལྷར་ལྷའི་རྒྱ་ཆའི་ནང་གི་ཚུལ་པ་པོའི་བསྐྱུས་མིང་དག་བཙས་ཏེ་མཚན་མིང་ཆ་ཆང་བྲིས་པ་
 སོགས་ཡོད། གཞན་འགྱུར་ཚུལ་འདི་ལ་ལྷ་དག་མཛད་མཁན་བདུད་འདུལ་དོན་དང་། ལྷ་གྲུབ་དོན། པདྨ་རིག་འཛིན། ལྷག་སྐུ་ཚུལ་
 རྒྱལ། སངས་རྒྱལ་ཆོ་དོང་བཙས་ལ་འདིར་ཆེད་དུ་ཐུགས་རྒྱུ་ཆེ་ཞུ།]

དམྱུང་།

དུས་རབས་བདུན་པ་དང་དགུ་པའི་བར་གྱི་བཙན་པོའི་རྒྱལ་རབས་སྐབས་ནས་བཟུང་བོད་མིས་ཨ་མདོའི་ཡུལ་
 ཁོངས་(སྐ་རན་སི་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་ཀྱི་ཆེ་ཆུང་ཙམ།)འདི་བདག་གིས་བཟུང་ནས་གནས་བཅས། དེ་ལྟ་ནའང་། ཨ་མདོའི་
 ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཆེན་མོ་ཞིག་དེ་ལྟའི་བར་ནུབ་ཕྱོགས་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་གང་གི་སྐད་དུ་འདྲ་མཐོང་ཐབས་བྲལ། དུས་རབས་བདུན་
 པའི་ཕྱོད་ཀྱི་ས་ཁུལ་འདི་དམིགས་སུ་བཟུང་བའི་བོད་དམ་རྒྱུ་ཡི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཡིག་ཆ་ཉུང་ཤོས་ཤིག་ཡོད་པ་དག་ནི་
 བསྟན་བཤད་ཙམ་ལས་ཞིབ་ཆ་ཅི་ཡང་མེད། དུས་རབས་བདུན་པ་ནས་ནི་ཤུ་པའི་བར་གྱི་བོད་ཡིག་གི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་རྒྱ་
 ཆ་པལ་ཆེ་བ་ནི་ཆོས་ལུགས་(གཙོ་བོ་བླ་པ་མཐའི་རྗེས་འབྲང་པ།)ལོ་རྒྱུས་ལ་ཕྱོགས་ཤིང་། རྒྱ་ཡིག་གི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་རྒྱ་ཆ་
 དག་གི་ཁོད་སྤྱོད་འཛིན་དང་དམག་དོན་དཀྱིལ་སྤྱོད་དུ་བཟུང་བ་རྒྱ་ཆུང་རེད། ཚུམ་ཡིག་འདིས་ཨ་མདོའི་བྱང་
 དབུས་ཀྱི་རི་རྒྱུད་དེ་ཙོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་(རྒྱའི་སྐད་དུ་拉脊山 བརྗོད། ཕལ་ཆེར་འདི་ལྟར་གོ་བ་བྲམ་ཆོག་སྟེ། རི་
 རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་སྐལ་ཆོགས་དེ་ས་སྟེང་ནས་ཡར་འཐོན་ཡོད་པ་དང་ཆ་འབྲ་བས་ན་དེ་ལྟར་བརྗོད་ཡོད།)ཀྱི་ཕར་ཚུར་ན་
 ཆགས་ཡོད་པའི་དཀོན་སྡེ་དུག་ཀྱི་བྱེ་བྲག་རྩ་བཀར་ནས་ཨ་མདོའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་སྟོང་ཡོད།

ཕར་རིས་དང་པོ། ཙོང་ཁའི་སྟེན་རི།



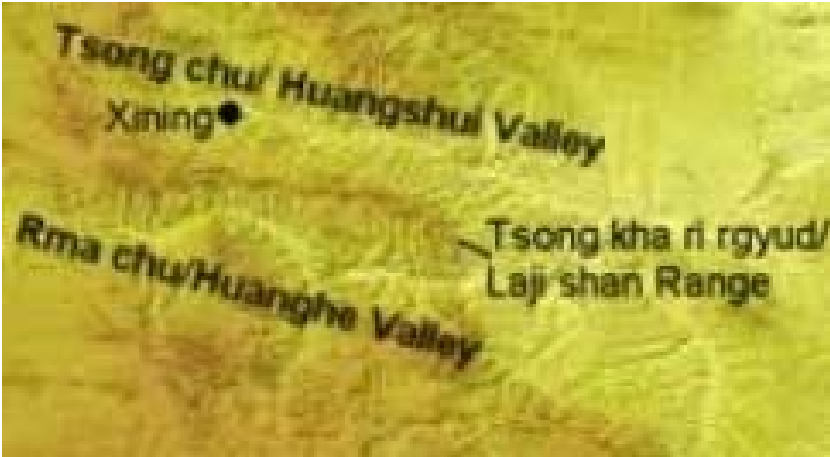
¹ དཔལ་ལུང་རྒྱུད་དུ་གནས་པའི་རྫི་ཆ་དང་། དགེ་ལྷན་མེར་དྲིས་དགོན་པ། བཀའ་མ་ལོག་གམ་མེན་རུ་ཅོས་(回)རིགས་དང་རུལ་ལུ་ཅོར་
 (土)རིགས་རང་རྒྱུད་རྒྱུད་དུ་གནས་པའི་ཐང་རིང་དགོན་པ་དང་། བུ་ཇོའི་དགོན་(白家寺)། ལེན་རྒྱ་ཐེན་(莲花台寺)དགོན་པ་
 བཅས་སོ།

ཙོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ནམས་ལས་ཆེས་མཐོ་བའི་རི་བོ་ནི་མི་4,400ཅན་གྱི་ཙོང་ཁའི་སྤྱི་རི་(རྒྱའི་སྐད་དུ་八宝山
ཞེས་འབོད་ལ། རིན་ཆེན་བརྒྱུད་ཀྱི་རི་བོའི་དོན་ཡིན།)ཡིན་ཞིང་གནས་འདི་རུ་ཇེ་ཙོང་ཁ་པ་(1357-1419)སྤྱ
འབྱུངས། ཁོང་ནི་རི་བོ་དགེ་ལུགས་པའི་ཤིང་རྩའི་ཕྱོལ་འབྱེད་མཁན་ཡིན་པ་དང་། རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་བྱང་ཕྱགས་ཀྱི་རི་
ཞོལ་དུ་གཞིས་ཆགས་ཤིང་ད་ལྟའི་མིང་ལ་སྤྱི་འབྱུངས་དགོན་ཞེས་གྲགས་པ་འདི་ནི་ཁོའི་འབྱུངས་ལུས་ཡིན།

པར་རིས་གཉིས་པ། མཚོ་སྒོན་གྱི་ཙོང་ཆུ་དང་མ་ཆུའི་བར་ན་ཡོད་ཅིང་ཟིང་ཟིང་གི་སྒོ་ཕྱགས་ནས་ཀན་སུ་རུ་འཐེན་
ཡོད་པའི་མདོག་ནག་པོ་དེ་ནི་བར་རྩེད་གི་འཕྲིན་སྐར་ལས་མཐོང་པའི་ཙོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་རེད།



པར་རིས་གསུམ་པ། ཞིབ་རྒྱས་ཀྱི་རི་བོ་དང་ལུང་བ།



ས་ཁུལ་འདིར་དགོ་ལྷགས་པའི་བསྟན་པ་ནི་དུས་རབས་བཅུ་བཞི་པའི་མཐུག་ཏུ་དར་བ་ཡིན་ནའང་།
དུས་རབས་བཅུ་དྲུག་པའི་ནང་དུ་མ་གཏོགས་ས་ཁུལ་རྣམས་ཀྱི་འགོ་མ་ཐུབ། དེ་བས་ཚུལ་ཡིག་འདིའི་ནང་དུ་དགོ་
ལྷགས་པའི་དགོན་སྡེ་དག་དམིགས་སུ་བཟུང་ཡོད།¹

ཚུལ་ཡིག་འདིའི་ནང་ས་ཁམས་ཀྱི་ཁྲད་ཆོས་དཀྱིལ་སྤྱིང་དུ་བཟུང་ཡོད་པའི་ཙོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ནི་དཔལ་
ལུང་རྫོང་གི་བྱང་དང་ཤར་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་མཐའ་མཆམས་དང་། རུ་ཤར་(湟中)རྫོང་དང་ཙོང་ཁ་ཁར་(平安)།
ལུ་འོ་ཏུ་ལུ་འམ་གོ་ཆང་(乐都)། བཀའ་མ་ལོག་(民和)རྫོང་བཅས་ཀྱི་ཕྱོ་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་མཐའ་མཆམས་ཡིན།

པར་རིས་བཞི་པ། མཚོ་ཤར་ས་ཁུལ།



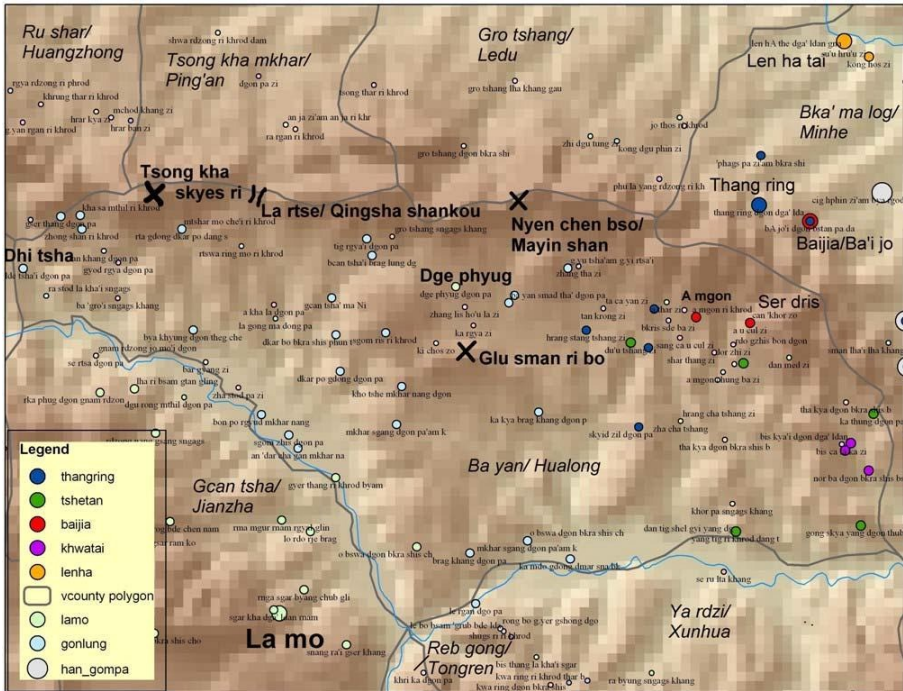
¹ ཨ་མདོའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ཕྱོ་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་ས་ཁམས་ཐུན་མོང་མ་ཡིན་པའི་སྤྱིང་མའི་བསྟན་པ་དར་བྱུང་།
² སྤྱིང་མའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ལྷང་ནང་པལ་ལུང་རྫོང་གི་ཕྱོ་ཕྱོགས་རང་ལྱོད་རྫོང་།

ཡིན་ནའང་། རིའོ་འདྲིའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱིས་ཞོལ་ནས་བརྗོད་པར་བྱ་བའི་དགོན་སྡེ་དག་གི་ཕན་ཚུན་འགྲོ་འདྲེན་གི་འབྲེལ་
ལམ་ལ་གོགས་ཅི་ཡང་ཐེབས་མེད་དེ། ད་ལྟའི་གཞུང་ལམ་འདི་མ་ལས་པའི་སྤྱོད་ལུ་བྲག་གཟར་དང་གྲུ་དོག་པོའི་
ལམ་ཐེང་དག་ལ་ཆིབས་རྟ་དང་རྒྱ་རྒྱུ་ལ་བརྟེན་ནས་བསྐྱོད། དགོན་སྡེ་དག་གི་འབྲེལ་ལམ་དེ་ད་དུང་གཙང་པོ་
དང་རི་བོའི་ཕ་རོལ་དང་རྒྱ་རོལ་ལ་འང་ཆགས། ལྷག་པར་དུ། གནས་འདྲིའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ལ་ཉམས་ཞིབ་བྱས་ཡོད་པའི་
དཔྱད་རྩལ་འདིས་འདི་ལྟ་བུའི་འབྲེལ་ལམ་དེ་གྲུ་དོག་པར་མ་གནས་པར་དཔྱད་གཙང་དང་། བེ་ཅིང་། སོག་པོ་ལ་
ཐོན་ཡོད་པ་གསལ་བོར་བསྟན་པ་དང་། གནས་འདྲིའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཁག་ཅིག་དམིགས་སུ་སྤྲོད་བའི་འདི་ཡིས་ཨ་ཤེ་ལ་ནང་
ཁུལ་མཉམ་དུ་སྡེལ་བྱེད་ཀྱི་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་པའི་འབྲེལ་བ་དེ་གསལ་བཤད་བྱས་ཡོད།

པར་རིས་ལྟ་པ། བིས་ཨན་(平安)ནས་ཙོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་བརྒྱུ་ལམ་བར་དུ་གནས་པའི་རྫོང་གི་མཚམས་
ཀྱི་ཉག་གའི་ལབ་ཅེ། རིའི་ཉག་ག་འདི་ལ་རྒྱ་སྐད་དུ་青沙山口 ཞེས་འབོད།



པར་རིས་དྲུག་པ། རྫོང་སོ་སོའི་མཆོམས་ལྟ་བུའི་ཅོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད། རྫོང་སོ་སོའི་མེད་ནི་ཨི་ཏཱ་ལེག་(italic)ཡི་
ལམ་ནས་བྲིས་ཡོད། མེད་གཞིའི་ས་ཁྲ་ནི་Karl Ryavec་ཡིས་མཛད།



ས་ཁྲ་འདིའི་ནང་དུ། དགོན་སྡེ་དག་ཁ་དོག་སྒྲ་གཅིག་གིས་མཆོན་པར་བྱས་ནས་མ་དགོན་(གོར་ཐིག་ཆེན་པོས་
མཆོན་པའི་ལ་མོ་དགོན། མང་རིང་དགོན། བུ་ཐོའི་དགོན། ལེན་ཏུ་བྲེ།)དང་བུ་དགོན་(གོར་ཐིག་ཆུང་དུས་
མཆོན།)བར་གྱི་བྲེལ་བ་དེ་བསྟན་ཡོད། འདི་ནི་བོད་གྲིས་དགོན་སྡེ་གཙོ་བོ་མ་དགོན་དང་ལམ་བ་དགོན་ལག་གི་
དབྱེ་བ་དག་རྣམས་རེད།

རྩོམ་ཡིག་འདིར་དང་2006ལོར་ས་གནས་དེ་གར་ཡུལ་སྐོར་ལ་ཕྱིན་པའི་དུས་ཡུན་སྡོད་འཛོལ་
བསྟར་བྱས་པའི་དག་ཐོག་གི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་འགའ་དང་། བྲེལ་ཡོད་གྱི་པར་རིས་སྐོར་ཞིག་ དེ་མིན་ཡིག་ཐོག་ཏུ་ཕབ་ཡོད་
པའི་སྐོར་འགྲོའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་རྒྱུ་ཆ་དག་ལ་སྦྲར་ནས་ཨ་མདོའི་དགོན་སྡེའི་བྲེལ་བ་ཤད་ལྟ་བུ་ཞིག་བྲིས་ཡོད། གཅིག་
བྱས་ན་ཐོག་མའི་ཞིབ་འཇུག་འདི་ཡིས་གཞན་དག་ལ་གནས་ཡུལ་འདི་དག་ལ་འགྲོ་བར་སྐུལ་འདེད་དང་། དེ་ནས་
འདི་དང་འདི་ལྟ་བུའི་གནས་ཡུལ་གཞན་དག་མང་པོ་ལ་ཉམས་ཞིབ་དང་ཡིག་ཐོག་ཏུ་ཕབ་སྟེ། དོན་དམ་དུ་ཕྱི་
འཇིག་རྟེན་གྱིས་ཆ་རྒྱུས་དབེན་ཞིང་ཏུ་ཅང་རྫོང་མཐུག་པའི་ཨ་མདོའི་ས་ཆའི་ཕུན་སུམ་ཆོག་གས་པའི་ཤུལ་བཞག་
རིག་གནས་ལ་བརྟེན་མཐོང་འཐོབ་པར་འགྱུར་ངེས། ས་གནས་འདི་བདམས་པའི་རྒྱ་མཆོན་ནི་འདི་ཉིད་བོད་ཁྲུལ་དུ་

ཆེས་སྒྲུབ་གྲགས་ཆེ་ཞིང་གཞི་རྒྱ་ཆེ་བའི་དགོན་སྡེ་འོད་ཀྱི་གཉིས་སྟེ། སྐུ་འབྱུང་དགོན་དང་བླ་བྱ་པ་གཉིས་
འབྲེལ་དགོན་(རི་རེ་བཞིན་དུ་བྱས་ན། བྱང་ཤར། ཤར་སྟོ།)གཉིས་ཀྱི་བར་དུ་ཆགས་ཡོད་ཀྱང་འདི་ལ་ཞིབ་འཇུག་
བྱས་ཡོད་པ་ཉ་ཅད་ཉུང་བས་སོ།།

འདིར་འབྲེལ་བཞེད་བྱས་པའི་དགོན་སྡེ་ཉུང་ཤོས་འདི་དག་མ་ཐོངས་པར་ངས་བྱི་བར་བྱ་བའི་ཡུལ་
ཁོངས་འདི་འོ་ཐོང་བཅན་པོ་དང་རྩེ་ཙོང་ཁ་པ་སྟོ་བཟང་གྲགས་པའི་སྐོར་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་དགོན་སྡེ་དག་ལ་འབྲེལ་
བ་ཆེན་པོ་མེད། དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་གིས་ས་ཁུལ་སོ་སོ་དང་ས་ཁུལ་དེ་དག་གི་ཁྲབ་ཁོངས་ལས་བརྒྱལ་བའི་འབྲེལ་བ་
གཙོ་བོ་དེ་ཐུག་མོང་དུ་གསལ་བཤད་བྱས་ཡོད་དེ། ལྷག་པར་དུ་མ་དགོན་དང་བུ་དགོན་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ། དབུས་གཙང་
གི་ཆེས་ཆེ་བའི་སྟོང་པ་གསའི་རྟེ་གནས་ཏེ་སེ་འབྲས་དགེ་གསུམ་དང་བར་སྐབས་ཤིག་ཨ་དོ་ས་ཁུལ་གྱི་རྟེ་བར་གྱུར་
མྱོང་བའི་དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་བར་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་བཅས་སོ།། འདིར་ཞིབ་འཇུག་བྱས་པའི་དགོན་སྡེ་འགའ་ཤོས་(ཐང་
རིང་དགོན་དང་། བུ་རྩེ་དགོན། ལེན་རྟ་བེ། རྩེ་ཆ་དགོན།)གྱིས་ལྷ་ས་དང་པེ་ཅིང་སོགས་ལས་བརྒྱལ་བའི་རུས་པ་
ཆེན་པོ་ཐོན་ཏེ་མོ་རྒྱུས་སྟེང་གཙོ་བོར་གྱུར། འདིར་བཤོད་པའི་ཨ་མདའི་དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་གིས་མཆོན་ཉིད་གྲ་
ཆོང་དང་། རྒྱུད་པ་གྲ་ཆོང་། ལྷན་པ་གྲ་ཆོང་བཅས་ལ་བརྟེན་ནས་འཐུས་སྟོ་ཆོང་ཞིང་སོ་སོའི་ཁྲད་ཆོས་ཡོད་པའི་
སྟོང་པ་གསའི་རྟེ་བ་ལྟ་བུར་ཆགས་པས། དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་ནི་ཨ་མདོ་དང་སོག་པོ། ཉོར་(土)། རྒྱ་ནག་བཅས་ཀྱི་
ནང་བའི་རྩེ་མཇུག་པ་དག་ལ་མཚོ་རིམ་སྟོང་པ་གསའི་རྟེ་བ་སྟོང་བར་བྱེད་པའི་མཐུན་ཆེན་དུ་གྱུར། དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་གིས་
ལྷ་སའི་གཙོ་བོར་གྱུར་བའི་དགོན་སྡེ་དག་གི་བསྐྱབ་དེབ་བཞོལ་སྟོང་བྱས་པ་དང་། དེ་ལས་ཀྱང་ནང་བའི་སྟོང་
པ་ཉེར་བ་སྐོར་ཞིག་གིས་མཐོ་རིམ་སྟོང་པ་གསའི་རྟེ་བ་སྟོང་ཆེད་དུ་བྱས་གཙང་ལ་ཕྱིན་ཏེ་གནས་དེར་ཁོ་ཆོས་འབྱུར་དུ་ཐོན་
པའི་བསྐྱབ་འབྲས་ཏེ་དགའ་ལྷན་གྱི་པའི་མཆོན་གནས་ཐོབ། ཐོང་མཐའ་མཆོམས་ཀྱི་ཡུལ་ཁོངས་འདིར་སྐད་
རིགས་སྐྱ་ཆོགས་སྟོང་གི་ཡོད་པས་ན། གནས་འདི་ནས་ཕེབས་པའི་གྲ་བ་སྐོར་ཞིག་པེ་ཅིང་གི་རྒྱལ་བོའི་ཕོ་བྱང་དུ་
ཕྱི་ལྷ་བསྐྱབས་པ་དང་སྐོར་ཞིག་ནང་སོག་ནས་བླ་མར་བཞུགས། ཁོ་ཆོ་ནི་རྒྱ་ནག་དང་། ཐོང་། སོག་པོའི་མི་དག་གཞི་
གཅིག་ལ་སྟེལ་བྱེད་གཙོ་བོར་གྱུར་ཏེ་ཨ་ཤ་ཡ་ནང་ཁུལ་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བའི་ཐང་ལ་བྱས་རྩེས་ཆེན་པོ་བཞག་ཡོད།

དེ་དང་མཉམ་དུ་བོད་ཀྱི་མོ་རྒྱུས་སྟེང་གི་གནས་ཆེན་པོ་མེད་པའི་དགོན་སྡེ་རྒྱུད་པ་དག་ལ་རྒྱ་ནག་དང་
ཕྱི་རྒྱལ་བས་ཞིབ་འཇུག་བྱས་ཡོད་དེ། ཞིབ་འཇུག་བྱེད་མཁན་མང་ཆེ་བ་མའི་རིགས་རིག་པའི་མཁས་པ་རྒྱུད་རྒྱུད་
རེད།¹ ཡིན་ནའང་། དོར་སྐྱ་བོད་ཁུལ་དུ་ཕེབས་ཏེ་ཞིབ་འཇུག་བྱེད་མཁན་ཤིན་ཏུ་ཉུང་། དཔྱད་རྩོམ་འདིའི་ནང་
སྟེང་བའི་ཙོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་རྩོམ་གསུམ་གྱི་དགེ་ལུགས་དགོན་དང་སེར་རྩིས་དགོན་པ་རྟེ་བྱས་ཉེ་འགམ་ལ་མ་
གཏོགས་གཞན་ཕྱི་རིལ་ཏུ་རུས་པ་ཆེན་པོ་ཐོན་མེད། འོན་ཀྱང་། ཐོད་ཀྱི་རིག་གནས་ཐང་ལ་གནས་དེའི་དགོན་སྡེ་

¹ ཉེ་དུས་འདིའི་ཕྱོགས་ལ་ཞིབ་འཇུག་གི་འབྲས་བུ་འབྱུར་དུ་ཐོན་པ་དག་གི་ཁོད་དུ་Ortner (1989)དང་། Mills (2003)།
Childs (2004)སོགས་འདུ།

འདི་དག་གིས་བོད་ལུ་གི་གཞི་རྒྱ་ཆེ་ཞིང་སྐྱོན་གྲགས་རབ་རྒྱ་འབར་བའི་དགོན་སྡེ་ཉུང་ཤོས་དེ་དག་ལས་ཀྱང་
 རྟུལ་པ་སྒྲིལ་གྱི་ཐོན་ཡོད་དེ། མ་མཐར་ཡང་ཞིང་འབྲོག་ས་ལུ་དུ་བརྒྱ་ཆའི་བདུན་ཅུའི་ཡན་ཟེན་པའི་བོད་མི་
 དག་ལ་བོད་ཅེས་པ་གང་ལ་དོས་འཛིན་ཐུབ་པ་ནི་རིག་གནས་ཤེས་བྱའི་བར་མཛོད་(སྒྲིབ་གསལ། སྐད་རིགས། རྒྱ་
 ཅུལ། བཟོ་རིག་པ། དོན་དངོས་ལག་ལེན་གྱི་ཚོགས་པ་དེའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས།) དུ་གྱུར་བའི་གནས་དེའི་དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་ཡིན་
 པས་སོ།¹

རྩི་ཆ་ལྟེ་ཆ་བཀྲ་ཤེས་ཆོས་སྤྱིང་དགོན་པ། 支扎寺

དང་ཐོག་གི་རྩི་ཆ་དགོན་པ་ནི་ད་ལྟའི་རྩི་ཆ་དགོན་གྱི་ལུང་བའི་ཞོལ་རྒྱ་ཆགས་ཡོད་ལ། དེ་ནི་དུས་རབས་བཅུ་བདུན་
 པའི་ནང་དུ་རྩི་ཆའི་དུས་རྒྱུད་ཚོ་བ་བཅུ་ལྷག་ཙམ་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱར་བྱེད་མཁན་གྱི་རྩི་ཆ་ནང་སོ་ཡིས་ཉེ་འགྲམ་གྱི་བྱ་
 ལུང་དགོན་པའི་(རྩི་ཆའི་བཟང་གྲགས་པ་དབུས་གཙང་ལ་མ་ཕྱོན་གོང་དུ་སྒྲིབ་གཉེར་མཛད་པའི་གནས།) དགོན་ལག་
 གས་བུ་དགོན་གྱི་ཚུལ་དུ་བཞུགས།² དེ་ནས་ཡུན་རིང་མ་འགོར་བར། དང་ཐོག་གི་རྩི་ཆ་དགོན་པ་དེ་དག་དབང་
 འཕྲིན་ལས་(དུས་རབས་བཅོ་བརྒྱད་པའི་ནང་དུ་སྐུ་འཁུངས།) གྱི་གཞིས་ཀར་གྱུར། ཁོང་ནི་ཨ་མ་དོའི་ལྷ་དམར་
 པ་རྩི་ཏ་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་དང་པོར་གྲགས་པ་དེ་ཡིན།³

དགེ་ལུགས་པའི་སྐུལ་སྐུའི་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་འགོ་བཙུམས་པའི་དུས་ནི་བཀའ་བརྒྱུད་པའི་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་བཅུ་བས་
 (ཆོས་གྲུབ་རྒྱ་མཚོ། (1741/2-1792) གོར་ཁ་ཡིས་བོད་ལ་བཙན་འཇུག་བྱས་པའི་དོན་རྒྱུ་དེར་ཐེག་ཏོགས་
 བྱས་པའི་རྒྱུ་ཕྱིས་དབུས་གཙང་གི་དབང་བསྐྱར་པས་བཀའ་བརྒྱུད་པའི་སྐུལ་སྐུའི་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་རྒྱུ་འཛིན་ལ་བཀག་རྒྱ་
 བཟོས་ཡོད་པའི་དུས་སྐབས་དེའི་ཡས་མས་ཙམ་ལ་ཁེལ་འདུག དུས་རབས་བཅོ་བརྒྱད་པའི་མཇུག་རྒྱ། ལ་མོ་བདེ་

¹ Fischer (2005, xvi).
² 蒲文成(1990, 94)དང་། 年治海,白更登(1993, 53)། བཀའ་བརྒྱུད་རྒྱ་མཚོ་(1995)། དགོན་པ་འདིའི་མིང་འབྲི་
 རྒྱུད་ས་སྐྱོལ་གསལ་མཆིས་ཏེ། འག་དགོན་པ་ཞབས་དུང་དཀོན་མཆོག་བསྐྱེད་པ་རབ་རྒྱུས་1982 [1865] གྱིས་དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་ལ་རྩི་ཆ་
 ཞེས་བྲིས་འདུག དཔྱད་རྩིས་འདིའི་ནང་དུངས་རྩི་ཆ་ཞེས་པའི་དག་ཆ་འདི་བཞོལ་ཡོད། སྤྱིད་གཞུང་གིས་བཞོལ་བཞེན་པའི་དེད་རབས་གྱི་
 མིང་གི་དག་ཆ་ནི་ལྷེ་ཆ་ཞེས་པ་དེ་རེད། གཞན་དང་དུང་དཔལ་ལུང་རྫོང་གི་རུབ་ཕྱོགས་གྱི་མཐའ་རུ་རྒྱགས་ཤིང་མཚོ་དོས་ལས་མཐོ་ཆད་སྤྱིད་
 2,500ཡོད་པའི་ཁོང་བརྒྱུ་ཞིག་ལ་འདར་ལྷེ་ཆ་ཞེས་པའི་མིང་གི་འབྲི་སྤྱངས་འདི་བཞོལ་བཞེན་ཡོད། འདི་ལས་སྐྱུ་ལ་པའི་དགོན་སྡེ་འདིའི་
 སྐར་གྱི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་གནས་ཚུལ་ནི་རྩི་ཆ་བཀའ་བརྒྱུད་མཚོ་(1995)མཆོག་གིས་མཛོད་པའི་དེད་དུས་གྱི་གདམས་རབས་ལས་གསལ། གཞན་དུ་
 དུང་ཞེས་ནས་སྤྱིང་བར་བྱ་བའི་ལྷ་དམར་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་བཞེན་པའི་རྩམ་ཐར་ནང་དུ་འདར་གསལ། མ་ཁས་དབང་དགེ་འདུན་ཆོས་འཕེལ་གྱིས་འདིར་
 སྒྲིབ་གཉེར་གནང་སྐབས་ཁོང་ལ་"ཨ་ལག་རྩི་ཆོ་"ཞེས་བརྟགས་ཡོད་པ་ནི་མིང་གི་འབྲི་སྤྱངས་གཞན་ཞིག་ཡིན་ཏེ། རིན་མེད་དུ་སྤྱིང་གི་ཆ་
 འཕྲིན་བར་མཛོད་དང་ཨང་རྩིས་དཔེ་མཛོད་ཁང་སྤྱི་ཙམ་དུ་འདུག རྒྱ་དང་བསྐྱེད་དཔེ་ཚོགས་ལྷེ་གནས་<http://www.tbrc.org>
 (P219)ལས་གསལ།
³ ལྷ་དམར་པ་སྐུལ་སྐུའི་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་འདི་ཉིད་བཀའ་བརྒྱུད་པའི་ལྷ་དམར་སྐུལ་སྐུའི་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་ལ་དོས་འཛིན་མི་རུང་།

ཆེན་དགོན་གྱི་ཞབས་བྱ་དཀར་པོའི་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་བཞེ་པ་སྟེ། སྡོ་བཟང་ཐུབ་བསྟན་རྒྱལ་མཚན་(1729-1796)གྱིས་
རང་གི་བླ་མར་(ཡང་ན་ཁོའི་བླ་མའི་སྐུ་མཁུ་སྐུ་ཡིན་སྟེང་སེ།)གོ་གནས་སྤྱད། བཀའ་བརྒྱུད་པའི་སྐུ་སྐུའི་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་ལོ་
ངོ་བརྒྱུ་མཚམས་ཆད་དེ་1892ལོར་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་བཅུ་གཅིག་པ་བཀའ་བརྒྱུད་ལྷ་དམར་པ་འཇམ་དབྱངས་རིན་པོ་ཆེ་
སྐུ་ལའུངས་པ་དང་བསྟན་ཏེ་སྤར་གསོ་བྱུང་བའི་དུས་ལ། སྟོན་རྒྱུན་གྱི་དགེ་ལུགས་པའི་ལྷ་དམར་སྐུ་སྐུ་ངོས་
འཛིན་ལམ་ལུགས་དེ་སྤར་བཞིན་རྒྱུན་འཛིན་བྱེད་བཞིན་ཡོད།

པར་རིས་བདུན་པ། གསར་དུ་བསྐྱར་བཞེདས་བྱས་པའི་ལྷ་དམར་བླ་བྱང་།



བླངས་རྒྱུ་། རྫོ་ཆ་ས་ཆའི་སྐྱོད་ཀྱི་ལ་རིམ་དང་གནས་དེའི་དཔོན་ཆེན་བཀྲ་ཤིས་ཆོ་རིང་སོགས་ཀྱིས་ཁོང་ཉིད་གདན་ཞུ་གནང་། ཉན་བསྟན་སྒྲོབ་གཉེར་བྱེད་པར་འཇུས་སྒྲོ་ཆོང་བའི་དགོན་པ་ཞིག་བཞེངས།¹

དགོན་པ་འདི་དང་ཐོག་རིམ་དང་པ་བཞུགས་སའི་གནས་ལྟ་བུར་བཞེངས་ལ་རྒྱུ་ལོ་ངོ་བཅུ་ལྷག་འགའ་ལ་བྲེལ་བྱེད་གི་ཆོང་ར་དང་སྤྱི་གཞུང་གི་ཆོ་ག་སྤྱོད་ཆོགས་སྤེལ་ཡུལ་ཏེ། དཔེར་ན་ཞུ་དམར་བས་སྒྲོབ་གཉེར་མཛད་སྤྱོད་བའི་མཐའ་འཁོར་གྱི་གནས་མཐའ་གཙོ་བོ་དང་ཆབ་སྲིད་ཀྱི་སྤྱོད་གནས་སྤྱུ་ལྟར་བའི་དགོན་སྤེ་གྲགས་ཆེན་དག་ལས་བར་ཐག་རིང་ཞིང་དཀའ་ཐུབ་ཅན་གྱི་གནས་སམ་དཔེན་གནས་ལྟ་བུར་གྱུར། ད་ལྟ་འདྲིར་གཞུང་ལམ་ཏ་ཅང་བདེ་མོ་ཞིག་བསྐྱེད་ཡོད་ལ། དགོན་པར་སྒྲོག་ཀྱང་འཐེན་ཡོད། ཡིན་ནའང་དཔེན་གནས་ཀྱི་བྱེད་ཆོས་ཅུང་ཙམ་ཡིས་འདུག། 2006ལོའི་དབྱར་ཁར་ངས་གྲྭ་པ་རྒྱུང་རྒྱུང་འགས་ཇ་ཁང་ཞིག་ཏུ་བརྟན་འཕྱིན་ལ་ལྟ་བཞིན་པ་མཐོང་བྱུང་།

དེ་ལྟ་ནའང་། རྫོ་ཆ་དགོན་ནི་ཕུན་སུམ་ཆོགས་པའི་རིག་གཞུང་ལ་སྒྲོབ་གཉེར་ཏ་ཅང་ཡག་པོ་བྱེད་སའི་གནས་འགངས་ཆེན་ཞིག་ཏུ་ཆགས།

¹ བོད་ཀྱི་ནང་བསྟན་དཔེ་ཆོགས་སྤེ་གནས་http://www.tbrc.org/ རྫོང་ནས་ཨ་མདོ་ཞུ་དམར་སྤྱོད་བཞེང་བའི་(P196)སྟོར་ལ་སྤྱོད་ཀྱི་ཞུ་དམར་བའིས་རྒྱ་དགོན་པ་ནས་སྤྱོད་བཞེས་ཤིང་ལོ་མང་རིང་ལ་སྤྱོད་རྒྱུ་(ལྷག་པ་ཆོ་རིང་དང་དག་དབང་ཆོས་གྲགས། 1990, 836)། རྒྱ་ཡིག་གི་ལམ་ནས་བྲིས་པའི་རྒྱུ་ཐར་བསྐྱེད་པ་དེ་དཔའ་ལུང་རྟོག་རིགས་རང་སྤྱོད་རྫོང་ས་ཁུལ་ལོ་རྒྱུས་རྩིས་སྒྲིག་ཏུ་ཡོན་ལྷན་ཆོགས་(1994, 725-726)ཞེས་པ་རུ་ཡོད་པ་ལ་སྤྱོད། བོད་ཡིག་གི་ལམ་ནས་བྲིས་པའི་རྒྱུ་ཐར་བསྐྱེད་པ་བཞུགས་པ་བཞུགས་པ་རྒྱུ་ཐར་མཚོ་(1995, 7-31)མཚོག་དང་ཐུན་འཛུལ་སྤྱོད་མེ་(2004, 247-278)རུ་གསལ། རྒྱུ་ཐར་རྒྱུས་པ་ཞིག་ཐུབ་བསྟན་རྒྱུ་ཐར་(1981) 421-807དང་གྲགས་པ་རྒྱུ་ཐར་(1990)ལ་སྤྱོད།

པར་རིས་དགུ་པ། རྫོང་ཆ་དགོན་གསར་བ་(སོང་མ།)



པར་རིས་བརྒྱ་པ། ཆོས་རའི་ངོས་ཀྱི་ལེགས་པ་ཤད་ཤོ་ལོ་ཀ



དགོན་ལྷེ་འདི་ཐོག་མའི་དུས་ནས་འཕེལ་རྒྱས་སུ་བྱིན་ཅིང་ལྷག་པར་དུ་དགོན་པའི་ཆགས་དམ་པའི་སློབ་ཁྲིད་ལ་
བརྟེན་ནས་སྤྲོད་གྲགས་ཕྱོགས་བཞིར་བྱས། ལྷ་དམར་བ་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་ན་ལས་མ་འདས་གོང་ལ་སློབ་གཉེར་བ་
3,000ཙམ་ཡོད་པར་གྱུར། སློབ་གཉེར་བ་དེ་དག་ནི་ད་ལྟའི་རྫོང་མི་འདྲ་བ་བཅུ་དགུ་(1928མོར་མཚོ་སྤོང་ནི་
ད་གཟོད་ཞིང་ཆེན་ཞིག་ཏུ་རིས་བསྐྱུང་བ་རེད།) ལྷག་ནས་ཡོང་བ་རེད། དེ་ལས་ཁ་ཤས་ནི་རྒྱུང་ཐག་རིང་བའི་ཀན་
སུའུ་དང་། སི་ཁྲོན། རང་སྐོག་སྐོག་ནས་སློབས་པས། བར་སྐབས་ཤིག་ལ་དགོན་པ་འདི་ཨ་མདོ་ས་ཁུལ་གྱི་ཆེས་ཆེ་
བའི་དགོན་པ་ཞིག་ཏུ་གྱུར། དགོན་པ་འདི་བཞེངས་མ་ཐུག་གི་འདས་སྐྱེད་དང་མཚོ་སྤོང་ནས་བྱུང་བའི་མེར་རྒྱལ་
ཁབ་(1912-1949)ཀྱི་ཟེང་འབྲུག་གི་དུས་ལ་གྲུ་པའི་གངས་ཀ་རྩ་ཏུ་དུ་བྱིན་ཏེ་དུས་རབས་བཅུ་དགུ་བའི་མོ་
རབས་བཞི་བརྒྱའི་ནང་གྲུ་པ་800ཙམ་མ་གཏོགས་མི་འདུག 1958མོར་དགོན་པའི་ཆོས་སློབ་རྒྱུ་པའི་དུས་སུ་
གྲུ་པ་600ཙམ་འདུག ¹ དགོན་པ་འདིའི་ཐུན་མོང་མ་ཡིན་པའི་ཆེད་ལས་སློབ་བཟར་དང་། སློབ་གཉེར་པས་ནང་
ཆོས་ཀྱི་གཞུང་ལ་སློ་སེམས་ཅེ་གཅིག་དང་སློབ་བཤུག་ལེན། ད་དུང་ཆོད་མ་རིག་པ་དང་། སྤྲོད་དག མདོན་བརྗོད།
བོད་ཀྱི་བརྟུང་སྟོན་བཅས་ལ་འདེམས་བཅོམ་ཟུང་འབྲེལ་བྱེད་པས་ན་རྣམ་དཔྱད་ཀྱི་ཙལ་དང་ལྷན་པའི་རྩོམ་པ་པོ་
དང་བསམ་སློབ་མང་པོས་གནས་འདིར་སློབ་གཉེར་བྱས་སྟེང་བའི་རྒྱ་མཚན་ཡང་གསལ་བོར་ཤིས་ཐུབ། སྤོང་མར་
འདིར་པར་ཁང་ཞིག་ཡོད་པ་རིམ་གྱིས་དཔེ་ཆ་མང་པོ་ཆེན་ཐོན་སྟེང་བྱེད་སའི་དཔེ་སྐྱེད་ལྷེ་གནས་ཞིག་ཏུ་གྱུར།
རྗེ་ལྷ་དམར་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་བཞི་པ་ལ་དུས་རབས་ཉི་ཤུ་བར་ལུལ་དུ་བྱུང་བའི་བོད་ཀྱི་སློབ་མ་གཉིས་ཡོད་དེ།
རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་བཅུ་གསུམ་པ་ཐུབ་བསྟན་རྒྱ་མཚོ་(1876-1933)དང་དགེ་འདུན་ཆོས་འཕེལ་(1903-
1951)གཉིས་སོ། ² ཁོང་ནི་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་བཅུ་གསུམ་པའི་ཡོངས་འཛིན་གྲས་ཀྱི་གཅིག་ཡིན་པ་མ་ཟད། ཁོང་
གི་རྣམ་ཐར་ཡང་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་བཅུ་གསུམ་པ་མཚོག་གིས་བཅུ་མས། རྒྱལ་དབང་བཅུ་གསུམ་པ་དབྱིན་བོད་
བཙན་འཛུལ་ལས་ཐོས་བྱོལ་དུ་ཕེབས་ཏེ་སྐུ་འབུམ་ན་བཞུགས་དུས་ལྷ་དམར་བ་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་བཞི་པའི་མདུན་དུ་སློབ་
གཉེར་བྱས་ཡོད་པར་འདྲ། ³ 1909མོའི་ཟླ་བཞི་པའི་ཟླ་སྟོད་ལ་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་བཅུ་གསུམ་པ་བྱ་བྱུང་དགོན་
པ་ལ་ཕེབས་སྐབས་དགོན་ལྷེ་འདི་བརྒྱུད་ཡོད་པས། སལ་ཆེར་རྒྱུ་ཆ་དགོན་ལ་ཡང་ཕེབས་ཡོད་པར་རེས། ⁴ མིང་དུ་
གྲགས་པའི་ཉེ་རབས་ཀྱི་མཁས་པ་དག་འདུན་ཆོས་འཕེལ་རྒྱུ་སྐུ་གནས་འདིར་སློབ་གཉེར་མཛད་ལ་རྗེས་སུ་

1 蒲文成 (1990, 92).
2 དཔལ་ལུང་རྟོག་རིགས་རང་སྟོང་རྫོང་ས་ཁུལ་ལོ་རྒྱུས་རྩོམ་སྒྲིག་ལྟུ་ཡོན་ལྷན་ཚོགས་(1994, 685)།
3 <http://www.tbrc.org> རྟེན་ནས་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་བཅུ་གསུམ་པའི་(P197)སྟོར་ལ་ཉྩེས། ཁོང་ཆོ་ཨ་མདོ་ནས་མཇལ་
འཕྲད་གནང་རྒྱལ་གྱི་ཞིབ་པའི་གནས་རྒྱལ་ཤིས་འདོད་ན། བརྗོད་གཞི་འདི་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་གྲགས་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་རྒྱ་མཚོའི་(1990:655-
715)ལེའུ་ལ་གཟིགས་ཤིག དེ་ནི་1904མོའི་ཟླ་བཞི་པ་ནས་འགོ་བཙུམས་འདུག Danzhu'angben (1998, 373-377)ལ་
1904/1905མོར་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་བཅུ་གསུམ་པ་སྐུ་འབུམ་ནས་བཞུགས་པའི་སྟོར་གྱི་བདེན་དཔང་མི་འདུག ཐུབ་བསྟན་རྒྱ་མཚོ་
(1981)ལ་ཉྩེས་ཏེ་གོང་གི་གནས་རྒྱལ་དག་དང་དབྱུང་བསྐྱར་བྱོས།
4 Danzhu'angben (1998, 387-388)ཡིས་ཁོ་རང་1909མོའི་ལོ་སྟོད་དུ་སྐུ་འབུམ་དུ་སྐྱེས་པ་བྲིས་འདུག

ཨ་ལག་རྩི་ཆ་ཞེས་གྲགས།¹ ཁོང་ལོ་ན་ཉ་ཅང་ཆུང་བའི་སྐབས་ནས་བཟུང་སྡེ་ཆ་དགོན་པ་ལ་བྱིན་ཡོད་པར་འདོད་དེ། ཞུ་དམར་བ་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་བཞི་པ་(1912ལོར་སྐུ་གཤེགས།)ནི་ཁོང་གི་བླ་མ་གཙོ་བོ་རྣམ་གཉིས་ལས་གཅིག་ལ་བསྐངས་འདུག 1912ལོར་དགོ་ཆོས་དགྲུང་ལོ་བརྒྱད་དམ་དགྲུ་ཙམ་རེད། ཁོང་དགོན་པར་ཞུགས་དུས་མ་མཐའ་ཡང་དགྲུང་ལོ་དྲུག་གམ་བདུན་ཡིན་པའི་དབང་དུ་བཏང་ན། ཁོང་གིས་བྱིས་དུས་ཀྱི་འཆོ་བ་ཡལ་ཆེར་དགོན་པ་འདི་ནས་བསྐུལ་ཏེ་དགོ་ཆུལ་གྱི་སྒྲུལ་པ་བཞེས། དེ་ནི་1917ལོར་ཁོ་རང་དགྲུང་ལོ་བརྒྱ་གསུམ་བཅུ་བཞིའི་སྟེང་བླ་བྲང་དགོན་པར་སློབ་གཉེར་ལ་ཕེབས་པའི་ཡར་སྡོན་རེད། དེའི་རྗེས་སུ་ཞུ་དམར་བའི་མདུན་དུ་སློབ་གཉེར་མཛད་སྟེང་མཁན་ནི་ཨ་མདོའི་ས་ཆར་མཆོན་སྟོན་གྲགས་འབར་བའི་མཁས་དབང་གླིང་བློ་བཟང་དཔལ་ལྷན་ཆང་(1881-1944)ཡིན་པ་དང་། ཁོང་ནི་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་དྲུག་པ་ཆོ་ཏན་ཞབས་དུང་འཇིགས་མེད་རིག་པའི་བློ་སྒྲེས་སམ་དག་དབང་དབྱངས་ཅན་རིག་པའི་འདོད་འཛའི་(1910-1985)ཅ་བའི་བླ་མ་ཡིན།²

གཅན་ཆ་སྲིབ་དགེ་ལྷན་དགོན། 格许寺

དགེ་ལྷན་དགོན་ནི་དཔལ་ལུང་རྫོང་གི་ཤར་ཕྱོགས་སུ་ཆགས་ཡོད། རྫོང་གི་རྩལ་བྲང་གི་མཆོམས་སུ་གཅན་ཆ་སྲིབ་ཅེས་གྲགས་པའི་ས་ཆ་དེ་ནི་མ་ཆུལ་སྡེ་རྩལ་འགམ་དོགས་ཀྱི་གཅན་ཆའི་ཉིན་དང་ཁ་གཏང་དུ་ཡོད། གཅན་ཆའི་དབང་བསྐྱར་བ་སྤང་རའི་དཔོན་པོ་ཡིས་ས་ཁུལ་འདི་ལ་འདུང་དབང་བསྐྱར་བྱས་སྟེང་ཡོད་པར་འདོད།

¹ བོད་ཀྱི་ནང་བསྐྱར་དཔེ་ཆོགས་ལྟེ་གནས་<http://www.tbrc.org>ཡི་འཛུལ་ཞུགས་(P219)ལས་ཁོང་གི་གནས་ཆུལ་ལ་གཟིགས་ཤིག

¹⁵ 蒲文成(1990, 93)དང་། 年治海, 白更登(1993, 61)། དེ་ལས་སྐྱེས་པའི་རྣམ་ཐར་འདིའི་སྟོར་གྱི་གནས་ཆུལ་(P229དང་P1646)ཡོད་པ་དག་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བསྐྱར་དཔེ་ཆོགས་ལྟེ་གནས་<http://www.tbrc.org>སྟེང་ནས་སྟོན། Indianaསློབ་ཆེན་གྱི་Nicole Willockཡིས་འབྲི་བཞིན་པའི་ཁོང་གི་འབྲུམ་རམས་པའི་མཐར་ཕྱིན་དཔྱད་ཚོམ་ནི་མི་སྣ་རྗེས་མ་འདིའི་སྟོར་རེད།

པར་རིས་བརྒྱུ་གཅིག་པ། ལོག་དཀར་གྱི་ཞིང་སའི་སྟོང་དུ་ཆགས་པའི་དགེ་ལྷན་དགོན། དེའི་ལྷན་རྒྱུ་གྱི་ཐག་ཅེ་
ཅན་གྱི་གཞན་ཆེན་བསོ་རྟེ།¹



པར་སྒྲུབ་བྱས་ཟིན་པའི་ཡིག་ཚང་ཁག་ཏུ་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཤིན་ཏུ་ཉུང་མོང་། 2006ལོའི་དབྱར་ཁར་
དགོན་པ་འདི་གའི་གྲུ་པ་དག་གིས་བཤད་པ་ལྟར་ན་1677ལོར་མ་ཅི་སྐུ་ཕྱེང་དང་པོས་དགོན་པ་འདི་ཐོག་མར་
བྱས་བཀྲའ་པ་རེད་ཟེར།² དེང་སང་གི་དགོན་པའི་མཆན་འདི་དུས་རབས་བརྒྱ་དགུ་བའི་ཨ་མདོ་ས་ཁུལ་གྱི་ནང་
བའི་དགོན་ཕྱེའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཏེ་དབ་ཐེར་རྒྱ་མཚོའི་ནང་དུ་འཁོད་མི་འདུག་³

ཉེ་ལས་གསར་དུ་ཐོན་པའི་མཚོ་སྔོན་དང་ཀན་སུའུ་ཡི་དགོན་ཕྱེ་སྟོར་གྱི་དབྱང་ཚུལ་ལྟར་ན་དགོན་པ་
འདི་ཉིད་ཐོག་དང་པོར་ཀུ་ལ་ཞབས་བྱུང་ཆང་(库拉夏茸)གིས་བྱས་བཀྲའ་བླུང་ས་མོ་བདེ་ཆེན་དགོན་གྱི་ཡ་
གྲུ་དུ་གྱུར། དགོན་པ་འདིའི་བླ་མ་གཙོ་བོ་ཞབས་བྱུང་དཀར་པོ་ཆང་ཅི་གོང་དུ་གྲོང་བའི་སྐང་རའི་དགོན་པོ་དང་

¹ རྒྱ་སྐད་དུ་ 马阴 ཞེས་བརྗོད་ལ། དེ་ནི་པོད་སྐད་ཀྱི་གཅན་ཅ་སྤེའ་ཅེས་པ་དང་ནང་དོན་གཅིག་ཏུ་ཆགས། རི་བོའི་མཐོ་ཆད་ལ་སྤྱི་
3,000ཅས་ཡོད།

² ཞོལ་གྱི་བུ་ཆོའི་དགོན་དང་ཐེར་རྟེས་དགོན་པའི་འབྲེལ་བཤད་ལས་བླ་མ་མ་ཅི་པའི་སྟོར་ལ་ལྟོས།

³ ས་ཆ་དེའི་དགེ་ཐོག་གི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་འདི་ནི་གནས་དེའི་མི་དག་ལ་བཅར་འདྲི་བྱས་པ་བརྒྱུད་དེ་ཐོན་པ་ཡིན། གནས་རྒྱལ་འདི་ལ་དགེ་ལྷན་དགོན་
པའི་གྲུ་པ་དག་གིས་དུས་རབས་ཉེ་ལྷུ་པའི་ནང་ལུས་འདི་ནས་བྱོན་པའི་མཁས་དབང་ཆོད་ན་ཞབས་བྱུང་ཆེ་འཇིག་མེད་རིག་པའི་བློ་གྲོས་གྱི་
རྣམ་ཐར་ལས་ལུང་འདྲེན་གྱིད། དེ་ལས་གཞན་བྱས་དགོན་ཞབས་བྱུང་དགོན་མཚོག་བལྟན་པ་རབ་རྒྱས་1982 [1865]ལ་འད་རྩེས།
ཁོང་གིས་བྱས་བྱིས་གནང་པའི་དབ་ཐེར་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ལ་རྒྱུ་ཏུ་མདོ་སྐྱོད་ཆོས་འབྱུང་ཞེས་འཛིན། ཡིན་ནའང་། ཁ་བྱང་འདི་ནི་དཔལ་ཞབ་འཇུག་
བྱས་པའི་དཔལ་ཆའི་པར་གཞི་དག་ལས་གྲུང་མི་འདུག་ དགོན་པ་འདི་ནི་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ངོས་ལས་མཐོ་ཆད་སྤྱི་3,000གནས་སུ་ཆགས་ཡོད།

འབྲེལ་བ་ཟབ་མོ་ཡོད།¹ འདིའི་མ་དགོན་དང་བུ་དགོན་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་དེ་མ་ཆུང་པ་རོལ་ཏུ་དུས་ནམ་ཞིག་ལ་མཚམས་
 ཆད་པ་གསལ་ཐག་མི་ཆོད། དགོན་སྡེ་ཆེ་ཤོས་དག་དང་དེ་དག་གི་མ་དགོན་དང་བུ་དགོན་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་འཛིན་ཆུང་ལ་
 འདི་ལ་ཞིབ་འཇུག་བྱས་ཡོད་པ་ཉ་ཅད་ཉུང་། སྤྱིར་བཏགས་དགོན་ལག་དག་ལྷན་འདབས་མཐན་དང་ཁོང་
 ཚོར་ཆེད་ལས་སྦྱོར་བརྒྱུད་ཐོབ་སའི་མ་དགོན་དག་གི་བར་ན་འབྲེལ་བ་དེས་ཅན་ཞིག་ཡོད་དེ། དེ་ནི་ཆོས་ལུགས་
 ཁྲབ་སྟེལ་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་ལྟར་འབྲེལ་བ་བཤད་བྱས་ཀྱང་ཆོག སྤྱི་མོང་མ་ཡིན་པའི་དགོན་སྡེ་ཆེ་ཤོས་ཀྱིས་གཞི་རྒྱ་ཆེ་
 བའི་ལྷ་སྡེ་ལ་ལྷགས་སྡེ་ཐོབ་སྡེ་གི་ཡོད། འབྲེལ་བ་འདི་ལྷ་བུ་ཨ་ཤོའི་ས་ཁུལ་དུ་ཆོས་ཆེར་དར་ཡོད་དེ། དཔེར་
 ཅ། ལ་མོ་བདེ་ཆེན་དགོན་དང་། དགོན་ལུང་། སྤྱ་བུ་དགོན་སོགས་ཀྱིས་སོ་སོའི་དགོན་ལག་དང་ལྷ་སྡེ་དག་གི་
 དཔལ་འབྱོར་དང་མི་ལྷགས་ཐོན་ཁུངས་ཀྱི་དབང་ཆའི་འབྲེལ་ལས་དེ་ལྷགས་སུ་བསྟན་ཡོད། གཞི་རྒྱ་ཆེ་བའི་ལྷ་སྡེ་
 འདི་དག་གིས་མ་ཅུ་དང་། དལ་ཚོ་ལ་རྟུས་པ། ད་དུང་འཛོན་རྟུས་མི་སྡེ་སོགས་ཀྱིས་མ་དགོན་ལ་མཐུན་སྡེ་གནང་བ་
 རེད། དགོན་སྡེ་དག་ལ་མཚོན་ན། འདི་ནི་ཆབ་སྲིད་དང་འབྲེལ་བས། བོད་ཀྱི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་སྤྱིར་དར་ཁྲབ་ཆེ་བའི་ཆོས་
 སྲིད་ཟུང་འབྲེལ་ལག་ལེན་བྱེད་པ་དང་གཅིག་མཚུངས་ཡིན།

དེའི་སྟབས་ཀྱིས། རྫོ་རུབ་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་དགོན་སྡེ་དག་གི་བར་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་དེ་ལྷགས་སུ་རྟོགས་ཐུབ་སྟེ།
 མཚོད་བཤུ་སྟེགས་བུ་ཞིག་གི་སྟེང་དུ་ཐར་ཤུལ་དགོན་པའི་ལ་མོ་ཡོངས་འཛོན་ཆོས་རྩེའི་(塔秀寺-拉莫
 雍增法王)སྐུ་བརྙན་ཞིག་འདུག དས་དེ་གའི་གྲུ་པ་དག་ལ་སྤྱི་མོང་སྐུ་བརྙན་འདིའི་སྐོར་མ་བྲིས། ཡིན་ནའང་
 འདིར་དོ་སྣང་བྱེད་འོས་པ་ཞིག་ལ་སྐུ་ཕྱིར་བཞི་པ་ཐར་ཤུལ་རིན་པོ་ཆེ་དགོན་འདུན་ཆོས་སྦྱོར་རྒྱ་མཚོ་(1810-
 1884/1888)ནི་ཞུ་དམར་སྐུ་ཕྱིར་བཞི་པའི་ཆོས་ལུགས་ཀྱི་འཆོ་བའི་ཁྲོད་གལ་ཆེན་གྱི་མི་སྡེ་ཞིག་ཡིན་ཏེ། རྫོ་
 ཞུ་དམར་བས་དགུང་ལོ་བརྒྱད་ཀྱི་སྟེང་ཁོང་ལས་སྤྱི་མོང་སྐུ་བརྙན་འདི་ལས་མཛོན་པའི་སྤྱི་མོང་འདིའི་དགུང་ལོ་
 ལྟར་ན། ཁོང་ནི་པལ་ཆེར་ཐར་ཤུལ་དགོན་པའི་ཡོངས་འཛོན་སྤྱི་བཟང་རྒྱ་མཚོ་མཆོག་(雍增-罗桑克珠嘉
 措 1908ལོར་སྐུ་འཁྲུངས།)ཡིན་ཞིང་རྫོ་ཞུ་དམར་སྐུ་ཕྱིར་བཞི་པ་དང་འདྲ་བར་མཚོ་སྤྱི་མོང་འགྲམ་མདའ་
 བཞི་རྩོད་དུ་སྐུ་འཁྲུངས་པར་འདོད། གལ་ཏེ་དོས་འཛོན་འདི་ཡང་དག་པ་ཡིན་ན། འདི་ཡིས་ལ་མོ་བདེ་ཆེན་དགོན་
 དང་རྒྱུན་མཐུན་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་ཞིག་རྒྱུད་བྱེད་ཐུབ་སྟེ། ཁོང་ལ་མོ་བདེ་ཆེན་དགོན་པའི་ཞབས་བྲལ་དཀར་པོའི་སྐུ་
 ཕྱིར་བཟུན་པ་(1873-1927)ཡོངས་འཛོན་ཆོང་གི་ཡང་སྐུ་ལ་དུ་དོས་འཛོན་བྱས་ཡོད་པ་དང་ཞབས་བྲལ་དཀར་
 པོའི་སྐུ་ཕྱིར་བཟུན་པའི་ཡོངས་འཛོན་དུ་བཞུགས། དེ་ལས་ཀྱང་ལ་མོ་དགོན་པར་གཏན་བཞུགས་གནང་ཡོད་པའི་

¹ 蒲文成 (1990, 101) | 谢军·关太才让 (2005, 33) ཡིས་འདི་ནི་"མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་སྐབས་སུ"བཞེད་ས་ཞེས་བྲིས་
 ཡོད། གཅན་ཆའི་མགུར་དགོན་པའི་སྐུ་ཕྱིར་གཉིས་པ་ལ་མོ་ཞབས་བྲལ་དཀར་པོ་སྤྱོ་གོས་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ (འཁྲུངས་ལོ་1610-?) | ཁོང་གི་རྒྱུད་
 འཛོན་པས་རྫོ་སྐུ་ལ་མོ་བདེ་ཆེན་དགོན་པ་བཟུང་། ཡིས་དཔལ་ལུང་གི་སྡེ་བ་གཉིས་འཁྲུག་པ་འདུམ་པར་བྱས་པའི་བཀའ་དྲིན་མཚོན་བྱེད་
 དུ་དགོ་ལྷན་དགོན་པ་དང་དེ་འབྲེལ་གྱི་ལྷ་སྡེ་དག་གིས་ཁོང་ལ་མགོ་བཟུགས། ཆོ་དཔལ་རྒྱལ་གྱིས་ད་ལ་གནས་ཆུལ་འདི་མཁོ་སྤྱོད་གནང་བར་
 ལུགས་རྒྱུ་ཆེ་ཆུ།

སྤྱུལ་སྤྱུལ་རྩམ་བཞེ་ལས་གཅིག་ནི་ཐར་ལྷལ་སྤྱུལ་སྤྱུལ་རེད། ཁོང་གི་དགོན་པ་ནི་ལ་མོ་དགོན་པ་འི་དགོན་ལག་ཅིག་
ཡིན།¹

པར་རིས་བརྩ་གཉིས་པ། ཐར་ལྷལ་ལ་མོ་ཡོངས་འཛིན་ཆོས་རྒྱལ།



¹ 蒲文成(1990, 196-197)ཐར་ལྷལ་ཞེས་འབོད་པ་འི་དགོན་པ་མ་མཐའ་ཡང་གཉིས་ཡོད་ལ། གཅིག་ནི་1789ལོར་མང་རར་
(貴南)བཞེངས་ཤིང་ཡོངས་འཛིན་བླ་མ་དང་འབྲེལ་བ་དམ་པོ་ཡོད། གཞན་དེ་ནི་ཆབ་ཆ་རྩ་ཡོད་ལ་ར་རྩ་དགོན་དང་འབྲེལ་འདྲིས་ཟབ།
ལ་མོ་བདེ་ཆེན་དགོན་གྱི་སྐོར་ཞིབ་ཏུ་Yonten Gyatso (1994, ND)ལ་ཁྱོས།

རྒྱུ་རྒྱུ་ལེ་ས་ཁུལ་དུ་གཞིས་ཆགས་ཤིང་གྲ་པའི་གྲངས་འཛོམས་ཉུང་ནའང་། དགོན་པ་འདིས་སྤར་བཞིན་གསོན་ལྷགས་ཀྱི་མེས་ཆོར་ཞིག་སྤྲད་འོང་། དཔེར་ན་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་མགོན་ཁང་ལྟ་བུ། དེ་ནི་ཉེ་ལོ་མཇུག་གསོ་བྱས་ཤིང་བཀྲག་མདངས་རྩལ་པར་འཆར་བའི་ཆོས་གཞི་བྱུགས་ཡོད། དགོན་པ་འདི་ལ་1958ལོར་གཏོར་བཤིག་བྱེད་པས། རྗེས་སུ་ཉམས་གསོ་མཐའ་དག་གི་བྱ་བ་ལེགས་པར་གྲུབ་སྟེ། 1983ལོར་ལ་མོ་བདེ་ཆེན་དགོན་གྱི་རོགས་རམ་འགན་ཁུངས་ལས་དགོན་(བ་ཡན་རྫོང་གི་ལྷོ་ཕྱོགས་སུ་གནས།)ནས་ཕེབས་པའི་ལ་མོ་གྲགས་རྒན་ཆང་གིས་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་དབུ་བྱེད་ཀྱི་འགན་ཁུངས། དེར་མ་ཟད་ས་ཆ་དེའི་ལྷ་སྟེ་ཞབས་བྱུང་ཕྱོགས་སྤྲད་དང་། རོ་ཆོ་དགོན་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་མཐུན་རྐྱེན་ལ་བརྟེན་ནས་དགོན་པའི་དབུ་ཡང་བསྐྱར་དངོས་སུ་ཚུགས། མཐུན་རྐྱེན་གནང་མཁན་གྱི་ལྷ་སྟེ་འདི་དག་གི་བྱེད་ལུས་ལ་འདི་ལས་ལྷག་པའི་ཞིབ་འཇུག་བྱ་རྒྱུ་འདུག་

པར་རིས་བཅུ་གསུམ་པ། མགོན་ཁང་དང་དེའི་སྒོ་ངོས་ཀྱི་ས་བདག



¹ མིང་འདི་དག་ལས་ཆེས་རྗེས་མ་དེ་མ་གཏོགས། ངས་མིང་འདི་དག་གི་དག་ཆ་གསལ་བྲག་མི་ཆོད། མིང་དང་པོ་ལས་གཞན། འདི་དག་ལས་ཆེར་ 下胡拉, 角扎, 格许 བཅས་དང་འདྲ་མཚུངས་ཤིང་(蒲文成 1990, 101)। Nietupski ཡིས་མི་འགྲུང་བར་དཔར་སྤྱད་ཐེང་ལ་ཉེ་བའི་བྲུ་བྱང་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་དབྱེད་རྩིས་སྟེ། ལྷ་སྟེ་དག་གིས་ཁོང་ཆོད་དང་འབྲེལ་བ་ཡོད་དུ་གྱུར་པའི་དགོན་སྟེ་དག་ལ་མཐུན་རྐྱེན་སྤྱར་རྒྱུ་ཞིབ་ཅིང་རྒྱས་པའི་སྒོ་ནས་སྤྲོད་ཡོད་པའི་སྒོར་དེ་ལ་སྟོན།

སྐྱུ་འབྲུམ་ནས་ཞུས་པའི་གྲ་པས་མགོན་ཁང་གསར་བའི་ཕྱི་གོ་སྐྱུ་ཐུག་ཡོད་པའི་རིམ་ཞིབ་ཏུ། ཉེ་འགམ་གྱི་རིམ་གཉིས་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་གཞི་བདག་གཉིས་འདྲུ་བ་དང་། མགོན་ཁང་ཕྱི་གོ་སྐྱུ་ཆོན་རིས་ལས་མངོན་པའི་གཞི་བདག་གཉིས་གི་མིང་དེ་དཔལ་ལུང་རྩོད་གི་ལྟེ་བར་གནས་པའི་རིམ་ཐོ་དམའ་མོ་ཞིག་གི་མིང་དང་གཉིས་མཚུངས་ཡིན་ཏེ། དེ་ལ་སྐྱུ་སྐྱུ་རིམ་(普 濟 山)ཞེས་འདོད། ས་བདག་ཅེས་པ་ལ་འདི་ལྟར་མཚན་ཉིད་བཞག་ཡོད་དེ། "འདི་ཉིད་ཀྱིས་འཛིན་ཏེ་ན་འདིའི་སྟེང་གི་ས་དང་སེམས་ཅན་གྱི་གནས་ལུས་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱུར་བར་བྱེད་པས་ན། དེ་ལ་མི་ཡིས་བར་ཆད་དང་ཡོག་ཐུག་བཞོས་པ་ཡོད་པ་རེད།" ཡིན་ནའང་ཁོ་ཚོར་འོས་འཚམ་གྱི་གསོལ་མཚན་བྱས་ན་པན་འདོགས་མཁན་གྱི་སྐུང་མ་རུ་འགྱུར། གྲུ་མ་ན་གཞི་འདི་ལྟར་འབྲེལ་ཡོད་དེ། བྱེད་ཀ་མི་དང་བྱེད་ཀ་སྐྱུ་ལ་གྱི་རང་གཟུགས་སུ་མཆིས་པའི་རྒྱ་མཚོའི་སྒོ་གཞགས་ཞིག་ཡིན་ཏེ། དེ་ལ་མངོན་མཁུན་ལྷན་ཞིང་ས་འོག་གི་འཛིན་ཏེ་ན་དང་། རྒྱ་མཚོ། གཙང་བོ། མཚོ་སྐོག་ས་གནས་ལུས་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱུར་བར་བྱེད། གལ་ཏེ་ཡོག་ཐུག་བཞོས་ཆེ་དེ་ཡིས་ཕྱིར་འཁོས་ནད་དང་བཟོད་དཀའ་བའི་པགས་ནད་སྐོག་སྐྱུ་ན་པར་བྱེད།¹

པར་རིས་བརྒྱ་བཞི་དང་བཅོ་ལྔ་པ། Brahmanarupa Mahākālaས་བདག་སྐྱུ་སྐྱུ་རིམ་²



¹ ས་བདག་དང་ན་གཞི་མཚན་ཉིད་ཀྱི་ཡོངས་ཁོངས་ནི་བོད་དང་ཏི་མ་ལ་ཡའི་ཨང་ཕྱི་གོ་སྐྱུ་ཐུག་ཡོད་ཁང་(Tibetan and Himalayan Digital Library) <http://www.thlib.org/reference/translation-tool/> ལས་Jim Vakbyཡིས་མཛད་པ་ལ་རྟོགས། དེ་ལས་གཞན་Nebesky-Wojkowitz (1996 [1956], 290-298)ལ་འདྲོས།

² Amy Hellerཡིས་ང་ལ་རོགས་བྱས་ཏེ་འགྲོ་བ་འདི་ཉིད་མགོན་པོ་བྲམ་ཞེ་གཟུགས་ཡིན་པ་རོས་འཛིན་བྱས་(Brahmanarupa Mahākāla; Heller 2003, 91-94; 2005, 220-221ལ་རྟོགས།)།



པར་རིས་བཅུ་བྱུག་དང་བཅུ་བདུན་པ། མགོན་ཁང་གི་སྐོ་དང་བྱིན་ལྷགས་ཅན་གྱི་སྐུ་སྤྲུལ་རིམ་



སྤྱི་མཐོན་ཅི་ས་ཆ་འདིའི་གཞི་བདག་གི་ནང་གསལ་ཤིག་ཡིན་ཏེ། ཕོ་ཁྱ་དང་སྤྱན་མོ་(ལྷ་མོའི་རིགས་ཤིག)འདུས་ནས་
བྱུང་།¹ གཞི་བདག་གཞན་དེ་ནི་གཉན་གྱི་རིགས་ཏེ་གཉན་ཆེན་བཅོ་རེད། གཞི་བདག་འདི་ནི་བོད་སྐད་ཀྱི་ཆུ་གྱི་
གནད་ལྷ་མོའི་ལྷ་ཡི་རིགས་ཤིག་ཡིན་ལ། གནས་སའི་བར་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱར་བཞིན་ཡོད་པར་ཡིད་ཆེས་བྱེད། ཁོ་ཆོ་
གཤེས་ཀ་གདུག་པ་ཅན་ཡིན་ཞིང་མའི་རིགས་ལ་སྤྲིག་པའི་ལས་དང་གིས་བྱེད་པས་ན། ས་ཆ་དེའི་འགྲོ་བ་འདི་ཉིད་
ནང་པར་བརྟལ་རྗེས་མགོན་ཁང་གི་ཅིག་ངོས་སུ་སྤྱོད་མཆོན་པར་བྱས་པའི་རྒྱ་མཆོན་ཡང་འདི་ལ་ཐུག་² དེའི་
རྒྱུ་ལྡན་དགོན་པ་འདི་ནི་ཡུལ་འདིའི་ལྷ་སྤྱོད་དང་རང་བྱུང་ཁོར་ཡུག་བར་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་བཅས། ལྷ་ག་པར་ཏུ་ཁོ་ཆོའི་
འཆོ་བ་ལ་རང་བྱུང་ཁོར་ཡུག་གིས་བཞེས་པའི་འཛིགས་སྤྱུལ་ལ་མེད་དུ་མི་རུང་བའི་གནས་འགངས་ཆེན་ཞིག་ཏུ་
ཆགས་ཡོད།

ཙོང་ཁ་རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་ཕར་ངོས།

ཙོང་ཁ་རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་བྱང་ངོས་སུ་ཡོད་པའི་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བསྟན་གྱི་དགོན་སྡེ་སྟོན་ཞིག་ལ་ཕྱི་རོལ་གྱིས་དོ་སྣང་བྱུང་
ཡོད་པ་ནི་དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་ཆེན་གོང་མའི་རྒྱལ་ཁམས་ལ་ཐང་ཀར་འབྲེལ་ཡོད་པའི་རྒྱུ་ལྡན་གྱིས་རེད། ཡིན་ནའང་ཁོ་
ཆོ་དང་དབྱུས་གཙང་གི་བར་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་སྟོས་འཛིག་གིས་ཅུང་ཅི་ཆེན། དེ་ལྟར་ནང་། ཞོལ་ནས་སྤྱོད་བར་བྱ་བའི་
དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་ལ་རྒྱལ་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་མཁས་པ་ཆོས་དོ་སྣང་བྱས་མེད། སྤྱོད་ཆེན་འདིའི་ནང་དུ་སྤྱོད་བར་བྱ་བའི་
དགོན་སྡེ་གཙོ་བོ་གསུམ་སྡེ་བཀའ་ལ་མ་ལོག་རྫོང་དུ་ཆགས་ཡོད་པའི་ལེན་རྟ་མེ(蓮花台)དང་། ཡུ་ཁོ། ཐང་རིང་
དགོན་པ་བཅས་སོ། རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་བྱང་དང་ཤར་ངོས་སུ་ཡོད་པའི་མ་རྒྱུད་ཙོང་ཆུའི་ལུང་པ་དེ་དག་ནི། འདས་ཟེན་
པའི་དུས་རབས་ནང་ཕྱི་ནས་འོང་པའི་གནས་སྤྱོད་བརྟེན་གྱི་སྤྱོད་གནས་སུ་གྱུར་པ་དང་། ཡུན་གྱིས་བོད་མི་ཉུང་ཤོས་
ཤིག་མ་གཏོགས་ས་ངོས་མཐོས་རུ་གཞིས་ཆགས་མེད་པའི་གནས་འདི་ནི་མི་རིགས་སྤྱོད་ཆེན་འདུས་སྤྱོད་བྱེད་ཡུལ་
ཞིག་ཏུ་ཆགས། ལོན་ཀྱང་། དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་ལས་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བསྟན་ལག་ལེན་བསྐྱར་མཁན་དང་མཐུན་རྒྱུན་
གནང་མཁན་ནི་བོད་མི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་མ་ཡིན་པར་གནས་འདིར་གཞིས་སྤྱོད་བྱས་ཡོད་པའི་ཉོར་དང་སོག་པོ། རྒྱ་མི་
བཅས་ཀྱང་ཡིན་ནོ། དེ་བས་འདི་རུ་ཐན་དགོན་པ་ཆེན་རྒྱུད་ཞིག་ལ་འང་མི་རིགས་སྤྱོད་ཆེན་གྱིས་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་
བསྟན་ལ་དད་པ་དང་རྒྱལ་སྤྱོད་བྱས་པའི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་རིང་མོ་ཞིག་ཡོད། ད་ལྟ་རྫོང་འདི་ནི་ཉོར་རིགས་དང་ཉོར་མི་
རིགས་ཁྱབ་ཆེ་བའི་དབང་གིས་སྤྱོད་འཛིན་ས་ཁུལ་ལྟར་རང་སྤྱོད་རྫོང་ཞེས་བཤད་གས། དུས་རབས་བཅུ་གསུམ་པའི་
ནང་སོག་པོས་ཡུལ་འདི་སྤྱོད་དུ་བཙན་བཟུང་བྱས་པ་ནས་1930ལོའི་བར་དུ། ཡུལ་ཁོངས་འདི་ནི་ཐུར་ཁེ་

¹ Nebesky-Wojkowitz (1996 [1956], 202).

² Nebesky-Wojkowitz (1996 [1956], 288).

(Turkic 沙陀)རིགས་སྤྱ་གཏོགས་པའི་ལེ་(李)ཚང་གི་བྱིམ་རྒྱུད་ཀྱིས་དབང་བསྐྱར་བྱས། ཡིན་ནའང་། རྒྱ་ནག་གིས་ཁོ་ཚོ་ནི་ས་སྤྱོས་དོ་སྤྱོས་ཀྱི་རྩྱེད་མི་རིགས་ལ་ངོས་འཛིན་བྱས་ཡོད་པས། ད་ལྟ་རྩྱེད་ཞེས་འབོད།

莲花台 ལེན་རྩ་ཐེ་འམ་དགའ་ལྷན་གནས་བཅུ་འཕེལ་རྒྱས་གྲིང་།

ད་ལྟ་དགོན་པ་རྒྱུད་ཆུང་འདི་ལ་སྤྱོད་ཀྱི་དབང་ཐང་ལྟ་བུ་ཞིག་ཅ་བ་ནས་མེད། ཅོང་ཆུ་བཞུར་སའི་ཕོ་རོག་གོག་ཤུར་(老鸭峡)¹ གི་སྤྱོད་དུ་དགོན་པ་ཆགས་རྗེས་དགོན་མིང་པལ་ཆེར་རྗེས་སྤྱོད་གནས་པ་འདྲ། ལེན་རྩ་ཐེ་དགོན་པ་ནི་1694ལོར་སྤྱུལ་སྤྱུ་ལེ་ལྷ་(李家活佛)སྟེ་དགའ་དབང་ཆོས་རྒྱལ་(阿旺曲加)ཀྱིས་བཞེངས། ལེ་ལྷ་སྤྱུ་སྤྱེས་ནི་གོང་དུ་སྟེང་བའི་ལེ་སྤྱུ་ལེ་(李土司)ཡི་བྱིམ་རྒྱུད་དུ་གཏོགས་དང་། བྱིམ་རྒྱུད་འདིས་ཆེན་རྒྱལ་རབས་ལ་བརྟེན་ནས་ས་ཁུལ་འདི་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱར་བྱས།² དོན་དངོས་སྤྱུ་ཐོང་བརྒྱད་ནང་བསྟན་དེ་ས་ཁུལ་སོ་སོའི་རིག་གནས་དང་ཆབ་སྲིད་ཀྱི་སྟོབས་ཤུགས་གཙོ་བོར་གྱུར་བ་དང་བསྟན་ནས། དབང་བསྐྱར་མཁན་གྱི་སྤྱོད་གཞི་བྱིམ་རྒྱུད་དང་སྤྱུལ་སྤྱུ་དག་གི་བར་གྱི་ཡུན་རིང་གི་འབྲེལ་བ་ཟུམ་མ་ཆད་པར་ཡོད་པ་དེ་ནི་ཨ་མ་དོའི་དགོན་སྟེ་གཙོ་བོ་དག་གི་རྒྱུ་རྩེད་དང་འབྲེལ་བ་དེས་ཅན་ཞིག་ཡོད་དེ། ལེན་རྩ་ཐེ་ལ་ཁོངས་སྤྱ་གཏོགས་པའི་དགོན་ལག་བཅུ་ཡོད་པ་ལས། དགོན་པའི་བྱུང་ཁོངས་དང་དགོན་པའི་ཤར་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་ཅོང་ཆུའི་ལུང་པར་དབང་བསྐྱར་བྱེད་མཁན་ལེ་བྱིམ་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་ཆབ་སྲིད་ཀྱི་བྱུང་ཁོངས་གཅིག་འདྲར་ཆགས་ཡོད་པ་ཞེས་ཐུབ།³

¹ ལུ་འི་རུ་ལུ་(乐都) དང་བཀའ་མ་ལོག་རྫོང་དུ་ཡོད།

² དགོན་པ་འདི་བཞེངས་མཁན་ནི་པལ་ཆེར་ནང་སོག་གི་གནས་ཆ་རྩྱེད་Chaharཞེས་པ་རུ་ཆོས་སྤེལ་གྱི་སྤྱོད་འཕྲིན་སྤྱོད་བ་དང་དགོན་པ་འཛུགས་པའི་མ་དདུལ་བསྐྱབས་སྤྱུ་གཤེགས་(蒲文成 1990, 185-186; 年治海, 白更登 1993, 106) Gruschke (2001, 45) ཡིས་དགོན་པ་འདི་འོ་སྤྱོད་ལ་ཆོན་པ་དུམ་བུ་ཞིག་གིས་འདུག ཐུག་དགོན་ཞབས་དུང་དགོན་ཆོས་བསྟན་པ་རབ་རྒྱས་(1982 [1865])ཀྱིས་1850ལོར་གྲེས་པའི་དགོན་སྟེ་འདི་འོ་སྤྱོད་ཀྱི་ཐོག་ནས་དེ་ལ་གཞིགས་ཤིག་དགོན་སྟེ་འདི་ནི་རྒྱ་མཚོའི་ངོས་ལས་སྤྱི་2,000ཙམ་ལས་མེད་པའི་གནས་སྤྱུ་ཆགས་ཡོད། དེ་ནི་དགོན་སྟེ་འདི་རྒྱུད་པའི་རྒྱ་རྒྱུད་དང་འབྲེལ་བ་དམ་པོ་ཡོད། དགོན་པའི་མཐའ་འཁོར་གྱི་སྤྱོད་རྩེད་དག་ལ་ཕྱི་ལོ་ཡུལ་སྤྱོད་བ་མང་པོ་གཞིས་སྤྱོད་བྱས་པ་དང་བསྟན་ནས། ལྷག་ལུས་ཀྱི་དགོན་སྟེ་རྩེད་བ་འདི་ལ་དང་མས་མེད་པར་གྱུར།

³ འདི་ནི་Schramཡིས་ལེ་སྤྱུ་ལེ་李土司 སྤྱོད་གྲེས་ཡོད་པ་དེ་དང་གཅིག་འདྲ་ཡིན་ཏེ། ཁོ་རང་གིས་སུ་ཁོ་རྩ་三川 ས་ཁུལ་("1930ནས་བཟུང་མེན་ཏོ་Ming huo ཞེས་འབོད།" རོང་གི་བཀའ་མ་ལོག་གསལ་མེན་ཏོ་民和)ལ་ཞེན་སྤྱོད་བྱས་(2006 [1954-1961], 560)

པར་རིས་བཅོ་བརྒྱད་པ། ཅོང་རྒྱུ་ལྷོག་ཤར་གྱི་གོང་དུ་ཆགས་པའི་ལེན་ཏུ་ཐེ་དགོན་པ།



དགོན་ཕྱེ་འདི་ནི་ཞོལ་ནས་ཕྱེད་པར་བྱ་བའི་པུ་རྩེའི་དགོན་དང་འབྲུག་པར་འཕྱུག་སྒོ་ཆང་ཞིང་ཤོད་བརྒྱད་ནང་བསྟན་སྒོ་བ་གཉེར་བྱེད་པར་མཆོཅ་ཉིད་གྲ་ཆང་དང་། རྒྱུད་པ་གྲ་ཆང་། རྟུ་འཁོར་གྲ་ཆང་། ལྷན་པ་གྲ་ཆང་བཅས་བཞེ་ཡོད།¹ དགོན་པའི་དཔར་ཁང་གིས་སྒོ་བ་གཉེར་ལ་མཁོ་བའི་ཆོས་སྒྱུད་དང་། རིམ་པ་མཐོ་བའི་བསྟན་བཅས་གལ་ཆེན་གྱི་རིགས་ཐོན་སྐྱེད་བྱས་སྟེ། དགོན་ཕྱེ་འདི་ནི་ཅོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་གྱི་བྱང་པོས་གྱི་དགོན་ཕྱེ་མང་པོ་དག་དང་འབྲུག་པར། ཐོང་གི་(同治 རྒྱལ་མིང་གྱི་དུས་ལུན་1862-1875)ལྷི་མོའི་དུས་སྐབས་སུ་བྱུང་བའི་རྟོས་རིགས་གྱི་འབངས་ཕྱེན་ལོག་གི་དུས་སུ་ཉམས་རྒྱུ་དུ་གྱུར།

དགོན་ཕྱེ་འདི་ཡིས་གཅིག་རྗེས་གཉིས་མཐུད་དུ་རྟོས་རིགས་གྱི་བྱིང་འཁྲུག་ལ་གཤོང་གཏང་དགོས་བྱུང་ནའང་། དུས་རབས་ཉི་ལྔ་བའི་ནང་དུ་དགོན་ཕྱེ་འདིའི་ཤོད་བརྒྱད་ནང་བསྟན་གྱི་སྒོ་བ་གསེའི་སྤྱི་ཁྱེར་ལས་ལྷག་པའི་སྒོ་ནས་རྩེ་རྒྱས་ལ་སོང་། དེ་དུས་དན་ཏྲ་(丹达喇嘛)ལྷ་མཁེས་བྱ་བས་དགེ་བཤེས་གྱི་མཆོན་གནས་ཐོབ་མ་ཐག་ཡིན་པས་ཁོང་རང་ལི་ལྷ་ཞབས་བྱུང་གི་ཡང་སྤྱུལ་དུ་བཞུགས། སྤྱི་ཁྱེར་འདི་ནི་དགོན་པ་འདི་འདེབས་མཁན་དང་ཁོང་གི་ཡང་སྤྱུལ་གཞན་དག་དང་འབྲུག་པར་ལི་བྱིམ་རྒྱུད་ནས་འོང་བེད། འདི་ནི་གྲུང་གོའི་དེད་རབས་གྱི་དུས་ལུན་ནང་གསར་དུ་བྱུང་བའི་ཆོས་མཁྲུག་མཐའི་སྤྱུལ་སྤྱིའི་སྤྱུ་ཤོད་གྲས་གྱི་གཅིག་ཡིན་ལ། ལྷག་པར་དུ་དེད་རབས་གསར་བརྗེ་བའི་ངོ་རྒོལ་གྱིས་ཁོ་ཆོའི་པ་ལུལ་ལ་ཤུགས་རྒྱུན་ཐེབས་འགོ་བཙུམས་པའི་དུས་སུ་འདྲ། ལི་བྱིམ་རྒྱུད་ཀྱིས་དེ་ལ་གཤོང་གཏང་དེ་ཤོད་བརྒྱད་ནང་བསྟན་ལ་ཁ་ཞེ་གཉིས་མེད་ཀྱིས་རྒྱབ་སྐྱོར་བྱས། དགོན་ཕྱེ་འདིས་1918ནས་1920ལོའི་བར་མཆོཅ་ཉིད་གྲ་ཆང་དང་། གཙོ་ཆེ་བའི་སྤྱུལ་སྤྱུ་བཞེའི་ནང་ཆེན་བསྐྱར་བཞེདས་བྱས། 1916ལོར་དགོན་པ་འདིས་དགོན་ལག་གསར་བཞེག་བཞེདས་པ་དང་། རྗེས་སུ་1937ལོར་ས་ཁུལ་འདི་ཡི་

¹ 蒲文成 (1990, 18).

དགོན་པ་གཞན་ཞིག་བསྐྱར་བཞེངས་བྱས།¹ འདི་དག་ནི་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་འཕེལ་རྒྱས་ཀྱི་ཆ་ཤས་ཙམ་རེད། དེ་ལྟ་
ན་པར། དགོན་པ་འདི་ཉིད་མཉམ་ཐུང་དུ་ཉམས་སྦྱང་དུ་གྱུར། 1958ལོར་དགོན་པ་འདིར་གྲག་པ་ཉི་ཤུ་དང་ས་ཞིང་
མཉམ་སྦྱང་བྱ་བ་ཙམ་མ་གཏོགས་མེད་པར་གྱུར།

པར་རིས་བརྒྱུད་དང་ཉི་ཤུ་པ། ལྷ་ཁང་གི་མཆོད་ཁྲི་དང་ལི་བྱིམ་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་གདུང་རབས་བརྒྱད་པ་འཆ་དགུ་བའི་
འཕགས་པ་(李家佛)།



ལི་ལྷ་ཞབས་བྱུང་གི་གདུང་རབས་གཉིས་པ་ནི་ཀན་སུའུ་ནས་ཕེབས་ཞིང་མཆོན་ལ་ལི་ཉེ་བྱན་(李海山 1914-
1989)ཞེས་འབོད་པའི་རྒྱུ་མི་ཞིག་རེད། ཁོ་ནི་ས་ཁུལ་འདི་ནས་ཕེབས་ཞིང་ཡུལ་རྒྱུང་བའི་རྒྱུ་མི་སྤྱི་མཐུན་གྱི་
གཟིག་ཡིན།² 1960ལོར་ཁོ་རང་སྐྱེས་རབས་ནས་རྟེན་བྱིམ་པ་བྱས། ཡིན་ན་པར། 1982ལོར་ཚེས་ལྷགས་

¹ 蒲文成 (1990, 2, 19).

² ཞིབ་རྒྱ་Tuttle (སྤེལ་ལ་ཉེ): 'An Unknown Tradition of Chinese Conversion to Tibetan Buddhism: Chinese Incarnate Lamas and Parishioners of Tibetan Buddhist Temples in A mdo' (རྒྱུ་མི་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བལ་འབྱུར་བའི་ལྷགས་སྤེལ་ཞིག་སྟེ། ཨ་མདོའི་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བསྐྱེད་དགོན་པའི་བོད་གི་རྒྱུ་མི་སྤྱི་མཐུན་གྱི་ཉེ་ལྷགས་ལ་སྤེལ།

རང་དབང་གི་སྲིད་ཁྲིམས་བསྐྱར་དར་དང་བསྐྱར་ནས་ཁོང་ཕྱིར་དགོན་པར་ཕེབས་ཤིང་དགོན་པ་བསྐྱར་བཞེངས་ལ་
ལྷ་རྟོག་མཛད།¹ 2006ལོར་འདི་གར་གྲུ་པ་གསུམ་བཞི་ཙམ་མ་གཏོགས་མི་འདུག་སྐབས་དེར་རང་གནས་
འདིར་ཕྱིན་དུས་གྲུ་པ་གཅིག་ཀྱང་མཐོང་མ་མོང་།

ཐང་རིང་དགོན་དགའ་ལྷན་བཞུགས་ཤིང་། 隆合寺/松山寺/塘尔担寺

དགོན་པ་གཙོ་བོ་འདི་ནི་1619ལོར་རྒྱལ་བ་བླ་མ་བསམ་སྒོ་པ་དགེ་འདུན་རིན་ཆེན་(1571-1642)ཀྱིས་བཀའ་
བཅུ་དོན་གྲུབ་རྒྱལ་མཚོ་འོ་གསལ་རམ་ལོག་བཞེངས་པ་རེད། 1590ལོར་ཁོ་རང་དབུས་གཙང་དུ་བྱོན་པ་དང་།
1599ལོར་འབས་སྐྱེས་དགོན་པ་རྒྱལ་བ་བླ་མ་འོ་གཏོགས་ཐོབ།² གོ་གནས་འདི་ནི་ཕལ་ཆེར་བྱང་ཤར་ས་
ཁུལ་དུ་(ཨ་མདོ་དང་། མཚོ་སྒོན་པོའི་སོག་པོ། རྒྱུ་སྐྱེད་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་ཕོ་བྲང་།)པོད་བརྒྱན་ནང་བསྐྱར་དགེ་
ལུགས་པའི་སློབ་གསོ་དར་བྱུང་གཏོང་བར་དམིགས་པའི་བླ་མ་དག་གི་འགན་འཁུལ་དང་ཆེད་ལས་སྦྱོར་བརྟེན་ཞིག་
ལ་འབྲེལ་བ་ཡོད་པ་དང་། དུས་རབས་བཅུ་བདུན་པའི་ནང་དུ་རྒྱལ་བ་ཞེས་པའི་ཆོ་མོ་འདི་མ་ཐལ་ཡང་མི་བཞི་ལ་
བསྐྱེལ་འདུག་³

¹ 蒲文成 (1990, 18)དང་ 年治海, 白更登 (1993, 106)།

² བཀའ་དགོན་ཞབས་དུང་དགོན་མཚོག་བསྐྱར་པ་རབ་རྒྱལ་(1982 [1865])ཀྱིས་"འབས་སྐྱེས་དགོན་དུ་རྒྱལ་བ་བླ་མར་བཞུགས་"
དཔེ་ཆ་འདིས་བྱང་རིང་དགོན་ཞེས་པའི་མིང་གི་འབྲི་སྐྱེད་ས་འདི་བཞོལ་འདུག་ དེ་ལས་གཞན་འདི་ལོར་ 蒲文成 (1990, 24-
25)དང་ 年治海, 白更登 (1993, 102)ལ་གཟིགས་ཤིག།

³ དང་པོ་ནི་རྒྱུ་དགེ་འདུན་རིན་ཆེན་གྲུབ་དང་། གཉིས་པ་ནི་མཚོ་སྒོན་པོའི་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་སོག་པོའི་རྒྱལ་བོ་འམ་སེ་ཆེན་ཉན་གྱི་དབུ་བླ་མ་བཞུགས་
པའི་རྒྱལ་བ་ཆོས་རྒྱལ་ཤེས་པོ་རྒྱལ་བ་ (དུས་རབས་བཅུ་དྲུག་པའི་ནང་དུ་སྐྱེ་འབྱུངས་)། 1638-1642བར་དུ་ཁོང་སྐྱེ་འབྱུངས་དགོན་
པའི་མཁན་པོ་དུག་པར་བཞུགས་ཏེ། མཛོད་དང་འདུལ་བའི་སློབ་ཁྲིད་ཀྱི་དབུ་བཅུགས། བོད་ཀྱི་ནང་བསྐྱར་དཔེ་ཆོགས་(P4463)
<http://www.tbrc.org>ལ་སྟོན། མི་སྒྲུབ་གསུམ་པར་དེ་དང་འདྲ་བའི་ཆོ་མོ་ཡོད་པ་ཞེས་ནས་བྱེད་བར་བའི་བུ་ཚོའི་དགོན་ལ་སྟོན།
ཆོ་མོ་འདི་ཡོད་པའི་མི་སྒྲུབ་ཞེས་ཅི་ལྟར་བཅུན་དག་དབང་བསྐྱར་འཛིན་(Ilaghughsan)ཡིན། ཁོང་གིས་ཆེན་སྲིད་གཞུང་གི་ཕོ་བྲང་དུ་
སློབ་བསྐྱེད་མོང་། རྒྱུ་སྐྱེད་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་ཕོ་བྲང་(Oirat Mongol)འམ་ཡང་ན་དགའ་ལྷན་ཞེས་པའི་ཕྱོགས་སུ་ཡངས། ཁོང་མ་
ཁང་ཞེས་པའི་འོག་ལས་མཐའ་མཐུག་ཁོང་ཆེན་སྲིད་གཞུང་གི་ལག་ལོག་ནས་ཐར་མ་ཐུབ། 1694ལོར་པེ་ཅིང་གསེར་ཁང་དུ་(ཞེས་ཏེ་
སྟོན)ཁོ་ལ་ཏ་ཅང་བརྗོད་དགའ་བའི་གདུབས་གསོད་(凌迟)ཅེས་པ་ལག་བསྟར་བྱས་ཏེ་སྟོག་ཁྲིམས་བཅད། འདི་ནས་བསུང་ཆོ་མོ་འདི་
ལྷ་བྱུ་བསྐྱེལ་བར་མཚམས་ཆད་སོང་བར་འདོད། ཞིབ་ཏུ་Ahmad(1970, 276-182, 324)ལ་སྟོན།

པར་རིས་ཉེར་གཅིག་པ། ཐང་རིང་དགོན་པའི་ཞིག་གསོ། ཙེ་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ནི་འདིའི་རྒྱལ་མོགས་སུ་ཡོད།



རྒྱུ་ལྷན་རིན་ཆེན་གྱིས་ལྷ་སར་མོ་ངོ་བཅུ་ཙམ་ལ་སློབ་གཉེར་བྱས་རྗེས་ཕྱིར་ཨ་ཏོར་མེའམ།
སྐལ་ས་དེར་པམ་ཆེན་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་བཞི་པས་བཀའ་བཅུ་དོན་གྲུབ་མངགས་ཏེ་ཁོང་ལ་དགོན་པ་འདི་དང་མཚན་ཉིད་གྲུ་
ཆང་ཞིག་བཅས་བཞེངས་པར་རོགས་རམ་མཛད།¹ རྒྱལ་རབས་གཅིག་ཙམ་འདས་པའི་ཆོ་ན། པམ་ཆེན་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་
བཞི་པའི་དངོས་སློབ་ཞིག་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་མཁན་པོར་བཞུགས་ཏེ། 1723ལོར་རྒྱུད་པ་གྲུ་ཆང་ཞིག་བཅུགས།
1698ལོར་དགོན་པ་ཆེས་ཆེར་འཕེལ་ཏེ་གནས་འདི་གྲུ་པ་900ལྷག་གི་གདན་སར་གྱུར། རྒྱལ་རབས་བཅུ་དྲུ་
པའི་དཀྱིལ་ཏུ་གྲུ་པ་500ལས་ལྷག་ཙམ་ལས་མི་འདུག་² དགོན་པ་འདིས་འབྲས་སྐྱེད་ས་བཀྲ་ཤིས་སློ་མང་གྲུ་ཆང་
གི་ཡིག་ཆ་བཀོལ་ཅིང་། སློས་སུ་སློ་མང་གྲུ་ཆང་བརྒྱུད་ནས་འཛམ་བུའི་གླིང་གི་དགོན་པ་ཆེ་གསུམ་ཏེ། འབྲས་སྐྱེད་ས་
དགོན་ཆེན་གྱིས་རྒྱུ་ཆུ་ཆུ་འབྲུད་ཡུལ་གཙོར་བོར་གྱུར།³

Georges Dreyfus (2006)ཡིས་'འབྲས་སྐྱེད་ས་མཚན་ཉིད་གྲུ་ཆང་གི་མཚན་སྐྱོར་ཞིག'
(An Introduction to 'Bras spungs' Colleges)'ཞེས་བྲིས་པའི་ནང་དུ་སློ་མང་གྲུ་ཆང་གི་གྲུ་
པ་པལ་ཆེ་བ་ནི་ཨ་ཏོར་མོག་པོ་ནས་ཕེབས་ཞེས་གྲུང་ཡོད་མོད། སྐར་གྱིས་ཤེས་གསལ་ལྟར་ན། ཁོ་ཆོ་དགོན་ཕྱེ་

¹ དགོ་ལུགས་པའི་སློབ་གསོའི་མ་ལག་གི་སློར་ལ་ཞིབ་ཏུ་Dreyfus 2003ལ་སྟོན། <http://www.drepung.info>ཡི་སློབ་
གསོ་(Education)'ཞེས་པའི་ཕྱི་ཆོན་ལས་བྱུངས།

² 蒲文成 (1990, 25), དེབ་ཐེར་རྒྱུ་མཚོ་(安多政教史)ལས་བྱུངས།

³ འབྲས་སྐྱེད་ས་སློར་གྱི་གནས་ཚུལ་ཞིབ་ཏུ་Georges Dreyfusཡིས་བྲིས་པའི་'Introductory Essay(དོ་སློབ་རང་བཞིན་
གྱི་རྩོམ་ཡིག)'དང་'An Introduction to 'Bras spungs's Colleges(འབྲས་སྐྱེད་ས་མཚན་ཉིད་གྲུ་ཆང་གི་མཚན་སྐྱོར་
ཞིག)'ཅེས་པའི་དུ་ཕྱིར་གི་རྩོམ་ཡིག་སྐད་ཀྱི་དང་བཅས་ཡོད་པ་<http://www.drepung.info>ལ་སྟོན།

གང་དག་ནས་ཕེབས་པ་དང་རྒྱ་རྒྱུ་ཕེབས་ཚུལ་གྱི་རང་བཞིན་དང་ཞིབ་པ་ལ་སྤྲོད་ཀྱི་ཞིབ་འཇུག་བྱས་མི་འདུག
ཨ་མདོ་བྱང་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་གི་གཞི་རྒྱ་ཆེན་པོ་ལ་ཞིན་ཅི་བཟུང་གིས་སྒྲིམ་མང་(འབྲས་སྤྲངས་མཚན་ཉིད་
གྲུ་ཚང་གི་ཡ་གྲུལ་ཞིག་ཡིན་ཏེ། འབྲས་སྤྲངས་དགོན་པའི་གྲུ་པ་10,000ལྷག་གི་ཁྲོད་དུ་གྲུ་ཚང་འདིས་གྲུ་པའི་
གྲངས་འཛོམས་3,500ནས་4,500ཙམ་ཟེན།) ¹ གི་སྤྱོད་གནས་ཀྱི་སྡེ་ཚན་བཀར་བའི་ཁང་ཚན་བཅུ་དྲུག་དང་
དེའི་ཁོངས་གཏོགས་སུ་གྲུ་པ་བའི་མི་ཚན་གྱི་ནང་དུ་གསལ་བོར་མདོན་ཡོད། ཁང་ཚན་གྱི་བྱང་ཆོས་ནི་ས་ཁུལ་ཁག་
གཅིག་ནས་ཕེབས་པའི་གྲུ་པ་དག་ལ་བཅུ་ལྔ་དང་སྤྱོད་དང་སྤྱོད་གཉིས་ཀྱི་མཐུན་ཞུགས་སྤྱོད་པ་དང་། གཞན་ས་ཁུལ་མི་འབྲ་
བ་ནས་ཕེབས་ཤིང་ཕན་ཚུན་སོ་སོའི་ཡུལ་སྐད་ལས་ནས་གོ་བརྟུན་དཀའ་བའི་གནད་དོན་ཐག་གཅོད་བྱས་པ་
བརྒྱུད་དེ་འབྲས་སྤྲངས་དགོན་པའི་ཁོངས་སུ་འདུ་བར་བྱེད་པ་དེ་རེད། ཁང་ཚན་བཅུ་དྲུག་ཡོད་པ་ལས་གཙོ་བོ་
བསམ་སྒྲོ་དང་། ཉར་གདོད་། གྲུ་རུ། དུ་སྤྱི་བཅས་བཞི་ནི་ཨ་མདོ་ལ་འབྲེལ་བ་དམ་པོ་ཡོད་པ་མ་ཟད། བྱང་ཕྱོགས་
ཀྱི་སོག་པའི་ལྷ་སྤེལ་དག་ལ་འབྲེལ་བ་ཆེ། ཡུལ་ལུང་འདི་དག་ནས་ཕེབས་པའི་གྲུ་པ་དག་གིས་དབྱུས་གཅོད་ལ་མ་
བྱོན་པའི་སྤྱོད་ལ་ཨ་མདོ་ནས་སྤྱོད་གཉིས་བྱེད་པ་རེད།²

བསམ་སྒྲོ་ཁང་ཚན་གྱིས་ཕལ་ཆེར་འབྲས་སྤྲངས་དགོན་པའི་མི་ཚན་གྱི་བྱེད་ཀ་(བཅུ་ཟེན་པ་གསལ་
གསལ་ལྟར། ཐང་རིང་དང་། བཞོ། ལེན་རྒྱ་ལེ། དགོན་ལུང་། བཅོན་པོ། བས་མདོ། སྤྱ་འབྲུམ། གྲོ་ཚང་། ལམ་པ། ཁལ་
ཁ་བཅས་ལས་གཉིས་མ་གཏོགས་ཚང་མར་ཨ་མདོའི་དགོན་མིང་ལྟར་མིང་བཏགས་འདུག ལྷག་པར་དུ་མང་ཆེ་བ་
ནི་མ་ཚུལ་བྱང་ཕྱོགས་སུ་ཆགས་ཡོད་པའི་དགོན་སྡེ་དག་རེད། འདིའི་དང་པོ་གསུམ་ནི་བཀའ་མ་ལོག་རྫོང་ན་ཡོད།³
སྤྱོད་འགའ་འདི་དག་ནི་སྤྱོད་མར་ཕལ་ཆེར་བསམ་སྒྲོ་ཁང་ཚན་གི་ཉེ་འགའ་དུ་ཡོད་པར་འདོད་དེ། དེ་ལ་བོད་དང་ཉི་
མ་ལ་ཡའི་དཔེ་མཛོད་ཁང་(Tibetan and Himalayan Library)ཞེས་པའི་དྲ་ཚུགས་སུ་
Georges Dreyfusཡིས་མཛད་པའི་འབྲས་སྤྲངས་དགོན་གྱི་སྤྱི་ལོ་ལྟེང་དུ་བྱང་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་གྲུང་རོ་
(Northern Ruins)ཞེས་ཏུ་གསུངས་ཡོད།⁴ ངས་འབྲེལ་བ་འདི་རྒྱུ་གྲུབ་པའི་སྒོར་གྱི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་མི་འཕེལ་
ཡིན་ནའང་། བསམ་སྒྲོ་ཁང་ཚན་གྱི་མིང་འདི་ཉིད་ནི་ཕལ་ཆེར་ཐང་རིང་དགོན་པ་འདེབས་མཁན་གྱི་བསམ་སྒྲོ་པ་

¹ Goldstein (1989, 30 n. 41) ལ་རྩོས།
² ཁང་ཚན་གྲུང་རུ་ཡང་ཨ་མདོ་དང་འབྲེལ་ཆེན་པོ་ཡོད་དེ། ལྷག་པར་དུ་གྲུང་རུ་ཁལ་འགོ་མའི་སྤྱུ་སྤྱུ་ལྷེང་རིམ་བྱོན་དང་འབྲེལ་ནས་
ཡོད་(Fagen 2010ལ་རྩོས།)
³ མཚོ་ཁ། ལྷ་མོ། བཅོན་པོ། ད་དུང་དགོན་ལུང་བཅས་ནི་ཨ་མདོའི་དགོན་སྡེ་དག་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་བཟུང་གི་མི་ཚན་གཞན་དག་
ཡིན། དེ་ལས་ཕྱི་མ་གཉིས་ནི་ཉར་གདོད་ཁང་ཚན་ཁྲོད་ཀྱི་མི་ཚན་གཉིས་ཡིན་ལ། གཙོ་བོ་འབྲོག་ཁུལ་ནས་དགོན་པ་འདི་དག་ལ་ཕེབས་པའི་
གྲུ་པ་དག་གསལ་མ་བྱེད། Dreyfusཡི་ཚོམ་ཡིག་https://bit.ly/35giUJc ལ་རྩོས། འབྲིང་རིམ་གྱི་ཁང་ཚན་བརྒྱུད་ལས་མ་
མཐར་གཉིས་ནི་ཨ་མདོ་(སྤྱ་འབྲུམ་དང་རྒྱང་རྒྱ)དང་འབྲེལ་ཡོད་པ་དང་། དེ་ལས་གཞན་ཁང་ཚན་རྒྱུད་བཞི་ལས་ཏུང་མཐའ་གཉིས་ཀྱི་དང་
ཨ་མདོ་(རྒྱ་བཟང་དང་ཐེ་བོ)དང་འབྲེལ་ཡོད།
⁴ འབྲས་སྤྲངས་ཀྱི་དྲ་ཚུགས་http://www.drepung.info ལས་བར་སྤྱོད་(Spaces)ཞེས་པའི་སྡེ་ཚན་ལ་རྩོས།

དགེ་འདུན་རིན་ཆེན་ཅན་ཡང་ན་ཨ་མདོ་བ་གཞན་ཞིག་ཏེ། དགེ་འདུན་ཁྱེད་ཀྱི་ཕ་ཞེ་བྱུག་པར་(1692ནས་1695
བར་དུ)བཞུགས་མཁན་བསམ་སྒྲོ་སྤྱོད་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་(1629-1695)དང་འབྲེལ་བ་དམ་པོ་ཡོད་མིང་།¹ བསམ་སྒྲོ་
ཞེས་པའི་མིང་བརྟུང་འདི་ཆེས་ཐོག་མར་གྲོ་ཚང་དགོན་པ་(1392ལོར་བཏབ།)འདེབས་མཁན་གྲས་ཀྱི་གཅིག་ལ་
ཐོག་མ་ཡོད་དེ། མཚན་ལ་བསམ་གཏན་སྒྲོ་ཐོས་(བསམ་མིང་ལ་བསམ་སྒྲོ།)ཞེས་སུ་འབོད། ཁོང་དང་ཁོང་གི་ཁུ་
གཉིས་ཀྱིས་གྲོ་ཚང་དགོན་པ་འདེབས་རྒྱུས་མཛད་ཅིང་། ཁོང་གཉི་ཀ་རྩེ་ཙོང་ཁ་བའི་སློབ་མ་ཡིན་ལ་རྩེས་སུ་མིང་
(明)རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་ལོ་བུ་དུ་རྒྱལ་བོའི་དབུ་སྒྲར་བཞུགས། མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་ལོ་བུ་དེ་ཁོང་ཆོའི་དགོན་པའི་
སྤྱིན་བདག་གཙོ་བོ་ཡིན་ཞིང་དུས་རབས་མང་པོར་ས་ཁུལ་འདི་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱར་བྱས།²

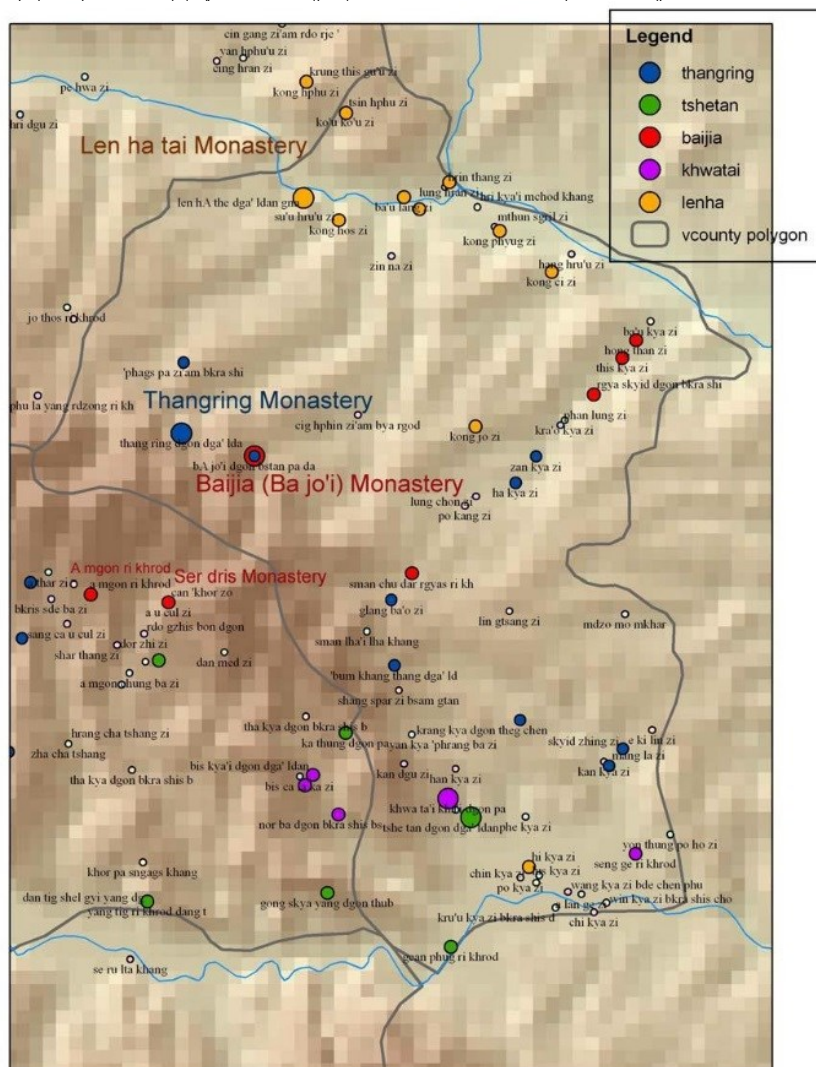
ཐང་རིང་དགོན་པའི་(གོང་གི་པར་རིས་ཉེར་གཅིག་པ་ལ་ཁྲོས།)ཁོངས་གཏོགས་སུ་གྱུར་པའི་དགོན་
ལག་དག་ནི་ན་གཞོན་དག་ལྟ་སའི་འབྲས་སྤངས་དགོན་ལ་བསྟོད་བྱེད་ཀྱི་གྲུ་གཟིངས་ལྟ་བུ་ཞིག་རེད། མ་དགོན་
ཐང་རིང་དགོན་པ་ལ་བྱ་དགོན་ཉི་ཤུ་ཅུ་བཞེད། མང་ཆེ་ཤོས་ཉི་འགྲམ་དུ་ཆགས་ཡོད་ལ། ལ་ལ་ནི་རྒྱུང་རིང་ཀན་
སུའུ་ཡི་དར་གོས་ཚོང་ལམ་སྟེ། ལོང་ལྷུ་ལྷུ་ 凉州 (ད་ལྟའི་མིང་ལ་བོ་ལུ་བོ་ 武威 ཞེས་འབོད་)ཡིས་གནས་དང་ཉི་
མར་ཡོད། དེ་ལས་མེན་རྟ་བུ་བུ་དགོན་པ་དང་བུ་རྩེ་དགོན་གཉིས་ལ་རང་རང་གི་ཁོངས་གཏོགས་སུ་གྱུར་པའི་དགོན་
པ་(རེ་རེ་བཞིན་དུ། བཅུ་བཞེད། བཅུ་བདུན།)ཡོད་དེ། ཐང་རིང་དགོན་པར་སྤྱིར་ཁོངས་གཏོགས་སུ་གྱུར་བའི་བྱ་
དགོན་དང་དེ་འབྲེལ་གྱི་ལྷ་སྟེང་ཐོན་ཁུངས་བཞི་ཅུ་ཞེ་གསུམ་ཡོད་པས། ཨ་མདོའི་ཤར་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་ཤེས་རིག་དང་
དཔལ་འབྱོར་གྱི་འཕེལ་རྒྱས་ལ་དགོན་པ་འདི་ཡིས་དབང་བསྐྱར་བྱེད་ཀྱི་ཡོད། གལ་ཏེ་ཨ་རི་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་དཔེར་
བྱངས་ན། དེ་ནི་ཕྱོགས་བཞིའི་སློབ་བུ་འགྲེལ་པའི་སློབ་གྲུ་འཇམ་ཡང་ན་ཨ་མདོའི་བྱང་ཤར་ས་ཁུལ་གྱི་སློབ་འབྲིང་གི་
བཅའ་རྙོད་སློབ་གྲུའི་དཔུང་སྟེ་Ivy Leagueཡིས་དོན་གཉེར་སློབ་བུའི་ཆོགས་སྐད་གསལ་ཆོད་པའི་སློབ་ཆེན་
ལ་འགོ་ཁུབ་པའི་མཐུན་རྒྱུན་སྟོད་པ་དང་གཉིས་སུ་མ་མཆིས། ཡིན་ནའང་ཅུང་ཟད་མི་འདྲ་ས་ནི་དགོན་སྟེ་འདི་དག་
དང་མེ་འབྲས་དགེ་གསུམ་བར་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་ནི་འགྱུར་མེད་གཏན་འཇགས་དང་ཆགས་དམ་པའི་དོད་མ་འོག་གནས་
ཡོད།³

¹ དུང་དཀར་སྟོན་བཟང་འཕྲིན་ལས་(2002, 365-366)། བསམ་སྒྲོ་པ་སྒྲུ་མ་འདི་དག་གི་གྲས་ལས་གཅིག་གིས་པལ་ཆེར་དབུས་གཙང་
གི་དགེ་ལུགས་པའི་སློབ་གསོའི་མ་ལག་ནང་དུ་མཚན་ཉིད་གྲོ་ཚང་དགེ་འདུན་གྱུར་བྱེད་པའི་ཕྱོགས་ལ་རྟུས་པ་ཆེར་བློན་ཡོད། དེ་ནི་ཁོ་རང་
དགེ་འདུན་དུ་ལས་བསྒྲོ་མ་བྱས་པའི་དུས་རབས་གཅིག་གི་སྟོན་ནས་བཟུང་ཨ་མདོའི་ཤར་ཕྱོགས་ས་ཁུལ་དུ་འཕེལ་རྒྱས་ཆེན་པོར་སོང་ཡོད་
པ་ཞིག་ཡིན།

² བྲག་དགོན་ཞབས་དུང་དགོན་མཚན་གཞན་པ་རབ་རྒྱས་1982 [1865], 22ལ་ཁྲོས། གཞན་
<http://www.tbrc.org> P10316ལ་ཁྲོས་དེ་གོང་གི་གནས་ཚུལ་དང་དབུང་བསྐྱར་མཛད།

³ ཞིབ་དུ་Dreyfusཡི་ཚུ་མ་ཡིག་https://bit.ly/36tZCBdལ་ཁྲོས།

པར་རིས་ཉེར་གཉིས་པ། ལེན་ཏུ་ཐེ་དགོན་པ་ནི་ཙོང་ཆུའི་བྱང་ཕྱོགས་སུ་ཆགས་ཡོད། མ་དགོན་གཞན་གཉིས་(ཆོ་
རྟན་དང་ཁ་ཏའི་ཁའི་དགོན།)ལ་ཁོངས་གཏོགས་གྱི་ས་ཁུལ་རྒྱ་ཆུང་བས་འདིར་སྤེལ་མེད།



Bka' ma log/ Minhe County Map of "Mother" and "Son" Monasteries map by Karl Ryavec

གྲུ་ཆོང་རེ་འདི་དོད་ཆམ་པས་ཁོ་ཆོང་དང་འབྲེལ་བ་ཡོད་པའི་དགོན་སྤེལ་གསལ་བྱེད་ཆོང་བའི་ཐོག་ཆུང་རྒྱུས་པ་ཞིག་སེམས་
ཆུང་དང་ཉར་ཆགས་བྱས་ཡོད་པས། ཨ་མདོ་ནས་ཕྱེབས་ཞིང་སེ་འབྲས་དགོན་གསུམ་ནས་སྤྱོད་གཉེར་བྱེད་འདོད་ཀྱི་གྲུ་པ་དག་རང་རང་གིས་
ཆའི་དགོན་པ་དག་དང་འབྲེལ་བ་ཡོད་པའི་གྲུ་ཆོང་ལ་ཞུགས་པར་སྐྱབས་བདེ་བསྐྱུར་ཡོད།

བཱེའི/པཱཱ། (= 巴州/BAIJIA)དགོན་བསྟན་པ་དར་རྒྱས་སྤྱིང་། (红山寺/弘善寺/洪山寺)

དགོན་པ་འདི་དུས་ནམ་ཞིག་ལ་བཞེངས་པར་བཞེད་ཚུལ་མི་མཐུན་པ་མང་པོ་ཡོད། ཁུངས་ལྟན་ཡིག་ཆ་སྟོར་ཞིག་ལྟར་ན་མིང་འདི་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་དགོན་པ་ཞིག་མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་(1368-1644)སྐབས་སུ་ཡོད་པར་འདོད་དེ། 1519མོར་རྟོང་རྒྱན་སི་ཟེར་བའི་དགོན་པ་ཞིག་བོད་ཀྱི་འབྲོག་པས་གཏོར་བཤིག་ཏུ་བཏང་བ་དང་། རྗེས་སུ་འདི་ཉིད་བསྐྱར་བཞེངས་བྱས། འདི་ནི་པལ་ཆེར་མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་སྐབས་སུ་གྲོ་ཆང་དགོན་པ་(瞿 昙 寺)དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་བླ་མ་ཞིག་གིས་བཞེངས་པ་ཡིན་སྟེ། ¹ ཡང་ཡིག་ཆ་གཞན་ཞིག་ལྟར་ན། འདི་ལྟ་བུའི་གོང་མའི་རྒྱལ་སྟོར་ནི་ཆེན་རྒྱལ་རབས་སྐབས་སུ་རྒྱུན་མཐུན་བྱུང་ཡོད་དེ། གོང་མ་ཁང་ཞེས་(康熙 རྒྱལ་སྤྱིད་དུས་ལུ་ 1661-1722)ཡང་ན་ཤར་ཕྱོགས་རང་དབང་གི་རྒྱལ་བོའི་(远 东 自 在 王)ཁྱིའོའི་དུས་སུ་གོང་མས་སྐུ་དངོས་སུ་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་བླ་མ་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་རིམ་བྱོན་པ་ཆོ་ལོ་བསྟུལ་རྟེ། ལྷ་ཁང་འདི་ལ་ཅུ་པན་(匾)ཞིག་དང་། རལ་གྱི་(剑)གཅིག་ཐམ་ག་(印)གཅིག་ ལོ་རེ་ལ་དདུལ་སྤང་500ཅམ་སྟོས་དང་མཆོད་མའི་ཐེབས་སུ་བསྟུལ་པ་མ་ཟད། བཀའ་བསྟན་གསུང་རྟེ་ལྷ་ཁང་འདི་ཉིད་བསྐྱར་བཞེངས་མཛད།²

¹ Schram (2006 [1957], 347)ལྟར་ན། མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་སྤྱིད་གཞུང་གི་མ་དདུལ་དང་ཐོན་ཁུངས་ཀྱི་མཐུན་རྟེན་ལ་བརྟེན་ནས་དགོན་མིང་འདི་དང་གཅིག་འབྲེལ་པའི་དགོན་པ་ཞིག་གྲོ་ཆང་དགོན་པས་(瞿 昙 寺) བཞེངས། ཟེའིང་གི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཟེན་ཐོ་(ch. 15, འོག་དོས་13)ལས་དྲངས་ཞེས་བྲིས་འདུག ཟེའིང་ལོ་རྒྱུས་(西宁 卫 志 1993 [1657], 154-157)ལས་མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་སྟོར་གྱི་འབྲེལ་ཡོད་ཀྱི་ཆེན་པ་ལ་བཞག་ན་འདྲ། རྟོང་རྒྱན་དགོན་པ་ཟེར་བ་ཞིག་འཁོད་མི་འདུག ཟེའིང་གི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་གསར་བའི་(西宁 府 新 志 1982 [1746], 377)ནང་དུ་རྟོང་རྒྱན་དགོན་པ་དང་གྲོ་ཆང་དགོན་པ་གཉིས་འོག་དོས་གཅིག་གི་དོས་སུ་གཅིག་འབྲོར་གཅིག་མཐུད་ཀྱིས་འབྲེལ་རྟེ་མ་གཏོགས་འཁོད་མི་འདུག དེ་བས་Schram ཡིས་པར་གཞི་གསར་བ་དེ་བཞེས་ཡོད་པ་མངོན་གསལ་རེད། 1519མོའི་ནང་དུ་དགོན་སྐུ་འདི་ལ་ཐེབས་པའི་གཏོར་བཤིག་སྟོར་Schram (311, ཟེའིང་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ལས་དྲངས། ch. 31, P.15a)ལ་ལྟོས།

² 蒲文成 (1990, 27). དགོན་པ་འདིའི་བླ་མ་ཞིག་གི་བང་མོའི་རྟོ་རིང་གི་དོས་སུ་འདི་ལྟར་བཞེད་ཡོད་དེ། མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་གོང་མ་ཡོང་ལེ་(永乐皇帝)ཡི་སྤྱིད་སྟོར་གི་དུས་འགོ་ལ། དུས་གཙང་གི་གྲུ་པ་བཞེ་མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་ཐོང་དུ་བྱོན་རྟེ་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱར་བར་ལག་རྟེས་མཛད་(辅佐明廷)། ཁོ་ཆོའི་བློ་དཀར་གཞུང་དྲང་གིས་ཀྱུན་གྱི་ཡིད་སེམས་རབ་ཏུ་བཀྲག་པས། རྒྱལ་བསྟན་སྟེལ་ལ་དབང་བའི་དབུ་བླ་ཆེན་མོ་(灌顶普惠弘善大国师)ཡི་ཆོ་ལོ་བསྟུལ། མི་ཆེ་གོ་མོ་ཞིག་གིས་མིང་འདི་བསྟུལ་བར་ཡིན་སྟེད་དེས། དགོ་ལུན་('great goodness' 弘 善)ཞེས་པའི་ཆོག་སྟོར་གྱིས་དགོན་པ་དང་འབྲེལ་བ་ཆེར་ཡང་མི་སྟོན་བསམ། ཡིན་ན་འདྲ། གནས་ཚུལ་འདིས་ཆོ་ལོ་འདི་བསྟུལ་མཁས་རྒྱུ་མི་དང་དགོན་པའི་བར་གྱི་མིང་རྒྱལ་རབས་ནས་ཆེན་རྒྱལ་རབས་བར་བྱུང་བའི་རྒྱུན་མཐུད་ཀྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་དེ་གསལ་བོར་སྟོན་ཐུག། 自在王 ཅི་རང་ཚུགས་ཐུབ་པའི་རྒྱལ་བོར་དང་"Ishvaradeva, a title of Shiva, king of the devas . . . also a title of Vairocana"ལ་གོ་བ་བླངས་ཆོག་(Soothillདང་ Hodous 1976 [1937]), 218; <https://bit.ly/2CUaj2t>ལས་ཨང་རྩིས་པར་གཞི་ཅན་གྱི་ཆོག་མཛོད་ལ་ལྟོས།

པར་རིས་ཉེར་གསུམ་དང་ཉེར་བཞི་པ། གོང་མ་ཁང་ཞི་(1695)ནས་གནད་བའི་དེང་རབས་ཀྱི་སྐད་རིགས་
གསུམ་ཅན་གྱི་ཅོ་པན། རྗེས་མ་དེ་འདི་ལྟར་སྒྲོག་སྟེ། བྱམས་ལྷན་སྤྱིན་གྱི་འདུ་ཁང་(慈雲殿)། རིག་གསར་
སྐབས་སྤུས་སྤྱད་བྱས་པའི་ཅོ་པན་(སྒྲོལ་མ་ཙེ་ག་ཙེ་རུ་བཀོལ་སྤྱོད་བྱས་པ)འདིའི་མཐའ་རྒྱན་ལ་ད་ལྟ་སྟོན་རྒྱུ་གྱི་
ཁྱད་ཚུལ་ལྷན་པའི་སྒྲོལ་གཞི་སྤྱད་ཡོད།



དགོན་པ་འདི་ལོ་ཆེས་སྤྱི་བའི་འབྲུང་ཁུངས་གང་ཡིན་ནའང་། ད་ལྟའི་དགོན་ལུགས་པའི་སྐྱེ་ཆོག་གིས་དགོན་པ་
 འདི་ལོ་ཆེས་སྤྱི་བའི་འབྲུང་ཁུངས་དེ་ཆེན་ཆུལ་རབས་ཀྱི་དུས་འཁོར་ལ་ངོས་འཛིན་བྱས་ཡོད་དེ། སྐྱེ་ཆོག་གིས་ཆེན་པོ་མེད་
 ནའང་གཙོ་གནད་ཡི་པའི་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བ་གྲུ་ཤི་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུ་ཤི་ 国师 སྤེ་ཆུལ་ཁབ་ཀྱི་དབུ་
 གྲུ་འདི་དོན་དང་། སེ་ཆེན་ཆེས་པ་སོགས་པའི་སྐད་ཡིན་ལ་དོན་ཤེས་རབ་ལ་འཇུག་ བོད་སྐད་དུ་ཆོས་རྒྱུ་ཤི་ཆེས་པ་བཅས་
 ཀྱིས་ཁོང་གི་མིང་གྲགས། ཡིས་དགོན་པ་འདི་དབང་དུ་བསྐྱུར་བའི་དུས་དེ་ཡིན། ཁོང་ནི་པལ་ཆེར་ཨ་མདོ་ནས་
 འབྲུངས་པའི་མི་ཉལ་གི་རུས་རྒྱུད་དངོས་ཞིག་ཡིན། ¹ མི་སྤྱི་འདི་ལོ་སྤོང་གི་ཆེས་སྤྱི་ཤེས་ཀྱི་ཡིག་ཆ་ནི་Saghang
 Secen ཡིས་མཛད་པའི་1662 Erdeni-yin ལྟར་ན་གྲུ་ཤི་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུ་ཤི་ཆུལ་ཁབ་ཀྱི་དབུ་གྲུ་དང་། དར་
 ཁན་darqan (དར་ཁན་ཏེ་སོགས་པའི་ཆུལ་བོར་དབུ་ཁུལ་འཇམ་མི་དགོས་པའི་གྲུ་པ་དང་སྐུ་དག་ལ་གོ།)
 བསྐྱུགས་པའི་བུ་བཅས་ཡིན། ² མི་སྤྱི་རྒྱུད་པ་འདི་ལ་འདི་ལྟ་བུའི་མཚན་འདོགས་ཆུལ་སྤྱི་ཆོག་གིས་ཡོད་པ་ལས་ཁོང་ནི་
 རྒྱ་བོད་སོགས་གསུམ་གྱི་རིག་གནས་དང་ཆབ་སྲིད་སྤོང་མཚན་གྱི་ལུང་པ་ཞིག་ནས་སྐུ་འབྲུངས་ཏེ་དེ་ཡི་བར་གྱི་མི་
 སྤྱི་གལ་ཆེན་ཞིག་ཏུ་ཆགས་ཡོད་པ་གསལ་བཤད་བྱས། ཁོང་ནི་མཐའ་མཚན་འདིའི་ས་སྤྱོད་རྒྱུས་ཀྱི་མི་ཞིག་
 ཡིན་ལ། ཁོང་གི་པ་ཡུལ་དང་འབྲེལ་པའི་རིག་གནས་གཙོ་བོ་དེ་ལོ་ནང་དུ་ཁོང་ལ་ངོས་འཛིན་ཐོབ་པའི་གོ་གནས་དེ་
 ཡོད་པ་དང་། རྒྱུ་སྤྱོད་ཁོང་གིས་མོ་ཁུ་ཏིན་Mukden དང་ཆེན་ཆུལ་རབས་ཀྱི་པོ་བླ་དུ་གྲུ་པ་འབྲས་ཆེན་པོ་
 གྲུངས། ཁོང་གིས་སྐད་རིགས་མང་པོ་འཆད་ཤེས་དེས་ཏེ། མ་མཐར་སོགས་སྐད་དང་བོད་སྐད་ དེ་ལས་གཞན་དུ་
 མན་རྒྱ་སྐད་དང་རྒྱ་ནག་སྐད་ཀྱང་པལ་ཆེར་སྤྱི་ཤེས་སྤྱོད། 1560ནས་1570ན་བར་ཨ་མར་ཅན་(Altan
 Khan 俺答汗) ཀྱིས་ཨ་མདོའི་ཕྱོགས་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱུར་རྒྱུ་དབང་སྐུ་ཕྱིར་གསུམ་པ་དང་བཞི་པ། ད་དུང་
 སོགས་པའི་དཔོན་པོ་འགའི་རྒྱུ་སྤོང་ལོག་ཕྱོགས་འདིར་དགོན་ལུགས་པའི་བསྐྱེད་པ་དར་བར་མཛད་པ་དང་། ཁོང་ནི་
 སོགས་པས་བདག་གིར་བསྐྱུར་བའི་གནས་ཆུལ་འདི་ལྟ་བུའི་ལོག་ཨ་མདོ་ནས་འཆར་ལོངས་བྱུང་ཞིང་། 1640ལོ་
 ཅན་ལ་ཆུལ་དབང་སྐུ་ཕྱིར་ལྟ་བུ་དང་པའི་ཆེན་ཆུལ་ཕྱིར་བཞི་པ་མཚན་གྱིས་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུ་ཤི་མན་རྒྱ་ཤོར་མའི་མདུན་
 སར་སྐུ་ཆབ་ཏུ་མངགས་དུས་ཁོང་ལ་ཆུལ་བ་(ilaghughsan) ཞེས་པའི་ཆོ་ལོ་བསྐྱུལ།

ང་ཆོས་ཐོག་མར་དུས་རབས་བཅུ་དགུ་བའི་སྤོང་གྱི་ལོ་ཆུས་ཡིག་ཆ་ཞིག་ལ་བརྟེན་ནས་དགོན་པ་འདི་
 བཞེངས་མཁན་གྱི་མིང་དེ་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུ་ཤི་ཆུལ་བའི་འཕྲིན་ལས་པ་སྤྱོད་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ཡིན་པ་ཤེས། ³ ཡིན་ནའང་རྒྱུས་

¹ 2006ལོར་སྤྱོད་འདིའི་སྤྱོད་པའི་པོ་ལྟ་བུ་སྐུ་འབྲུང་དགོན་དུ་བཞུགས།
² Saghang Secen - Ssanang Ssetsen [Sagang Sečen] (1990 [1662] v I, 178).
³ བླ་མ་དགོན་ཞབས་དུང་དཀོན་མཆོག་བསྐྱེད་པ་རབ་རྒྱས་(1982 [1865], 180) ལྟར་ན། ཁོང་ནི་ཉིན་མར་དགོན་གྱི་འགམ་དུ་སྐུ་
 འབྲུངས་ཤིང་། ཀར་(མགར་Mgar?) རིགས་རྒྱུད་དུ་གཏོགས། 蒲文成 (1990, 27) ཡིས་ཉིན་མར་དགོན་ནི་དབུས་གཙང་དུ་ཡོད་
 པ་ངོས་བསྐྱུར་འདུག འོན་ཀྱང་། ངས་འདིའི་བདེན་དཔང་མཐོང་མ་སོང་། Ahmad (1970, 315-320) ཡི་འགྲེལ་བཤད་ལྟར་ན།
 1696-1697ལོའི་བར་དུ་ཉི་མ་མར་(尼嘛唐) གི་ཞབས་དུང་ཞིག་སྤྱི་ལོ་སྤོང་དང་གོང་མ་ཁང་ཞིའི་བར་གྱི་པོ་ཉལ་བྱས། དུས་
 སྐབས་འདི་ལ། དཔོན་གནས་རྒྱུད་པ་སྤྱོད་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ཡིས་སོགས་པའི་ལུང་ཡོད། དུས་སྐབས་འདི་ལ་ཁོང་ལོ་ན་ཅ་ཅང་བསྐྱེད་པར་གྱུར་

ནས་རྟེན་པའི་ཡིག་ཆ་དག་གིས་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུན་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ནི་དགའ་ལྷན་ཁྲི་ཐོག་ཞེ་དུག་པ་(1692-1695)བསམ་སྒྲིལ་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་(1629-1695)ཡིན་པར་ངོས་བཟུང་ཡོད། དེ་ནི་ཕལ་ཆེར་གཟེངས་སུ་ཐོན་པའི་གྲུ་པ་འདི་ནི་མ་རྒྱུ་འབྲུངས་སུ་སྐྱེས་པའི་ལུང་པ་ལ་གཞིར་བཟུང་བའི་རྒྱ་མཚོ་དེ་ཡིན་པར་འདོད།¹ སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུན་པ་འདི་འབྲུངས་པའི་1629ལོར་ངོས་བཟུང་པ་ནི་ནོར་འབྲུལ་ཡིན། ཡིན་ནའང་1625ལོར་གྲུ་པ་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུན་པ་འདི་འབྲུངས་པའི་1629ལོར་ངོས་བཟུང་པ་ནི་ནོར་འབྲུལ་ཡིན། 1637ལོར་ཁོང་གིས་ཆེན་སྲིད་གཞུང་པོ་བྱས་པའི་ལུང་པ་ལ་གཞིར་བཟུང་པ་དང་། 1640ལོར་ཁོང་སྐུ་དངོས་སུ་ཆེན་སྲིད་གཞུང་གི་པོ་བྱས་པ་བསྟོན། 1642ལོར་དེ་ག་རུ་འབྱོར།² འདི་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་ཡིག་ཆ་གཙོ་བོ་གཞན་དག་རྟེན་པའི་བར་དུ་དོན་འདི་ཐག་གཅོད་བྱེད་དགའ་བར་གྱུར། མིག་སྔར་གྱི་བདེན་དཔང་རྒྱུ་རྒྱུ་ལ་རྒྱུ་བཅོལ་ནས་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུན་པ་འདི་འཕྲིན་ལས་པ་སྐྱེན་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ནི་དགའ་ལྷན་ཁྲི་ཐོག་ཞེ་བདུན་པ་བསམ་སྒྲིལ་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ཡིན་པར་སྐུ་བ་པ་ནི་ད་དུང་དགའ་བའི་ཆོད་དུ་གནས།

གང་ལྟར་ཀྱང་། 1640ལོར་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱུན་པ་འདི་མི་ཞིག་རྒྱལ་དབང་དང་པུཌ་ཆེན་རིན་པོ་ཆེ་མཆོག་གཉིས་ཀྱིས་རྒྱལ་པོ་རྒྱུ་པ་འདི་ལྷོ་ཤར་Jurchenཡི་མདུན་སར་སྐྱེ་ཆབ་རྒྱུ་མངགས། 1642ལོར་རྒྱ་བཅུ་བར་མོ་ཁྲུ་ཏིན་ཏེ་མཆོག་སྐྱེད་གཞུང་གི་པོ་བྱས་པའི་འབྱོར་བ་མ་ཟད། གལ་ཏེ་མོང་མས་སྐྱེ་མར་སྐུ་བ་འབྱོར་དང་སྐྱེ་མའི་ཡོན་བདག་ལ་བཞུགས་ཆེ་འཛིན་ཏེན་དབང་འོག་རྒྱ་བཅུ་བུ་ཅེས་ཐུགས་དཔོངས་ཀྱང་ཞུས། 1662ལོར་བྲིས་པའི་

ཡོད་ནའང་། ཁོང་གཉིས་མི་གཅིག་ཡིན་པར་ངོས་བཟུང་ཡོད་སྟེ། དེ་བས་Ahmadཡི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཡིག་ཆ་དང་ས་གནས་དེ་གའི་གནས་ཚུལ་འདོན་སྤྲོད་བྱེད་མཁན་ལ་རྒྱུ་བཅོལ་ནས་ངོས་འཛིན་འདི་ཡང་དག་པའི་དང་ཐག་གཅོད་དགོས། སི་ཁྲོན་དཀར་མཛེས་རྒྱུ་(甘孜县)དུ་མིང་ལ་ཉེ་[མ་]ཐང་བཀྲ་ཤིས་དར་རྒྱུས་སྤྱི་ཞེས་འཛིན་པའི་དགོན་པ་ཞིག་ཡོད། (ཀྲང་མོའི་བོད་ཀྱི་ཤིས་རིག་ཞིབ་འཇུག་རྟེན་གནས་ཀྱི་ཆོས་ལུགས་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཞིབ་འཇུག་མོའི་དང་ཀྲང་མོ་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བསྐྱར་མཐོ་རིམ་སྤྱི་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བསྐྱར་ཞིབ་འཇུག་ཁང་། ཟླ་བ་ཞིང་ཆེན་དཀར་མཛེས་ཁྲུ་ལོ་ཆོས་ལུགས་ཅུལ། 1995, vol. 2: 69)ལ་རྟོགས། [Françoise Robinཡིས་ང་ལ་དཔྱད་གཞིའི་རྒྱ་ཆ་འདི་ལུ་བར་ཐུགས་རྒྱུ་ཆེ་ཞུ།]

¹ ངས་ཐོག་མར་རྟེན་པའི་འབྲེལ་བ་འདིའི་འབྲུངས་གྲུག་པ་ནི་གསེར་ཐོག་སྒོ་བཟང་ཚུལ་ཁྲིམས་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ཡིས་མཛད་པའི་སྐུ་འབྲུམ་གདན་རབས་(1982 [1881], 281) རེད། 蒲文成 (1990, 27)དང་དགོན་པ་ནས་བསྐྱར་རྒྱུ་འབྲུམ་པའི་དག་རྒྱུན་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ལ་རྟོགས། དགའ་ལྷན་ཁྲི་ཐོག་ཞེ་དུག་པ་སྐྱེན་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་དང་ཁོང་གི་མ་རྒྱུ་འབྲུངས་པའི་སྐོར་ལ་ཕྱེ་སྟངས་སངས་རྒྱུས་རྒྱ་མཚོ་(1989 (1698), 95) དང་། ཐུགས་པ་འབྲུང་གནས་སྤྱོད་བཟང་མཁས་གྲུབ། (1992, 818)བཅས་ཀྱིས་ཁོང་གི་འབྲུངས་ལུ་པ་དེ་མཐོང་ཞེས་པའི་ལུ་པ་དེར་ངོས་འཛིན་བྱས་ཡོད་པས་ཞིབ་རྒྱུ་དེ་དག་ལ་རྟོགས། མཁས་དབང་དུང་དཀར་སྤྱོད་བཟང་འཕྲིན་ལས་(2002, 365-366)ལགས་ཀྱིས་ཁོང་ནི་བོས་མདོ་(མ་རྒྱུ་འབྲུངས་པར་གསུང་། ལོ་རྒྱུས་རྒྱ་ཆ་འདི་དག་ལས་སུས་ཀྱང་ཁོང་གི་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་བར་གྱི་འབྲེལ་བའི་སྐོར་སྟེང་མི་འདུག Ahmad (1970, 311-320)ཡིས་གོང་མ་ཁང་ཞི་ཡི་སྐུ་ཆབ་རྒྱུ་པོ་འཛིན་བྱས་ཡོད་དེ། 1696ལོར་དཔོན་གནས་རྒྱུ་པ་སྐྱེན་པ་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ཡིས་ཆེན་སྲིད་གཞུང་གི་འཕྲིན་ལིག་བསྐེལ་ཏེ་སྤྱད་ཏེ་མ་རྒྱུ་པར་འབྱོར་ཞེས་འགྲེལ་བཤད་བྱས་འདུག དེ་བས་མི་སྣ་འདི་ནི་ལོ་གཅིག་གི་སྤོངས་ལ་འདས་སྤོངས་སུ་གྱུར་པའི་དགའ་ལྷན་ཁྲི་པ་མིན་པར་སྤྱོད་བྱས།

² ཁོང་གི་འགྲེལ་བཞུད་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་དཔྱད་གཞིའི་རྒྱ་ཆའི་སྐོར་རྒྱལ་དབང་དང་པུཌ་ཆེན་སྐྱེ་མའི་ཡོན་པ་གཉིས་ཀྱི་རྒྱུ་མར་དང་ཆེན་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཟེན་ཐོ་(清史录 Qing shi lu)ལས་ཞིབ་རྒྱུ་གསལ། Ahmad (1970, 121-122, 158-162)ལ་འདོན་སྤྲོད།

སྐུ་པའི་མོ་རྒྱལ་ཤིག་ཏུ་1643ལོར་མེ་ཆེན་ཆེན་མོ་ལྷ་ཆེན་ཞིག་གི་མོ་གཙམ་ལྷ་པམར་འདུག་ཅེས་པ་འོད་
འདུག་ཏུ།

"(Bogda Sechen) Qaghanསྐུ་དངོས་སུ་ཕེབས་ཏེ་སྐུ་ཚབ་ལ་མངའ་ཞིང་གྲུས་ལུག་ལུལ།
དེ་ནས་ཁོང་གི་རྒྱལ་ས་མོ་ཁུ་ཏིན་ལ་སྐྱེལ་མ་བྱས། དེ་ནང་llaghughsan khutughtuཁོང་གི་བླ་མ་མཐོ་
ཤོས་སུ་བཀྲུན།"¹

1644ཁོར་ཆེན་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱིས་པདྨ་ལེན་པ་དང་པེ་ཅིང་བརྒྱུད་ཡོད་དུས། བོད་ཀྱི་ལོ་རྒྱུས་ཡིག་ཆ་
 ཞིག་ལྟར་ན། "རྒྱལ་སྤོང་པདྨ་ལེན་པའི་ཡོད་པ་འི་ཕྱིར་ཀྱིས། ཁོར་མས་ཁོར་རྒྱུད་གཤིག་མཆོད་དཔོན་དུ་བཀུར།"²
 ལོ་གནས་པདྨ་ལྷ་ཡུལ་ལྷ་ལ་པེ་ཅིང་དུ་ཁོང་ལ་ཆེད་དུ་བཞེངས་པའི་རྩ་ཁང་གཞིས་དང་། ཁོང་གི་བྲིམ་མི་ལ་
 གནོད་པའི་དཔོན་པ་ལོད་དང་དེའི་རྩ་ཁྲེ་བཅས་ལས་གསལ་ཁོར་ཤེས་³

སེ་ཆེད་ཆོས་རྒྱལ་ཆེད་དུ་བཞེངས་པའི་སྤྱ་ཁང་གཉིས་ནི་ད་ལྟ་པེ་ཅིང་གྲོང་ཁྱེར་གྱི་ཤོད་བརྒྱད་ནང་
བསྟན་གྱི་བྲག་རྟེན་གཙོ་བོའི་གསེབ་ཀྱི་གཉིས་ཡིན་ཏེ། དང་པོ་ནི་མཆོད་རྟེན་དཀར་པོ་(白塔)ཡིན། དེའི་འདབས་
ན་ཡོང་ཨཀར་དགོན་པ་(永安寺)ཆགས་ཡོད་པ་དེ་པེ་ཅིང་གི་ཕོ་བྲང་གི་ནང་ལོགས་སུ་ཡོད་པ་དང་། ད་ལྟ་པེ་ལུ་ཉེ་
(北海)འཁྱིལ་གྱི་ཁོངས་སུ་གནོགས། གཉིས་པ་ནི་གམེར་ཁང་(黄寺)ནི་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་ལྔ་པ་དང་བརྟུ་
གསུམ་པ་མཆོག་པེ་ཅིང་ལ་ཕོབས་དུས་བཞུགས་གནས་ཡིན་ལ། པའ་ཆེན་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་དུག་པའི་ཆོས་མཁའ་མའི་
བཞུགས་གནས་སུ་འདྲུང་གྱུར།

བདེན་པའི་ཁྱེད་ཀྱི་མཁུ་སྤྱོད་ཀྱི་བྱང་ཕྱོགས་སུ་ཆགས་ཡོད་པ། ད་ལྟ་ཀྱང་གོ་བོད་བརྒྱུད་མཐོ་རིམ་
 བར་བརྟན་སྒྲོལ་སྤྱོད་(中国藏语系高级佛学院)ཡོད་པ་དེ་ནི་པཌ་ཆེན་སྐུ་ཕྱེད་བརྟུ་བ་མཆོག་གིས་
 1987ལོར་བརྩམས།

¹ Schmidt (1961 [1829], 289-290; Ssanang Ssetsen [Sagang Sečen] (1990 [1662], 184-1855; Ahmad (1970, 121, 159).

² གནད་ཤོར་ཞབས་དྲུང་དཀོན་མཆོག་པལ་འཕེལ་(1982 [1865], 180) | ཁོང་དང་ཚིན་སྟོན་གཞུང་གི་མ་གྲུབ་བར་དུ་ཡོད་པའི་འབྲེལ་པ་དེ་1648ལོར་ཡང་གྱིས་ཡོད་དེ། "བསང་ཡུ་དང་རབ་འཇམ་ལ། དུད་དེ་ལས་གཞན་གླེ་མ་ཉི་ལྷ་ཅན་ལ་གྱི། རེ། (ལྷ་གྱི་དཀོན་པ་ནི་དེ་ལྷའི་པག་འཛམ་གྱིས་རྫོང་དུ་ཡོད།)ནས་ཐེབས་སྒྲུབས་" Deng (2003, 16).

3 དེམེལ་པ་འདི་དཔལ་ཅི་ཤོད་མའི་འབྲུག་པ་འག་གི་སྤྱད་དུ་(ཆེ་)ཆགས་ཡོད། དེམེལ་པ་འདིའི་གྲ་བ་ཆེན་གསལ་བཤད་པ་ལྟར་ན། མིང་པེ་ བོ་
ཅི་ལུ་ཡིས་གེ་ཡིས་བཟུ་ 皇་ཤོད་ཆེ་ཞེས་པའི་ཡི་གེའི་བྱིངས་(王)ཡི་ཤོད་ཆེ་ཡི་གེའི་བྱིངས་པས་ཤོཅ་པ་ཤོད། དེ་པས་ཤོད་མཁའ་ཕྱི་ཡིས་
དེམེལ་པ་འདི་ལ་འོགས་པ་མཛམས་དེ་ཁོ་དཔེས་དེམེལ་པ་འདི་ལ་བསྟེན་མཛོད་ལུས་ཡོད་པ་དེ་མཚོན་ཟུག།

པར་རིས་ཉེར་ལྟ་དང་ཉེར་དྲུག་པ། བེལ་ཏེ་སྤྱི་གླིང་གི་མཆོད་རྟེན་དཀར་པོ་དེའི་འདབས་གྱི་ཡོང་ཨན་དགོན་
པ(2006)།



པར་རིས་ཉེར་བརྒྱན་པ། གསེར་ཁང་གི་བཟོ་བཤོད་དང་པཎ་ཆེན་སྐུ་མའི་མཆོད་རྟེན(1994)།



པར་རིས་ཉེར་བརྒྱད་པ། གསར་བཞེངས་བྱས་མ་ཐག་པའི་བུ་ཇོའི་དགོན་པའི་མགོན་ཁང་།



ཨ་མདོའི་དགོན་པ་འདི་ལ་རྒྱབ་སྐྱོར་ཐོབ་དོན་གོང་མ་རྟོན་གྱི་ 顺治 ཡིས་སེ་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་ཀྱི་དབུ་
 ལྷའི་(灌顶国师)ཆོ་མཁ་དང་། གོང་མ་ནས་བཞེངས་པའི་དགེ་སླེལ་དགོན་པ་(敕建弘善寺)ཞེས་ཅི་པན་
 བརྒྱུ་རིས་ཅན་ཞིག་དང་། གོང་མ་རྟོན་གྱི་ཡིས་ཁོང་གི་ན་བཟའ་འགའ། བྱམ་ཕྱེད་བཅས་དགོན་པ་ལ་གནད་བར་
 འབྲེལ་བ་ཆེན་པོ་ཡོད།¹ གོང་ནས་སྐྱེད་བ་བཞེན་1695ལོར་གོང་མ་ཁང་ཞེ་ནས་ཀྱང་ཅི་པན་བརྒྱུ་རིས་ཅན་ཞིག་
 གསར་དུ་བཞེངས་པ་འཇམ་བསྐྱར་བཞེངས་བྱས་པའི་དགོན་པའི་འདུ་ཁང་གི་སྐོར་ལྷེད་ལ་ཕུལ། 1715ལོར་དགོན་པ་
 འདིས་སྐར་བཞེན་ཆེན་སྲིད་གཞུང་གི་ཕོ་བྲང་ལ་རྩས་པ་གལ་ཆེན་ཐོན་གྱིན་ཡོད་དེ། སྐབས་དེར། གོང་མ་ཁང་ཞེ་
 ཡིས་ལོ་ན་བཞེན་པའི་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེད་བཅུ་པ་ཉོང་རྩན་(红山)² དགོན་པར་གདན་འདྲན་ཞུས་ཏེ་ལྷ་ས་
 བདག་གིར་བཟུང་པའི་ལྷ་བཟང་ཉར་གྱི་གཞོན་འཆོལ་སེལ་ཞིང་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེད་བཅུ་པའི་གོ་གནས་བརྟན་
 སྲུང་བྱས། རྗེས་སུ་སྐབས་དེའི་ཆེན་སྲིད་གཞུང་གི་འཆིང་རྒྱལ་སྐོལ་བའི་མཆོ་སྩན་པོའི་སྐག་པོ་དག་གིས་གོས་
 གཞི་བཏོན་པ་ལྟར། ལོ་ན་གཞོན་པའི་རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེད་བཅུ་པ་དགོན་ལ་མངགས་པ་དང་ལྷ་སྲུང་ནན་མོ་བྱས།³

¹ 蒲文成 (1990, 27).

² དགོན་པ་དང་པོ་དེ་རི་བོ་དམར་པོ་(红石山)ཡི་འགམ་དུ་བཞེངས། (蒲文成 1990, 27).

³ Petech (1950, 18)དང་། 圣祖实录 (ch. 263, ff. 4b-5b)། ལྷུང་སྐྱོར་ལ་བའི་དོ་རྩེ་ཡི་1759རྒྱལ་དབང་སྐྱེད་
 བཅུ་པའི་རྩམ་ཐར་(f 24b)ལས་དྲངས།

དགོན་པ་འདིའི་ལྷ་ལྷེ་ཡི་རྒྱལ་སྤྱིར་དང་དགོན་པ་འདིས་གནས་དེ་ལ་ཐེབས་པའི་ཤྱགས་རྒྱུན་ལ་ཆ་
མཚན་ན། ཆེན་སྲིད་གཞུང་གི་ཕོ་བྲང་གིས་དགོན་པར་མོ་རེར་དངུལ་སྤང་500རེ་སྤྱིན་བཞིན་ཡོད་པ་ལས་གཞན།
པེ་(白) ཁྱིམ་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་ལག་ལོག་གི་དགོན་པ་འདི་ལ་དམིགས་གསལ་གྱི་ཆོས་སྲིད་རྒྱུད་འབྲེལ་གྱི་དབང་ཆ་བྱིན་ཏེ་
གཞི་རྒྱ་ཆེ་བའི་ས་ཁུལ་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱར་བྱས།¹ དཔེར་ན། ཆེན་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་སྐབས་སུ། དགོན་པ་འདི་ལ་དབུ་
ཁུལ་འཇལ་དགོས་པའི་བསང་རྩས་འབྲུ་རིགས་འདེབས་སའི་ས་ཁེང་(香粮地) ལྷ་ལྷེ་7,200ཙམ་ཡོད། གཙོ་བོ་
ད་ལྟའི་བཀའ་མ་ལོག་རྫོང་གི་བྱང་གི་ལྷེ་བར་གནས་པའི་ལུང་པའི་སྟོང་ཕྱོགས་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱར་བཞིན་ཡོད། ཐོན་
ཁུངས་འདི་དག་ལ་བརྟེན་ནས་དགོན་པ་ས་མཚན་ཉིད་གྲ་ཆང་བཞི་འཇུགས་སྐབས་བྱུང་ལ། གྲ་པ་500ཙམ་ལ་
འཕེལ། རྟོ་ཤར་(道光, 1821-1851) རྒྱལ་སྲིད་ཀྱི་རིང་ལ་གྲ་པ་200ཙམ་འདུག² ཡིན་ནའང་། རྒྱ་རབས་
བཅུ་དགུ་བའི་མཇུག་ཏུ་རྟོས་རིགས་ཁག་གི་འབངས་ཀྱིས་དུས་སུ་དགོན་པ་འདིར་གཏོར་བཞག་བྱེད་ས་
གཉིས་ལ་ཐེབས། 1895མོའི་མོ་མཇུག་ཏུ་དགོན་པ་འདི་ལུང་པའི་སྟོང་དུ་བསྐྱར་བཞེངས་མཛད། 1932མོར་
འདིར་དགེ་འདུན་པ་བཞི་བཅུ་ཙམ་འདུག དེ་ལྟ་ནའང་། རྒྱ་རབས་བཅུ་དགུ་པའི་མོ་རབས་ལྔ་བཅུ་བའི་ནང་གི་
ཞིབ་འཇུག་ལྟར་ན་དགོན་པ་འདིར་དགོན་ལག་གམ་རི་ཁྲོད་པའི་དཔེན་གནས་བདུན་ཙམ་འདུག་པ་དང་། གཞན་
དགོན་ལག་གཉིས་ཡོད་པ་ད་ལྟའི་དཔལ་ལུང་རྫོང་གི་མངའ་ཁོངས་སུ་ཡོད་(ཞོལ་ནས་སྤྱོད་ཡོད།) ། འདི་ཡིས་
དགོན་པ་གསར་བ་དེ་ཙོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་ཉག་ག་དང་ཐག་ཉེ་སར་བསྐྱར་བཞེངས་མཛད་དགོས་པའི་རྒྱ་མཚན་
ཅུང་ཙམ་རྟོགས་སྤུ། ལྷ་ལྷེ་འདི་དག་ནི་ད་ལྟའི་གཞུང་ལམ་ལས་སྤོར་རྒྱུ་ཀྱི་ཆེབས་རྟེན་ལ་བརྟེན་ནས་པན་རྒྱུན་
བར་འགྲོ་འོང་བྱེད་པ་དེ་ལྟབས་བདེ་བར་སྤྱང་།³

1 百家藏寺 ཞེས་པ་ནི་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་མིང་རྟེན་བཞིག་ཡིན་ལ། བོད་ཡིག་གི་བརྟེན་ཆ་དང་གྲིམ་ཚང་(house/family)'དང་འབྲེལ་
ཡོད་ལ། རྒྱ་ཡིག་གི་ 家 ཞེས་པ་དང་མང་དོན་གཅིག་ཡིན། 蒲文成 1990, 27ལ་སྟོས།

2 ལྷ་ལྷེ་དགོན་ལ་པལ་ཆེར་མང་གཞིའི་སྟོར་གྱི་མཚན་ཉིད་དང་རྒྱུད་པ་གྲ་ཆང་ཡོད་པ་མ་ཟད། འཚམ་བསྐྱབས་སའི་གྲ་ཆང་ཞིག་ཀྱང་ཡོད་
པར་འདོད་དེ། དགོན་པ་དེ་གཞི་གྲ་བ་དག་གིས་བཤད་པ་ལྟར་ན་སྟོན་ཆ་དགོན་པར་འཚམ་རྩེ་བའི་ཆོག་འཕྲིན་ལ་ཡོད་ཟེར།

3 年治海 དང་ 白更登 (1993, 98) ། ད་ལྟའི་དགོན་པ་འདི་ནི་མཚོ་ངོས་ལས་མཐོ་ཆད་སྤྱི་2,200ཡི་གནས་སུ་ཆགས་འདུག

པར་རིས་ཉེར་དགུ་པ། ལཱ་ཇོའི་དགོན་/རྟོང་བྱུང་དགོན་གྱི་དབང་འོག་ཏུ་གནས་པའི་དགོན་པའམ་རི་ཁྲོད་པའི་
པའི་གནས་བདུན།

	དུས་ ཚྭ།	བོད་ཡིག་གི་མིང་།	བྱུ་ཡིག་གི་མིང་།	ཕྱེ་བ།	རྫོང་།
1	1596	ཤེས་ཀྱ་དགོན།	铁家寺 ²	西果	民和(བཀའ་མ་ལོག)
			李家红滩		
2	1619	ལི་ཀྱ་རྟོང་བྱུང་དགོན།	(坟滩)	达拉	民和(བཀའ་མ་ལོག)
			寺		
3	1574	རྒྱ་མུན་དགོན་བཀྲ་ ཤེས་ཚས་སྒྲིང་།	甲吉寺	隆治	民和(བཀའ་མ་ལོག)
4	?	བུ་ཇོའི་རི་ཁྲོད།	火烧坡寺	东沟	民和(བཀའ་མ་ལོག)
5	1496	ལྷན་རྒྱ་དར་རྒྱས་རི་ ཁྲོད།	七里寺	吉鄯镇	民和(བཀའ་མ་ལོག)
6	1252	སེར་རྩིས་དགོན་ དགའ་ལྷན་ཚས་ འཕེལ་སྒྲིང་།	赛智寺 ³	金源	化隆(དཔལ་ལུང་)
7	1580	ཨ་མགོན་རི་ཁྲོད་(གོང་ གི་ཁོངས་སུ་ གནོགས།)	安关寺	除麻	化隆(དཔལ་ལུང་)

¹ ལོ་རྒྱུས་གནས་ཚུལ་ 蒲文成(1990, 27)དང་ 年治海, 白更登(1993, 98)ལ་རྒྱུ་བཅོལ་ཡོད།

² 朱永忠 ཡིས་རེའུ་མིག་འདིའི་ནང་གི་དགོན་པ་དང་དབུན་གནས་རི་ཁྲོད་དག་གི་རྒྱ་ཡིག་གི་མིང་འདོན་སྤྱོད་བྱས་པ་ལ་ལུགས་རྩི་ཆེ་ལྟ།

³ ལྷ་རྒྱལ་གྱིས་ 赛智寺, 安关寺, 除麻 བཅས་ལ་རྒྱ་ཡིག་གི་མིང་གི་དག་ཆ་ལུལ་བ་ལ་ལུགས་རྩི་ཆེ་ལྟ།

མེར་དྲིས་དགོན་དགའ་ལྷན་ཆོས་འཕེལ་སྤྱི་དག 赛支寺

པར་རིས་སྤུམ་བུ་པ། མེར་དྲིས་དགོན་པའི་ཁ་ནི་སྤྱི་ལས་འགའ་ཡི་མཚམས་ན་གནས་པའི་བཀའ་མ་ལོག་རྫོང་གི་
 སྤྱགས་སྤུམ་ལོར་ཡོད། དེར་རབས་ཀྱི་དུས་ཚོད་ལོར་ལོ་ཆེན་པོ་ཞིག་ལྷན་བྲང་(དུས་ལོར་ལྷན་པའི་སྤྱོད་ཤལ་)གི་སྤྱོད་
 སྤྱོད་ཡོད།



ཙང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་སྤྱོད་སྤྱོད་ཀྱི་བུ་རྫོང་དགོན་པའི་དགོན་ལག་ཞིག་སྤྱོད་ན། ད་ཆོས་ས་དབྱིབས་ཀྱི་དོས་
 ནས་བཤད་ན་ཉེན་ཁ་ཆེ་བ་ནི་སྤྱོད་མའི་དུས་ལས་ད་ལྟའི་དུས་ཡིན་པ་ཡང་བསྐྱར་གསལ་བོར་ཤེས་ཐུབ་སྟེ། གྲག་
 ཀྱི་གི་ལམ་འཕྲང་དུ་དྭགས་སྤྱོད་ཆེ་བའི་གནས་ཚུལ་ཏེ་ས་ཉུལ་བ་དང་། གྲང་རར་ཆེ་བ། ཆབ་རོམ་བཞུ་བ། དྲག་
 རྒྱུད་གཡུག་པ་སོགས་ལ་གདོང་གཏོང་པར་སྤྱོད་ལ་འདྲེན་རྒྱུ་དང་ལོར་བཟང་ཤོས་ཤིག་དང་དེ་དུས་རྒྱུན་གྱི་ཞིག་
 གསོ་སོགས་མཁོ། ཡིན་ནའང་སྤྱོད་མའི་དུས་སྤྱོད་ཀྱི་རང་བཤད་ལ་ཁ་བརྒྱུད་ནས་བསྐོད་པ་ཡིས་དགོན་པ་འདི་དག་གི་
 ལམ་ཐག་རྩེ་ཉེ་དུ་བཏང་ཡོད། སྤྱོད་4,000ཙམ་ཡོད་པའི་རི་རྒྱུད་ལས་བརྒལ་ན་བར་ཐག་ལ་སྤྱོད་ལ་བཙུ་ཙམ་མ་
 གཏོགས་མེད། ཡིན་ནའང་། དགོན་པ་དག་གི་བར་ཐག་སྤྱོད་ལེ་བརྒྱལ་སྤྱོད་ལས་བརྒལ་ཡོད་པའི་ད་ལྟའི་གཞུང་
 ལམ་ཐོག་ནས་རྒྱུད་ལོར་ལ་བསྐྱར་ན། ལམ་མི་བདེ་བས་ཉིན་ལམ་རིང་མོ་ཞིག་གི་དུས་ཚོད་དགོས། 2006ལོའི་
 ཟླ་དྲུག་པའི་ནང་དུང་རང་མེར་དྲིས་དགོན་པར་བྱིན་དུས། དགོང་ལོ་བརྒྱུད་ཅུ་གྲག་ཅིག་ཙམ་གྱི་ཨ་ལག་གསེར་ཁ་
 (日古，百日活佛)ཡིས་དུས་ལོར་ཆོ་ག་བསྐྱབས་ཆར་མ་ཐག་དེད། དས་ཟེགས་མ་རྒྱུན་ཆུས་ཤིང་
 འཕྲེད་ལ་སྤྱོད་གཉིས་ཙམ་ཡོད་པའི་དཀྱིལ་ལོར་ཞིག་བཞེངས་ཡོད་པ་མཐོང་། ལྷ་མས་ཆོ་ག་ཡི་ཆས་གོས་མཚབས་
 ཡོད་པའི་པར་འགའ་ལག་སོན་བྱུང་།

པར་རིས་སོ་གཅིག་པ། ཨ་ལག་གསེར་ཁས་ཆས་གོས་མནའས་ཡོད་པ།



པར་རིས་སོ་གཅིག་པ། དགྲིལ་འཁོར། 2006ལོའི་དབྱར་ཁ།



ཐེངས་འདིའི་ཆོ་ག་ལ་དང་ལྷན་མང་ཆོག་ས་30,000ནས་40,000ཙམ་ཞུགས་ཡོད་ཟེར་མོད། རྫོན་ཆད་ཀྱི་
 ཉམས་སྦྱང་དག་དང་བསྐྱར་ན། གངས་འཁོར་འདི་ལྟ་བུ་ནི་ལྷ་བཙུ་འབྱུར་གྱིས་རྫོག་འདོགས་བྱས་ཡོད་པ་འདྲ།
 ལྷལ་དུ་གནས་པའི་རི་ངོས་ཀྱི་གཞིས་སྤར་དག་དང་གད་སྐྱེགས་ཀྱི་མང་ཉུང་ལ་བལྟས་ན། ཕལ་ཆེར་མི་
 4,000ཙམ་ཆོ་ག་འདིར་ཞུགས་ཡོད་པར་འདོད། དགོན་པ་འདི་ནི་གོང་དུ་སྐྱེང་བའི་དགོན་ལྷན་དགོན་དང་འདྲ་

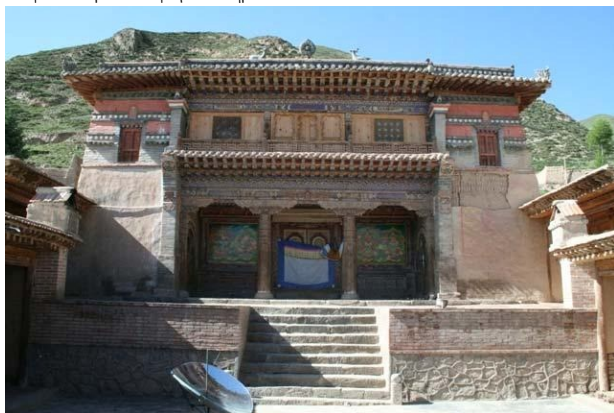
བར། 1667ལོར་མཆི་བ་སྐྱུ་ཕྱེད་དང་པོས་བཞེངས།¹ བུ་ཚོའི་དགོན་པའི་མེར་གཤམ་ཆོས་རྒྱལ་སྐུ་མཆི་བ་
གདན་དྲངས་རྒྱུ། དགོན་པ་འདི་ནི་དགེ་ལྷན་དགོན་པ་དང་འབྲུ་བར་1677ལོར་བཞེངས་པར་ཡང་བཤད། ལོ་
རྒྱུས་ཀྱི་འབྲེལ་བ་འདི་ཡི་དབང་གིས། དགོན་པ་འདི་ནི་བུ་ཚོའི་དགོན་པའི་ཁོངས་སུ་གཏོགས་ཤིང་མིང་ལ་བུ་ཚོའི་
དགོན་པའི་བུ་དགོན་དུ་འབོད། རོན་འདི་ཡིས་དགེ་ལྷན་དགོན་པ་ནི་བུ་ཚོའི་དགོན་པའི་ཁོངས་སུ་འདུས་ཐྱོད་བར་
སྟོན་ཐུབ་པ་སྟེ། དགོན་པ་འདི་ཡང་སྟོན་ཆད་སྐུ་མཆི་བས་བཞེངས། དེ་བས། རི་རྒྱུད་ཀྱི་བྱང་པོས་སུ་ཆགས་
པའི་དགོན་འདི་ཡིས་སྟོན་ཆད་ཅོད་པའི་རི་རྒྱུད་པོས་གཉིས་ཀྱི་ཤར་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་རི་ལུང་ལ་དབང་བསྐྱར་ཐྱོད་ཡོད་
པར་སྟུག། དུས་རབས་བཅུ་དྲུག་པའི་ལོ་རབས་བཞི་བཅུ་པའི་ནང་བུ་ཚོའི་དགོན་པར་གཏོར་བཤེག་ཐབས་པ་ནས་
བཟུང་མེར་བྲིས་དགོན་པ་ནི་རང་རྒྱ་ཐུབ་པ་ཅན་དུ་གྱུར། དགོན་པ་གཉིས་ཀྱི་བར་དུ་གཞུང་འབྲེལ་མ་ཡིན་པའི་
འབྲེལ་བ་རྒྱུན་བཞིན་བྱས་ཡོད།

རང་གི་མ་དགོན་སྟེ་མེར་བྲིས་དགོན་པ་དང་ཐག་ཉེ་ཞིང་ཐུབ་ཕྱོགས་སུ་ལུང་བ་འགའ་བཞུལ་བའི་
མཆོམས་སྟུ། ཨ་མཁོན་རི་ཁྲོད་ཆགས་ཡོད། རི་ཁྲོད་དགོན་པ་འདི་ཡང་བུ་ཚོའི་དགོན་དང་རྒྱུད་ཐག་རིང་བའི་བུ་
དགོན་ཞིག་ཡིན་ལ། ཆོན་རྒྱལ་རབས་ཀྱི་གོང་མ་ཐོང་གི་ཁྲིའོའི་དུས་མཇུག་ཏུ་སྐྱུ་ཕྱེད་བཞི་པ་སྟོ་བཟང་དར་རྒྱས་རྒྱ་
མཆོས་དགོན་པ་འདི་བཞེངས།²

¹ 谢军·关太才让(2005, 34)ལོ་སྟེ། བོད་ཀྱི་ནང་བསྐྱར་དཔེ་ཆོགས་ལྟ་གནས་ཀྱི་འཇུག་ཞུགས་P6449ལས་མཆོན་མིང་འདི་
དང་ལ་མཚུ་གྱི་བུ་སྟོ་བཟང་འོད་ཟེར་ཞེས་པ་འཁོད་འདུག མིང་གཞན་ལ་པུ་ཀུ་འུ་(Ba zhou/ Baijia)སྟེ་མ་དང་འཇུག་དབྱངས་ཆོས་
རྒྱུ་ཡང་འབོད་པ་དེ་ནི་སྟོ་བཟང་འོད་ཟེར་ 罗桑鄂色 སྐྱུ་ཕྱེད་དང་པོ་དང་གཅིག་མཚུངས་སུ་གྲུབ་འདུག (蒲文成 1990,
108-109ལོ་སྟེ།) 蒲文成 ཡིས་མཆི་བའི་སྐྱུ་ཕྱེད་རྒྱུས་མ་དག་རེ་ལེ་བཞེན་གྱིས་འདུག སྟེ་མ་མཆི་བས་བུ་ཚོའི་དགོན་ཀྱི་སྟེ་ཕྱོགས་
སུ་ཆེ་ལོ་དགོན་པ་ 七里寺 བཞེངས་ཞེས་ལག་ ལེ་དབར་བདུན་ 七里 ནང་གི་རྒྱ་མི་ཡོད་དོ་ཅོག་ནི་དགོན་སྟེ་དེ་ཡི་དང་ལྷན་པ་ཡིན་པ་
(蒲文成 1990, 29)ལོ་སྟེ། སྟེ་མ་འདི་ནི་གོང་ཏོང་ 贡东 ནས་ལེབས་པར་སྟོ་མ་འདུག དུ་ལམ་གྱིས་ཁྲ་སྟེ་དུ་ཆོགས་
<http://www.51ditu.com>སྟེ་ད་ནས་འཆོལ་ཐུབ་ཅིང་མིང་འདི་དང་འབྲེལ་བའི་བོད་ཡུལ་གྱི་ས་ཆ་ཡོད་དོ་ཅོག་ནི་ཁམས་ཕྱོགས་
ཀྱི་རི་བོ་དག་དང་འབྲེལ་འདུག བུ་ཚོའི་དགོན་པའི་གྲུབ་ཞིག་ལྟར་ན། ས་ཆེན་ཆོས་རྒྱལ་མིང་གཞན་ལ་མེར་གཤམ་(མིག་སྐད་དུ་སྟོ་གོས་
ཅན)ཆོས་རྒྱུས་ཞེས་ཀྱང་འབོད་པ་དེ་ནི་རྟོན་གྱི་འོད་ཟེར་མས་བསྐུལ་བ་ཞིག་རེད། རྒྱུ་སུ་མིང་འདི་དང་གཅིག་མཚུངས་ཡིན་པའི་སྐུ་མཆི་བ་
སྐྱུ་ཕྱེད་ཞིག་ས་ཆ་གཞན་ཞིག་ནས་ཀྱང་བྱུང་ཡོད་པ་འདྲ།

² 谢军·关太才让 (2005, 35)ལོ་སྟེ། (འདིར་Françoise Robinཡིས་བཞེངས་པ་པོ་དང་རྒྱ་ཆོས་ཀྱི་སྟོར་མ་ཁོ་སྟོད་
བྱས་པ་ལ་ཐུགས་རྒྱུ་ཆེ་ཞུ།)

པར་རིས་སྤུམ་ཅུ་མོ་གསུམ་པ། ཨ་མགོན་རིཁྱོད།



པར་རིས་སྤུམ་ཅུ་མོ་བཞེ་དང་མོ་ལྷ་པ། ཨ་མགོན་རིཁྱོད། བར་བྱམས་ཀྱི་ཀ་བ་གཙོ་བོའི་སྤྱིང་གི་བཀྲ་ཤིས་མཆོན་
རྟགས།



དུས་རབས་བཅུ་དྲུག་གི་མཚུགས་པའི་དབུ་ཕྱོད་འདི་ལོ་རྒྱུ་དཔར་སྤྲོད་བྱས་ཡོད་པའི་མོ་རྒྱུ་རྒྱ་ཆ་ཉ་ཅད་དཀོན། དེ་བཞེས་རྒྱ་ཆ་མཆོད་ནས་དུ་འདི་ལོ་རྒྱུ་ལོད་པ་དང་། གཞན་1990དང་1993ལོའི་ཨ་མདོའི་དགོན་སྡེ་རྫོང་གི་ཞིབ་འཇུག་དག་ལས་དགོན་པ་འདི་ནི་1958ལོར་རྩ་བ་ནས་གཏོར་བསྐྱོད་བྱས་ཞེས་འཁོད་ཡོད།¹ ཡིན་ནའང་། གནས་དེའི་གྲུ་པ་ཞིག་གི་གསལ་བཤད་དང་། ང་རང་ཉིད་ཀྱིས་རྟོགས་ཞིབ་བྱས་པ་ལྟར་ན། ཨ་མཐའ་ཡང་དགོན་པ་འདིའི་བཟོ་བཤའ་ཀྱི་ཆ་ཤས་གཙོ་བོ་སྟེ། བརྟམ་རིས་ཅན་གྱི་ག་བ་དག་1958ལོའི་དོན་རྒྱུ་དང་རིག་གསར་ལས་འགུལ་(1966-1976)བརྒྱུད་མཐར་ད་ལྟ་ཡང་མཐོང་རྒྱ་འདུག

མཚུགས་ཕྱོད་ཀྱི་ཕྱོགས་ལྗོངས་

ཅོང་ཁའི་རི་རྒྱུད་སྟོ་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་དགོན་སྡེ་དག་དང་བསྐྱར་ན་བྱུང་ངོས་ཀྱི་དགོན་སྡེ་རྒྱ་པ་ཐེ་ཉུང་དུ་ཕྱིན་ཡོད་པ་མང་གཞིའི་འཇུགས་སྐྱར་ཡང་རྩེ་སྐུ་ལུས་ཡོད། དེ་ལྟ་ནའང་། ལེན་རྩ་ཐེ་དགོན་པ་ནི་དམིགས་གསལ་གྱིས་གཞི་རྒྱ་ཅུང་ཆེ་བའི་བོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བསྐྱར་གྱི་ལྟ་སྡེ་དུ་དག་ལས་ལོགས་སྐུ་གནས་ཏེ་ཡོན་གར་བར་ཆགས་ཡོད། དགོན་སྡེ་གཞན་དག་གིས་དོན་དངོས་ཀྱི་བསྐྱར་གསོའི་རྣམ་པ་མངོན་ཡོད་མོད། ཐང་རིང་དང་བུ་ཐོང་འདི་དགོན་པར་མཆོན་ན་ལུས་དུ་བྱུང་བའི་མཆོན་ཉིད་གྲུ་ཆང་བསྐྱར་འཇུགས་བྱས་ཏེ་འཕེལ་རྒྱས་སྐུ་གཏོར་བ་ནི་དག་ལ་བའི་ཆོད་དུ་གནས། དེ་བས་ངོས་པར་སྐྱེ་འབྱས་དགོན་པར་དུ་སྐྱོབ་གཉེར་ལ་འགོ་བཙུག་ཡང་ན་དེ་ནས་སྐྱེ་མ་ཚུར་ལྷུ་དགོས། ཡིན་ནའང་། ལུས་དེའི་ལྟ་སྡེ་སོ་སོར་མཆོན་ན་དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་དག་ནི་རིག་གནས་དང་ཆོས་ལུགས་ཀྱི་སྟེ་བ་གཙོ་བོ་རུ་གྱུར་ཡོད་དེ། དཔེར་ན། རྩོ་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་དགོན་ལྷག་དགོན་པ་དང་། བྱང་ཕྱོགས་ཀྱི་རྩི་ཆ་དགོན་པས་དང་རབས་ཀྱི་ནང་བའི་སྐྱོབ་གསོའི་ཁོར་ལུག་ཁྲོད་དེ་བས་ཁེངས་ཏེ་འཕེལ་རྒྱས་ལ་འགོ་བཞེས་པའི་བོད་ཀྱི་མཐོ་རིམ་སྐྱོབ་གསོའི་སྟེ་བ་ཞིག་ཏུ་ཆགས་འདུག

ཞིབ་པ་ཅན་གྱི་ཉམས་ཞིབ་འདིའི་སྟེང་ཆེས་མཚུགས་ཕྱོགས་ཞིབ་ཀྱི་སྐོམ་ཆེན་བཞི་མདོར་དེལ་ན། དང་པོ། དགོན་སྡེ་གཙོ་བོ་འདི་དག་གི་གནས་ལུས་དག་ད་ལྟ་བོད་ཀྱི་ས་ཆར་ཕལ་ཆེར་ངོས་འཛིན་མི་བྱེད་པ་རེད། རྒྱ་མཆོན་ནི་ས་ཆ་འདི་དག་ནི་གྲུང་ལོའི་རྒྱལ་ནང་ལྟར་ན་བོད་རང་སྤྱོད་གི་ས་ཁུལ་ལ་ངོས་མི་འཛིན་ཞིང་། རྒྱལ་སྤྱིའི་ལྟར་ན་འབད་དེ་བཞེས་དུ་གནས། བོད་ཀྱི་ཤེས་ཡོན་པས་ས་ཆ་འདི་དག་བོད་ཀྱི་རིག་གཞུང་གི་ས་ཁུལ་ནང་དུ་འདུ་བར་བྱས་ཏེ་བོད་ཀྱི་རིག་གནས་ཆེ་ཤོས་ཀྱི་ཁོངས་གཏོགས་སུ་ངོས་འཛིན་བྱེད་མི་མོད། དོན་དངོས་སྟེང་། ས་ཁུལ་འདི་དག་བོད་ཀྱི་རིག་གནས་ཀྱི་གྲུབ་ཆ་གཙོ་བོ་ཞིག་ཏུ་ངོས་འཛིན་བྱས་མེད། གཉིས་པ། དགོན་གནས་འདི་དག་གི་

¹ 蒲文成(1990, 108)དང་། 年治海 ངང་ འཇེ་འཇེ་(1993, 72)ལ་སྟོན། ད་ལྟའི་ཆར་དགོན་སྡེ་འདི་ནི་རྩི་ཆ་དང་སྐྱེ་བྱུང་དགོན་ལ་འབྲེལ་བ་ཡོད།

བརྒྱུད་གསེའི་རྣམ་པ་ནི་ཏ་ཅང་མཁྱོད་ཀྱིས། གསུམ་པ། ང་ཚོས་དགོན་པ་འདི་དག་དང་དེའི་རྩ་ལྗོངས་ལ་རྒྱུས་ལོན་
བྱས་པ་ཏ་ཅང་ཅུང་། མཐུག་ཏུ་ཤོད་ཀྱི་མཐའ་མཚམས་སུ་གནས་པའི་དགོན་རྩེ་འདི་དག་གི། ཤོད་བརྒྱུད་ནང་བརྟན་
ལ་མཚོན་ན་མཐའ་མཚམས་མ་ཡིན་ཏེ། དོན་དངོས་སུ་ཨ་ཤེ་ལེ་ཡི་འགྲིལ་དང་བརྟན་ཤོད་བྱུང་ལྟར་ཁྱེད་ཀྱི་སྒྲུབ་གསོ་
དང་ཆབ་སྲིད་ཀྱི་རྩེ་བ་རེད།

བོད་ཡིག་གི་ཟུར་ལྟེ་རྒྱ་ཆ།

ཡུང་ལོའི་པོད་ཀྱི་ཤེས་རིག་ཞིབ་འཇུག་རྩེ་གནས་ཀྱི་ཆོས་ལུགས་མོ་རྒྱལ་ཞིབ་འཇུག་སེའི་དང་ཡུང་ལོ་པོད་བརྒྱད་
ནང་བརྟན་མཛེས་སྒྲོབ་མྱིང་པོད་བརྒྱད་ནང་བརྟན་ཞིབ་འཇུག་ཁང་། ཟླ་ཐོན་ཞིང་ཆེན་དཀར་
མངོས་ཁྲུལ་ཆོས་ལུགས་རུའུ། 1995 ཁམས་ཚུགས་དཀར་མངོས་ཁྲུལ་གྱི་དགོན་རྩེ་སོ་སེའི་མོ་རྒྱལ་
གསལ་བར་བཤད་པ་ནང་བརྟན་གསལ་བའི་མེ་མོང་ཞེས་བྱ་བ་བཞུགས་སོ། བམ་པོ་གསུམ་པ། ལྷ་ས།
ཡུང་ལོའི་པོད་ཀྱི་ཤེས་རིག་དཔེ་སྐྲུན་ཁང་།

གོ་ལུལ་གྲགས་པ་འབྲུང་གནས་དང་རྒྱལ་བོའི་བཟང་མཁས་སྲུང་རྒྱལ་ཚོ་(ཙོ་ལྷིག)། 1992 ཀངས་ཅན་མ་ལས་
ལྷ་བའི་མ་འོན་མེད་ལེན་ལྷུ། ཀན་སྲུང་མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྐྱན་ཁང་།

བཤད་སྒྲུབ་ཆུ་མཚོ། 1995 རྩོམ་དགོན་པའི་གདན་དབང་ཟིམ་དང་། མཚོ་སྒྲོན་མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྐྱེད་ཁང་།

གཤིང་ཏེག་ལྷོ་བཟང་མཁས་ལུང་རྒྱུ་མཚོ། 1982 [1881] ལྷ་འབྲུམ་གདན་དགས་ཟི་མིང་། མཚོ་ལྷན་མི་རིགས་
དཔེ་སྐྱུང་ཁང་།

གཤམ་པ་རྒྱལ་མཆོ། 1990 རྗེ་ཞུ་དམར་དགེ་འདུན་བཟུན་འདིན་རྒྱལ་མཆོ་འི་ནམ་ཐར། ཟེ་ལིང་། མཆོ་ལྡན་མི་རིགས་
དཔེ་རྒྱན་ཁང་།

དུང་དཀར་སློབ་ཐང་འཕྲིན་ལས། 2002 མ་ལས་དབང་དུང་དཀར་སློབ་ཐང་འཕྲིན་ལས་མཆོག་གིས་མཛད་
པའི་བོད་རིག་པའི་ཆེན་མཛད་ཆེན་མོ་ཤེས་བྱ་རབ་གསལ། བེ་ཅིང་། གུང་གོ་བོད་རིག་པའི་དཔེ་སྐྱུར་
ཁང།

རྒྱལ་པོ་ཆེ་འི་དཔལ་དཔང་ཆོས་ལྷན་ (ཆོས་སྒྲིག་པ།) 1990 གསུང་འབུམ་དྔར་ཆག་དཔེ་མིང་ཆ་ཆང་།
 ཞུ་སེར་བསྟན་པའི་སྒོན་མེ་རྩེ་ཙོང་ཁ་པ་ཆེན་པོས་གཙོས་སྟེས་ཆེན་དམ་པ་འི་མ་བྱུང་གི་གསུང་འབུམ་
 དྔར་ཆག་ཕྱོགས་གཅིག་ཏུ་བསྒྲིགས་པའི་དྲི་མེད་རྩེ་ཤེལ་གཙང་མའི་མེ་ལོང་། ལྷ་ས། བོད་ལྗོངས་མི་
 དམངས་དཔེ་སྐྱེད་ཁང་།

ཐག་དགོན་ཞབས་དུང་དགོན་མཆོག་བརྟན་པ་རབ་རྒྱས། 1987 [1865] མདོ་སྨད་ཆོས་ལུགས་(དེར་ཟེར་གྱི་
མཆོད་)། ཟི་ལིང་། མཆོད་ཕྱོད་མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྐྲུན་ཁང་།

བོད་ཀྱི་ནང་བསྟན་དཔེ་ཚོགས་ཁྲི་གནས། (TBRC): <http://www.tbrc.org>, 2008ལོའི་
ཟླ5ཚེས་30ཉིན་ཚུར་བླངས།

ལྷན་པོའི་མཁུ་སྒྲིལ་ལོ། 2004 གྲང་བདེན་ཞི་བདེ་བོད་པ་འི་འགྲོ་ས་སྒྲིལ་པེ་ཅིང་། མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྒྲིལ་ཁང་།
ཕྱི་ཁྱིད་སངས་རྒྱལ་རྒྱ་མཚོ། 1989 [1698] དག་པ་ལྷན་ཆོས་བླུང་བྱེད་ཅུ་མེད་ལོ། ཆོམ་སྒྲིག་པ། དེ་ཅིང་རྒྱལ་བོ་
པེ་ཅིང་། གྲུང་ཁོ་འི་བོད་ཀྱི་ཤེས་རིག་དཔེ་སྒྲིལ་ཁང་།

སྐབས། རྒྱ་ཡིག་གི་སྐབས་དྲུ་ཆེན་སྐབས། <http://www.51ditu.com>, 2010ལོའི་ལྷ་4ཆེས་15ལ་ཚུར་
བྱངས།

ཀྱུ་ཡིག་གི་ཐུར་སྟེ་ཀྱུ་ཆ།

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 ཁོངས་གཏོགས་ལྟེ་གནས་Weatherhead East Asianལ་བཀའ་བྲིན་ཞུ་འདོད་དེ། ལས་གཞི་དའི་ནང་དུ་དཔྱད་ཚུམ་འདིའི་ནང་
 བཀོད་པའི་པར་རིས་དག་བརྟན་ལེན་བྱེད་དུ་པར་ཆས་གཅིག་སྤྲུས་པའི་རིན་པོ་དཔལ་ Weatherhead East Asian ལྟེ་
 གནས་གྱིས་ང་རང་མཆོ་སྡོན་ས་ཆར་འབྲུལ་བཞུད་སྐབས་ཀྱི་འགྲོ་སོང་མཐའ་དག་འགན་ལ་བུངས། དེ་དང་ཆགས་ཅིག་ངས་འདིར་མིང་
 སྤྱིང་མེད་པའི་བསྐྱར་ཞིབ་པ་ཞིག་དང་། Françoise Robinཡིས་བཏོན་པའི་བསམ་འཆར། དེ་མིན་ཚུམ་སྤུ་གི་རྒྱུ་གི་རྣམས་རམ་གནང་
 མཁན་Kevin Stuartདང་Gerald Rocheགཉིས་བཅས་ལ་ཐུགས་རྒྱུ་ཆེ་ཞུའོ།

PERSPECTIVES

THE RDO RJE PHUR PA CEREMONY AT
MI NYAG RI KHUD MONASTERY

Bsod nams dbang phyug བསོད་ནམས་དབང་ཕུག་ (Yang Haiyu 杨海宇)

ABSTRACT

A description is given of the annual religious Rdo rje Phur pa ceremony in Ri khud (Riku) Monastery located in Bon po gshis (Pengbuxi) Township, Dar mdo (Kangding) City, Dkar mdzes (Ganzi) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Sichuan Province, PR China. The ceremony begins on the twenty-seventh day of the fifth month and ends on the fourteenth day of the sixth lunar month (Tibetan lunar calendar). The monastery's location and its history; ceremony characters, dance, and music; a comparison with two other nearby monasteries; and photographs are provided.

KEYWORDS

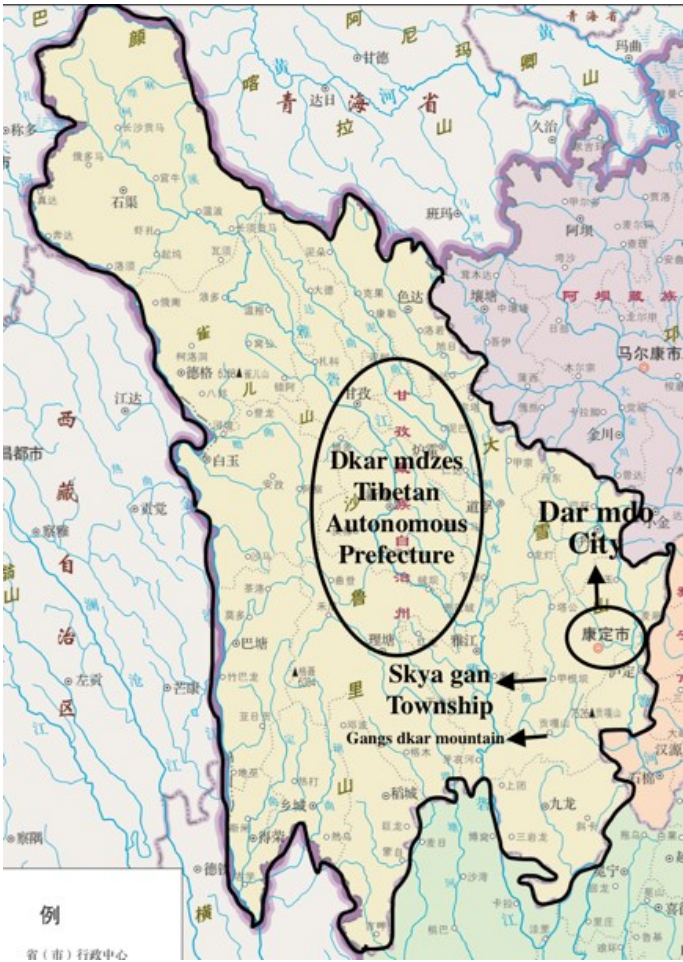
Dkar mdzes (Ganzi), Tibetan agricultural areas, Tibetan beliefs, Tibetan festive dress, Tibetan food, Tibetan religious ceremony

†Bsod nams dbang phyug (Yang Haiyu). The Rdo rje Phur pa Ceremony at Mi nyag Ri khud Monastery. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:173-216.

I would only believe in a god who knew how to dance.
--Friedrich Nietzsche¹

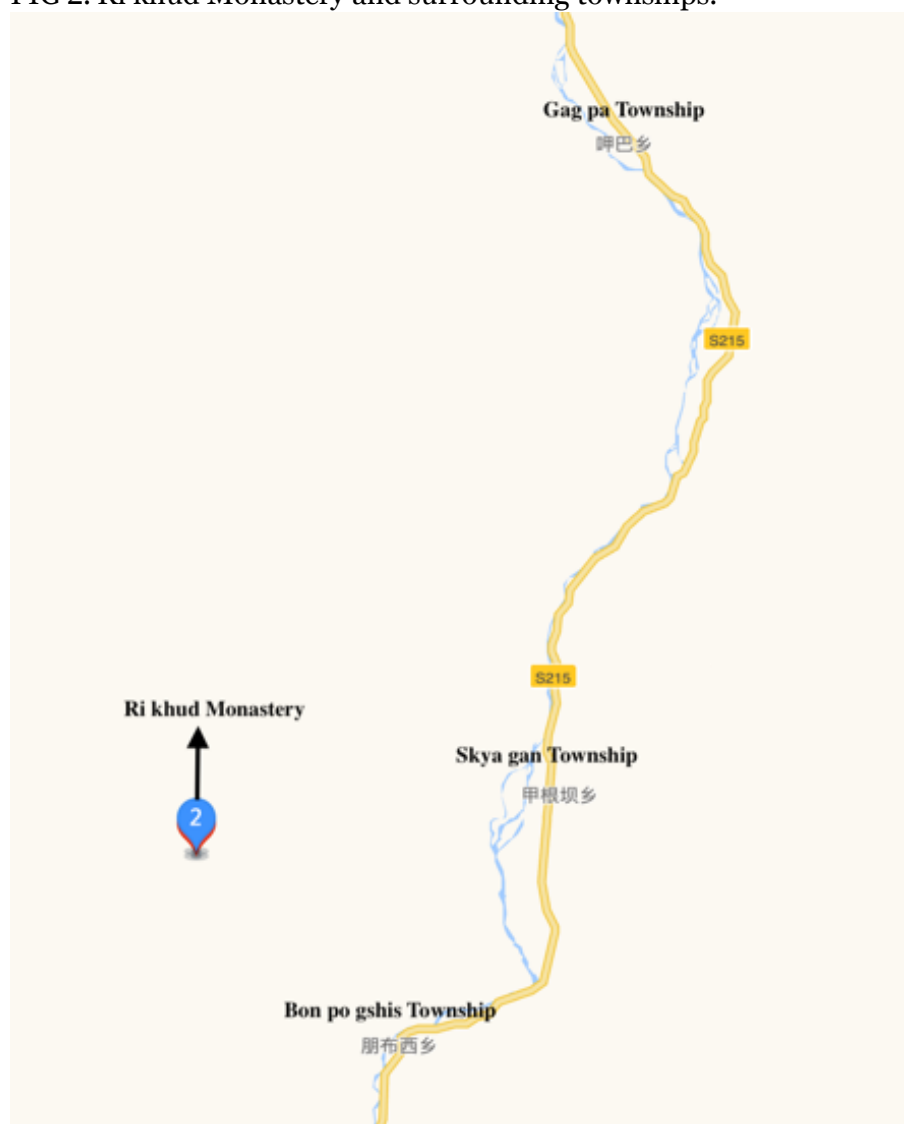
MAPS.

FIG 1. Dkar mdzes (Ganzi) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Sichuan Province.²



¹ Nietzsche (2006:29).
² Revised version of <https://bit.ly/2kpmmPX>, accessed 5 September 2019.

FIG 2. Ri khud Monastery and surrounding townships.¹



¹ Revised version of <https://bit.ly/2kpihey>, accessed 5 September 2019.

FIG 3. Ri khud Monastery.¹

INTRODUCTION

I² was born in the year 2000 in Dar mdo (Kangding) City, Dkar mdzes (Ganzi) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Sichuan Province, PR China. I have annually attended the Rdo rje phur pa ceremony for as long as I can remember. It is a reunion of friends and relatives, an opportunity to display fine clothing and jewelry, and an opportunity to strengthen religious belief by seeking help from the deities and preparing for their afterlife

¹ Revised version of <https://bit.ly/2kBNuuP>, accessed 9 September 2019.

² My official ethnic classification is Tibetan. My Chinese surname, Yang, is from my maternal grandfather, Yang Dongyuan (b. 1940), who is a Tibetan from Nyag chu (Yajiang) County, Dkar mdzes Prefecture. He enlisted in the army and later was assigned a job caring for horses that were used for transportation and mail delivery. His job was in Ra rnga kha (Xinduqiao) Township (in the contemporary Dar mdo City), which is a local commercial center and thirty-three kilometers from Skya gan (Jiagenba) Township. After he married my grandmother, Dpag mo (1944-2014), they settled in Skya gan Township.

I most recently attended on 13 August 2019. I have written this paper based on my experiences, and consultations with Bsod nams phun tshogs (b. 1978), the *dge bskos* 'discipline enforcer' of Ri khud (Riku) Monastery; Tshe dbang (b. 1979), former *sprul sku*¹ attendant for fifteen years; Dbang 'dus (b. 1952) a villager; and Dbang mo (b. 1967), a local, former shop owner.²

...

Two ritual guards wearing intimidating clothing and masks frightened me. This is my most powerful memory of attending the Phur pa³ ritual when I was six-years-old (2006). To entertain the audience, the guards picked on children, taking away their food and chasing them, which proved to be a good way to keep the children in line. My maternal grandmother, Dpag mo (1944-2014), held my hand, and introduced the main deities to me in a way that showed how much she venerated them, arousing my curiosity.

As I grew older, I realized locals valued the religious aspects of the ceremony, and also enjoyed meeting friends and relatives and renewing their relationships. For business people, it was a time to contribute to the monastery financially, which boosted their social standing. For example, if a young man's father contributed 50,000 RMB to the monastery, it signaled to locals that the donor and his family were wealthy and pious, and the young man was an ideal prospective groom.

After graduating from the Senior High School Affiliated to the Minzu University of China in Beijing,⁴ I returned to my home area and again participated in Phur pa and gained a new appreciation for the

¹ Literally 'apparitional body'. This term may refer to a bodhisattva who strives for the welfare of sentient beings. In 2018, the *sprul sku* of Ri khud Monastery was Chos kyi rgyal mtshan (b. 1944), who spent his early years in Skya gan. He now lives in Hainan Province and returns to Skya gan during key rituals.

² I used these resources for translation: Goldstein (2001), Lewis (2019), Tibetan App, Rangjung Yeshe Wiki, and Rigpa Wiki.

³ Also known as Rdo rje phur pa (Heruka Vajrakilaya) (<https://bit.ly/32ekjhV>, accessed 23 June 2019).

⁴ Formerly known as the Central University of Nationalities.

value of the ceremony and the music monks played with traditional instruments.

Phur pa is the biggest annual religious ritual in Skya gan Township, held from the twenty-seventh day of the fifth month and ending on the fourteenth day of the sixth month, according to the Tibetan lunar calendar.¹ Locals from the townships of Skya gan, Bon po gshis (Pengbuxi), Sa sde (Shade), Gag pa (Gaba), and Nyag chu rdzong la glu shis (Yajianggerqu) gather, dressed in their finest clothes and jewelry.

The ceremony consists of a small-scale event followed by a larger gathering. On the twenty-third day of the fifth month, monks return from visiting their families. Dbyar mchod chung ba² 'Small Summer Religious Ritual' begins on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth day of the fifth month and ends on the twenty-ninth day of the fifth month. Monks create a *dkyil 'khor* 'mandala' of *rdul tshon* 'paint powder' on the thirtieth day of the fifth month. Monks recite scriptures, beginning on the first day of the sixth month and ending on the fourteenth day of the sixth month.

The Dbyar mchod che ba³ 'Big Summer Ritual' begins on the eleventh day of the sixth month and ends on the thirteenth day of that month. The performance on the twelfth day is without masks while the one on the thirteenth day is with masks. The whole ceremony ends on the fourteenth day of the sixth month, at which time the mandala is destroyed.

¹ Skya gan villagers follow the calendar provided by the Bod ljongs sman rtsis khang in Lha sa.

² Also known as Stod las byang chub sgrub pa.

³ Also known as Mad las dgra gegs bdul ba.

SKYA GAN TOWNSHIP¹

Skya gan Township is located in the southwest of Kangding City, about ninety-four kilometers from the urban center of Kangding City. Surrounded by the Lhag rten, 'Gad mi rdo rje rgyal mtshan, 'A rdzu, and 'Ur zur rkyang mountains, locals live in a long valley that winds to Gangs dkar (Gongga) Mountain, the highest peak in Sichuan Province. The valley is at an average elevation of 3,200 meters above sea level.

Local villagers have cultivated highland barley, peas, and wheat for generations.² Cattle and swine are fed peas. Wheat, while less profitable than barley, is primarily cultivated as an important ingredient for Tibetan noodles, dumplings, and the bread that locals make for themselves. In 2018, highland barley sold for 2.6 RMB per half-kilo. Some families earned about 2,000 RMB from selling it to buyers who visit the village. Collecting and selling local mushrooms is also an important source of income.³ For example, in 2018, a family typically earned 5,000 to 6,000 RMB per season/annum from the sale of mushrooms at the local market.⁴

Locals spend much of their annual income on decorating their houses and purchasing vehicles. Villagers have title to land based on a

¹ Ri khud Monastery is located between Bon po gshis and Skya gan townships. It is currently under the administration of the Bon po gshis Monastery Administration Board. The majority of the Rdo rje Phur pa ceremony audience is from Skya gan Township.

² Harvest of barley and wheat was mechanized in 2019. Peas are still harvested by hand.

³ The names of mushrooms and the price (RMB) per kilo (2018) follow: *Tricholoma matsutake* (80-100), *thang shing sha mo* (20), *gla ba sha mo* (16-18), *su ru sha mo* (14-16), *'brug grags sha mo* (20), and *bya sgong sha mo* (20-24).

⁴ Sichuan Provincial Road S215 crosses Skya gan. The local township market is where the town and the road meet. Vans park near the road in summer, purchase mushrooms from the villagers, and sell them at a higher price in downtown Kangding City.

land division program in 1981 and 1982,¹ and informally buy and sell fields.²

Increasingly, young men leave the village to do construction labor or work as drivers. Some young women without a college education find employment as restaurant waitresses. Government jobs are highly valued. To qualify, two competitive written exams and an oral interview in Chinese are required.³ Whether a Tibetan exam is needed depends on the requirement of the job applied for.

LOCAL FESTIVALS

Skya gan County villagers celebrate Lo gsar 'Tibetan New Year' and Dbyar skyid in the sixth lunar month.⁴ During Dbyar skyid, locals pitch tents near their homes and spend about three days singing; enjoying dried yak meat, yogurt, fruit, and homemade highland barley liquor; playing cards; and dancing. The most important of all, however, is the religious ceremony dedicated to Rdo rje phur pa.

RI KHUD MONASTERY

Ri khud Monastery⁵ is surrounded by mountains in the west of Skya gan Township, twelve kilometers from the center of Skya gan

¹ The government divided land in some villages in 1981, and other villages in 1982.

² Land is legally registered under the name of a certain owner. However, in practice, land is often used by different people.

³ Government jobs are considered ideal because they are stable and provide pensions and medical insurance.

⁴ Dbyar skyid is not celebrated on a fixed date. The weather determines when villagers celebrate it.

⁵ According to the *dge bskos* of Ri khud Monastery, the present location was founded by Sbas don shes rab rgyal mtshan (1428-1507), and before moving to this location, Ri khud Monastery was a small monastery near 'Bum sgang Monastery. *Treasury of Lives* reports Ri khud was founded in 1240 (<https://bit.ly/2MnnNcI>, accessed 18 October 2019).

Township. Ri khud Monastery is the *ma dgon* 'mother monastery'¹ of twelve major monasteries in the Mi nyag area.² At one time, the number of *bu dgon* 'child monasteries' reached twenty-five. In 1925, the Ninth Gangs dkar bla ma, Karma bshad sgrub chos kyi seng ge, was invited to Ri khud Monastery where he started a school and taught for three years.³

Monks at this Sa skya monastery are primarily from local villages, and most are their families' youngest sons.⁴ However, other boys may also become monks, for example, a *mo pa* 'diviner' may advise frail boys,⁵ boys whose families have large, elaborately decorated shrines in their houses and once had renowned practitioners, and boys who express a keen interest in religion, to become monks.

More recently, however, parents increasingly send their children to government schools rather than to the local monastery for education. Parents want their children to have jobs that are seen as superior to farming and also feel that what is studied in a monastery does not prepare a child to succeed in society, e.g., obtaining coveted government employment. Also, for the last five years, the number of adult monks leaving the monkhood has been increasing in the Dar mdo area. However, only three monks left Ri khud Monastery in the last five years.

Local villagers own cabins⁶ around the monastery. When the monastery needs help, for example, with the construction of a new shrine or the repair of the local road, local villagers live in their cabins

¹ Historically, Ri khud Monastery had many talented monks and sent *slob dpon* and *mkhan po* to other monasteries.

² Ri khud Monastery's twelve child monasteries include Phyug mo dgon, Lha sgang dgon, Khams gsum grags dgon, Si hu dgon, Mdo stod dgon, Rigs lung khul dgon, Skyel tshal dgon, A ra dgon, Khu byug dgon, 'Bul khul dgon, Mi'u stod 'du ram dgon, and Mi'u smad 'jigs ra dgon.

³ Retrieved from <https://bit.ly/2ls1lnH> (accessed 10 September 2019).

⁴ The local tradition is for the youngest son of a family to become a monk, generally between the ages of four and fifteen.

⁵ Locals believe that sending boys to the monastery will result in less illness.

⁶ Two-story structures built of rock and wood, typically feature about seven rooms.

while providing labor for designated tasks. The monks' family members may also stay in cabins for a while, circumambulating the monastery daily, and cooking and cleaning the cabins for the monks who may also live in the cabins. Monks who study in the school stay in the monk quarters, each of which accommodates one or two monks. Monks who learn *cho ga phyag len* 'ritual traditions' live in the *sgrub grwa khang* 'place for retreat'.

This local account describes how a famous master of Ri khud Monastery, 'Gyur med chos kyi 'od zer (1885-1956), protected the monastery from bandits:

A big group of bandits from Li Thang (Litang) was looting in various communities. When they reached Skya gan, they heard that Ri khud Monastery had many treasures, so they headed there, shouting and howling, ready to steal the treasures. At this critical point, the monastery master went to a shrine and prayed to Bse khrab,¹ the *srung ma* 'protector' of our monastery who is famous for his courage and overwhelming power: "For the sake of saving many lives, I must kill a man who wants to rob and kill the monks and the villagers here. Please help me."

He next took out his pistol and aimed it at the arrogant bandit leader in front of the bandits. The panicked monks heard a shot ring out as the bandit leader fell from his horse, a hole through his heart. Now leaderless, the bandits fearfully fled.

Skya gan locals remain proud of that master and appreciate his protection.²

¹ Bsod nams phun tshogs, the *dge bskos* 'discipline enforcer' of Ri khud Monastery in 2019, told me Blo ldan shes rab brought this protector from India to Tibet.

² Told by Dbang 'dus (b. 1952), the brother of my aunt's husband. Childless and never married, he is devoted to religious activities and is well-known for his mild disposition.

STOD LAS BYANG CHUB SGRUB PA 'SMALL CEREMONY'

The three-day Stod las byang chub sgrub pa 'Small Ceremony' serves as a foundation¹ for the Big Ceremony. The Small Ceremony is held sixteen days before the Big Ceremony. During this period, the monks build a mandala about 1.5 meters in both length and width² with paint powder inside the *gtsug lag khang* 'main shrine of the monastery' to represent the *gzhal yas khang* 'divine mansion' of Rdo rje phur pa. While the ritual requires the monks to dance inside the mandala, it is too small to accommodate them all. At the same time, it would be inconvenient when holding other activities if a large mandala were built in the monastery yard. Consequently, the monks build the mandala inside the main monastery shrine and dance in the monastery yard.³

A difference between the big and small ceremonies is the absence of masks during the latter ceremony, which explains the smaller audience. Masks attract a larger audience. Aspects of the religious dances are said to be inherited from Padmasambhava (Slob dpon pad ma 'byung gnas). Before building Bsam yas, the first monastery in Tibet, he performed rituals to identify the best location for Bsam yas. Each time he finished building a shrine, demons or deities destroyed it before the next morning. Eventually, after doing Rdo rje phur pa rituals, he succeeded in completing the monastery. The memory of this process is enacted in the Small Ceremony. Other aspects of the Small Ceremony are attributed to Padmasambhava's student, 'Khon klu'i dbang po, a member of the royal family of the Sa skya Sect.

¹ The two ceremonies are closely connected. The mandala built during the small ceremony represents the palace of Rdo rje phur pa, and the whole ceremony is symbolically held inside it. Dbyar mchod chung ba supports Dbyar mchod che ba in the same way a foundation supports a house.

² The size of the mandala is not fixed. It can be adjusted.

³ The monastery has only one yard which is used for major events, for example, the religious ceremony dedicated to Rdo rje phur pa.

During an interlude, the *sprul sku*, *mkhan po*,¹ and *phur sgrub ba*² recite scriptures³ from the first day of the sixth month until the fourteenth day of the sixth month from eight AM to twelve-thirty PM and invite the protectors⁴ of Rdo rje phur pa's followers. Next, the monks offer food made of butter and wheat to the protectors and praise them. This is followed by the *rjes chog* 'concluding part of a ritual' and *bsngo ba* 'sharing one's merits with all beings'.

SMAD LAS DGRA GEGS BDUL BA 'BIG CEREMONY'

On the first day of the Big Ceremony, the locals get up early and put on their best apparel. Lights of houses in the valley vividly appear. Girls apply lipstick and make-up and put on the gold necklaces their parents have provided. Boys wear 'cool' sunglasses and adorn themselves with gold rings decorated with turquoise or coral, belt buckles made of gold or silver, and gold or coral necklaces. Aside from enjoying the monk dances, the audience also appreciates the good looks of the young people. Comments about the clothing, adornments, and who looks the best, are freely exchanged.

While the youths are getting dressed, their parents prepare food for lunch,⁵ such as potato dumplings,⁶ beef dumplings, dried yak

¹ *Mkhan po* is a title for one who has completed the major course of studies of about ten years' duration of the traditional branches of Buddhist philosophy, logic, Vinaya, and so forth. This term may also refer to the abbot of a monastery. The differences between *mkhan po* of the monastery and the *mkhan po* of the school at Ri khud Monastery are described later.

² Monks who have completed all courses in the monastery, including courses on Rdo rje phur pa. Only *phur sgrub ba* are qualified to be dancers. There are about forty *phur sgrub ba* in the monastery.

³ *Phur pa bdag bskyed*, *Bum pa*, and *Dbang bskur*.

⁴ Mgon po, Lha mo, Dpal mgon zhal, Dur khrod, Las mgon sde lnga, Dkar mo, Bdud rgyal, Phur srung, Rnam sras, Kye rdo, Bde mchog, Rtse'u dmar po, Dmag zor rgyal mo, and Bse khrab.

⁵ Since the monastery is far from their homes, the audience has lunch in the monastery yard. Some might go to their cabins.

⁶ Potato dumplings are stuffed with mashed potatoes.

meat, butter, yogurt, and cheese. People prepare generous amounts of food to share with friends, relatives, and neighbors, which epitomizes local hospitality.

MUSIC¹

Music plays an integral role in the ceremony and includes gongs, drums, conches, *rgya gling* 'suona horns',² and *rag dung* 'long brass trumpets'. The *sbug chal* 'gong' and *nga* 'drum'³ compliment each other. One has a high tone, and the other produces a low sound, a combination that encourages the dancers' harmonious movements.

The long, brass trumpets, are placed on stone steps higher than the crowd so they can be heard throughout the yard. These trumpets make three types of sounds. One is a low, vibrant *d+hi* sound that guides the dancers' steps. It is also used before a figure appears, creating a solemn atmosphere. The second sound is a long, low *oM*, mainly used when dancers make slow body movements. The third type is both vibrant and high-pitched. Two monks play these trumpets. One makes a falling tone, and the other then makes a rising tone. This sound gives me a feeling of horror. It gives audience chills and thrills, and local males yell along with it. Trumpets are primarily sounded when a figure appears, providing a religious atmosphere for the dance. Every time I hear this sound, I feel a primitive impulse boiling in my blood, and express it by yelling along with the crowd.

Two types of suona horns are used in the ceremony. One makes a high-pitched, incessant twirling melody. This helps believers recognize the figures in the ceremony later, after their deaths, so that

¹ Music instruments are only used on the last day of the Small Ceremony while they are played all three days of the Big Ceremony.

² *Rgya gling* literally translates as 'extensive land', which refers to the characteristics of the instrument's sound. [This explanation was given by Tshe dbang, who was a monk participant in the ritual and an attendant to the *sprul sku* of the monastery as mentioned earlier.]

³ Double-headed drum. When playing, a monk holds the handle with one hand and beats the drum with the other hand. See FIG 16.

they will be led to the Zhing khams 'Buddha Field',¹ which they have prayed for during their lifetime.² Hearing this sound helps believers experience afterlife grief and sorrow³ and form more profound memories of the masks.

THE BEGINNING

By about nine AM, most of the audience has arrived and finds seating in the yard, which might be a chair that they have brought, a stone, or a piece of wood.

Audience members wear Tibetan robes in fear of being fined fifty RMB (2018).⁴ The crowd forms a semi-circle to create a performance space. The *sprul sku* sits on an elevated seat inside the circle, with one attendant holding a large *gdugs*⁵ parasol above him.

In 2019, the ceremony started at about ten AM with the monastery *mkhan po* (Nor bu dbang chen, b. 1967), welcoming the arrival of the *sprul sku* and the audience. He summarized the work of the last year such as the construction of new shrines and acknowledged those who contributed to the monastery. He also mentioned ongoing problems of deforestation, gambling, and family-based problems such as the declining use of the Tibetan language and parents spoiling children. In 2017, for example, the *mkhan po* ridiculed parents who forced their children to call them "father" and "mother" in Chinese.

Offerings followed this. Local families who made offerings to the monastery of cash, tea leaves, or butter were named over the

¹ Holy realm inhabited entirely by Arya Bodhisattvas.

² Tshe dbang explained that, during Bar do, a person's spirit sees the projection of his own heart. For example, a man full of desire and arrogance sees horrible images of animal-like demons. If a spirit recalls images from the Phur pa ceremony, he will not be terrified by their appearance and trusts them so they can lead them to the Buddha Field.

³ Tshe dbang explained that during Bar do, the spirit has no control over itself and does not know if its alive or dead. It is like an endless dream.

⁴ Only one or two people have been fined in recent years, which the audience finds entertaining.

⁵ A special parasol for a high-level practitioner. The attendant turns the parasol clockwise.

loudspeakers. Once called, a family male¹ representative walked through the center of the yard, holding a piece of stiff paper on which their contributions were written. They received a white *kha btags* 'ceremonial strip of silk' from the *sprul sku*, which was considered an honor. Offerings increased on average, from 1,842 RMB per family (2008) to 2,206 RMB (2018). Similarly, the number of donors increased from 190 (2008) to 290 (2018). Additionally, Chinese students of the *sprul sku* and *mkhan po* made donations.

After the offerings have been made, monks begin reciting scriptures in a low, hoarse, drawn-out tone through the loudspeaker. Other monks begin sounding drums in accord with the vocal rhythms. Slowly, trumpets sound *d+hi*, creating a solemn atmosphere. Each time a dancer (all male) appears, men yell in welcome.² Dancers³ with frightening animal head masks perform exaggerated actions such as arrogantly looking into the sky or shaking their shoulders in response to the crowd's cheers. The animals are Rdo rje phur pa's '*khos bcas* 'family and friends', including bats, lions, tigers, and leopards. Six deities present themselves before lunch. I now introduce two.

KENG RUS AND LING+GA

There are two *keng rus* 'white skeletons with skull crowns', who are greatly respected. *Keng rus* rule the charnel grounds and are not Rdo rje phur pa's family members. *Keng rus* appear after death, dancing in the same way as in the ceremony, guiding their followers' spirits to places according to the followers' karma. Otherwise, the spirits will eternally roam in the Bar do. Locals especially honor them, offering white *kha btags* when they appear, which other deities are not offered.

¹ In 2018, only one female representative of her family walked through the center of the yard.

² Locals generally think women should speak softly and gently, consequently, women do not yell at the ceremony.

³ The monk dancers have completed all courses in the monastery, including courses on Rdo rje phur pa. Seven or eight years are needed to complete all the courses. Thirty-two dancers are needed during Dbyar mchod che ba.

Some elders may prostrate to them in the wish that the *keng rus* will lead them to the Buddha Field after death.

In the yard center there is a human-like figure, the *ling+ga*, made of the fresh flesh of a yak that died from hail or a lightning strike sealed inside yak hide or pieces of cloth. Tshe dbang told me a story explaining the performance with the *ling+ga*:

In the Sa skya tradition, the figure represents a governor in the Sa skya area long ago who hindered the development of Buddhism. A great practitioner who lived near this area heard about this and sent *keng rus* to deal with the situation. The *keng rus* took away the governor's spirit, tied it to a string, and danced back to the practitioner's cave to offer it to him. As a result, the governor died.

The dancers perform this story. They tie the figure to the middle of a string, each performer holds one end, and they swing the string together.

SHA BA 'DEER'

Sha ba, also called Mgon po dkar po (Mahākāla), is a highly respected protector in the early tradition of the Bka' brgyud Sect. Later, he was added to the ceremony in gratitude. People have great affection for *sha ba*. During his performance, the crowd stops chatting to enjoy his dance. The monks who play the *sha ba* role are very good looking. Of all the figures, his clothing is brightest, and his dance is considered to be the most graceful. He wears a black apron and a silver robe with colorful sleeves. His antlers are decorated with brightly colored silk. Soon after appearing, he leaps back and forth and circles, kneels on a prepared mat, moves his body to the music, and bends his waist to one side while gracefully waving his hands to the sky. He takes a knife from under the mat and brandishes it in front of him. He bends clockwise and counterclockwise to trumpet music before eventually exiting.

The second part starts at about three PM the same day. All figures, including those who performed in the morning except for the

keng rus, appear one by one and form a rotating circle. I describe two more of these characters below.

PHA WANG 'BAT'

There are two bats - a fake one and a real bat. The real *pha wang* wears a black mask and the fake one wears a brown mask. When the real bat appears, the audience is terrified because he runs through the crowd jumping, leaving the well-dressed audience in a dither, but no one gets angry because it is the tradition of the ceremony. It is considered to be good luck to be stepped on by the real bat, although it is not what people want. Complicating the situation is the fact that most people are unable to immediately distinguish the fake from the real bat. The fake bat's job is to attract the audience's attention. You may be staring at one bat that suddenly runs down the steps of *gtsug lag khang* when the other bat appears and treads on you before you can escape. Smartly-dressed audience members are terrified and try to escape, adding to the entertainment.

THE DOGS

Six dancers wear dog masks. Four appeared in the morning. The dogs performed by the *mkhan po* and *slob dpon*¹ of the monastery come out last in the afternoon. A dog is one of the manifestations of Rdo rje phur pa.² The *mkhan po* and *slob dpon* of the monastery recite scriptures in

¹ To become the monastery *mkhan po*, one must first be *dge bskos* and go into retreat in Ri khrod for one year and next manage the *srung ma khang* 'the shrine of the protectors' for another year. After becoming the *slob dpon* of the monastery, he becomes the *mkhan po* of the monastery. The *mkhan po* is replaced every three years. The current *mkhan po* of the school is a scholar who spent fifteen years at Rdzong gsar Monastery in Sde dge. The school *mkhan po* changes every seven or eight years.

² The dog mask that the *mkhan po* of the monastery wears was made by the thirty-fourth Sa skya khri'dzin, Rdo rje rin chen (1819-1867), who gave it to Ri khud Monastery. With a history of more than two centuries, the mask is said to have once spoken.

the center of the yard.¹ When they stop, they cut the *ling+ga* into pieces. All the figures gather in the center to get a piece of the *ling+ga* with meat and blood inside. Then they dance back to the steps of the *gtsug lag khang*. The *mkhan po* goes first and is followed by the *slob dpon*. The others return to the *gtsug lag khang* according to the order in which they appeared. Two figures are required to exit each time, with the exception of the *mkhan po*, *slob dpon*, and '*cham mjug ba* 'the last dancer'. '*Cham mjug ba* wears a dog mask. The exit of '*cham mjug ba* signals the end of the dancing.

CEREMONY CONCLUSION

On the fourteenth day of the sixth month, the last day of the big ceremony, the mandala built during Dbyar mchod chung ba is demolished by the monastery *slob dpon*, who removes the marks made during its creation. This is followed by Bsngo ba smon lam 'Dedication of Merit and Prayers of Aspiration' while throwing flowers and rice to the mandala, which symbolize the walls and pillars of Dro rje phur pa's palace, which all belong to the naga. The paint powder that comprised the mandala must also be returned to the naga. The paint powder is placed in a *ting phor* 'water container', which the monks in the *phur sgrub khang*, the *slob don*, and *mkhan po* take to the *rdul tshon chu mig*, about 500 meters west of Ri khud Monastery. Here it is poured into a spring in order to transfer it to the world of the naga. A ritual is then performed to avoid harm from the naga. This marks the end of the Rdo rje phur pa ceremony.

¹ This is known as Dgug gzhus.

COMPARISONS

I now compare the Rdo rje Phur pa ceremony to a summer ritual held at Lha mo rtse¹ and Dka' bzhi monasteries.² Lha mo rtse Monastery is located in the urban area of Kangding City and the summer ritual is held between the eighth and tenth days of the fourth lunar month. Dka' bzhi Monastery, located in Kangding City near the border of Nyag chu County, holds a similar ritual between the first and tenth days of the sixth lunar month. In terms of donor names, only Ri khud announces the names over loudspeakers. Also, only Ri khud has strict requirements about the clothes of the audience and is the only one of the three monasteries to fine those who do not wear Tibetan robes.

It should also be noted that masked dancing in dedication to Bse khrab takes place on the twenty-ninth day of the twelfth lunar month. Donations are not collected during this time, and the mostly-male audience is smaller and dressed more plainly than during the Rdo rje phur pa ceremony.

¹ Formerly built on Paoma Mount in 867 and named Lha mo rtse by Sangs rgyas zhing chen, it later became a Bka' gdams monastery. Destroyed by a Mongol force in 1639, it was rebuilt by Byang chub lhun grub in 1646 on 'Brug sgang Hill, located 2.5 kilometers south of the urban area of Kangding City. It later followed the Dge lugs Sect in keeping with the fifth Dalai Lama's instructions. Still later, the title Nanwu Monastery was bestowed by Emperor Qian Long (1711-1799). (Accessed in 2019, from a brief history of Lha mo rtse dga' ldan'gro phan gling Monastery engraved on a stone tablet set in the monastery wall.)

² Located on Dka' bzhi Monastery Mount and founded by Dka' bzhi ba rig pa'i seng ge in 1356, it was destroyed during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976). In 1988, restoration was led by Blo bzang nor bu. Because of the poor conditions on Gao'ersi Mountain, the *sprul sku* of Dka' bzhi Monastery, Pad ma chos 'phel (b. 1977), relocated the monastery *bshad grwa* 'school' to Ra rnga kha Township. (This information is from a document sent to me by the *mkhan po* of Dka' bzhi Monastery and from <https://bit.ly/33uKdi2>, accessed 10 October 2019.)

DISCUSSION

The Rdo rje phur pa ceremony is an annual meeting of the surrounding townships including Skya gan (Jiagenba), Bon po gshis (Pengbuxi), Sa sde (Shade), Gag pa (Gaba), and Nyag chu rdzong la glu shis (Yajiangnerqu). Such harmful actions as excessive-mining, illegal logging,¹ and gambling are mentioned and criticized by the *mkhan po*. The ceremony brings villagers together and increases cohesion within the townships.

Also, due to high adult illiteracy in Skya gan (around seventy-five percent), there are problems in reading and learning about Buddhism, so for many locals, the ceremony in dedication to Rdo rje phur pa is their way of learning about this religious experience, with the dancing monks understood to be true divinities. Devotees try to remember the features of the masks as clearly as possible so that they can follow them and not be lost after death in Bar do.²

For youth, the ceremony is an opportunity to learn more about Buddhism and local traditions and customs. The dances impress them deeply and help develop Skya gan identity.

It is also a time for the monastery to receive donations from locals to cover the costs of supporting the monks, who are excused from their lessons during the ceremony.

Aside from its importance to the community and the monastery, the religious ceremony is a visual and sound feast that fascinates me no matter how many times I attend.

¹ While the monastery's call to stop gambling, mining, and illegal logging is somewhat effective, government prohibition of these activities has contributed to a decline in such activities.

² I asked Kun dga' bkra shis (b. 1960) about the deities and if he thought the deities one sees in Bar do are projections of one's own heart. He replied that *keng rus* require the most attention and reverence because they guide you in the charnel ground. He added that he had never heard that the deities, all of whom he reveres, are projections of his own heart. This is somewhat at odds with what Tshe dbang told me, i.e., that whatever you meet in the Bar do - demons or deities - are all projections of yourself.

Ri khud Monastery has made significant changes in the secularization of the religious ceremony, e.g., in 2019, nearly 300 donors were individually introduced. This tedious process took about two hours. A more time-efficient method of recognizing donors would be beneficial.

However, the growth in attendance and participation has brought challenges. Tourist numbers have increased. Roads to and from the monastery are too narrow for the numbers that now attend. Sometimes it takes about forty minutes to cover the twelve kilometers between the monastery and the Skya gan Township Center. The litter thrown about carelessly by the crowd attending the ritual is a blight on the picturesque scenery, disappointing visitors, and hindering the development of local tourism. Furthermore, some Chinese tourists walk about unrestrained in the monastery yard, taking photographs. This has interrupted the ceremony, detracted from the religious atmosphere, and disappointed the local audience because it seems the tourists are receiving special treatment. Tourists who attend the ceremony should be informed of what is off-limits and should be assigned a specific area where their presence will not be disruptive.

Although the religious ceremony is an important part of villagers' lives, it has layers of meaning that many are unaware of, for example, what the *ling+ga* and dog mask represent. The monastery might consider teaching locals about the meaning of the ceremony. The locals might then become more respectful, for example, upon learning that the dog mask has a history over two centuries and once spoke.

With the continuing improvement of better telecommunication networks and phone apps like TikTok (a global video community) and Arena of Valor,¹ those born after 2005 have access to a wide variety of online information beyond the control of their illiterate parents who do not understand what their children are accessing nor how to control the sources of these sources of information. This generation is keenly

¹ Online battle game by Tencent (for more, see <https://bit.ly/2IropOh>, accessed 3 September 2019). Many local children are addicted to playing this game and spend their allowance on it without their parents' knowledge.

interested in such clothing brands as Nike and AJ, and digital devices such as smart phones and Apple Watch.

The value and importance of traditional culture, such as the ritual discussed in this paper, is not taught by teachers in school. If this culture is to be retained and practiced children must be provided with more information about the Phur pa ceremony, and encouraged to participate.

PHOTOGRAPHS

FIGS 1 & 2. Skya gan Valley (May 2017, Mkhas grub nor bu).





FIG 3. Reflections of local houses (2017, Mkhas grub nor bu).



FIG 4. Ri khud Monastery in winter (2018, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 5. Old shrines (2018, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 6. Dbyar mchod chung ba (2016, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 7. (Left to right) Zla ba grags pa (*mkhan po* of the school), Chos kyi rgyal mtshan (*sprul sku* of Ri khud Monastery), and Blo bzang tshering (2016, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 8. *Sprul sku* under the *gdugs* (2015, Bsod nams dbang phyug).



FIG 9. The *mkhan po* of the monastery and *slob dpon* appear in the center of the yard before *Dbyar mchod che ba* begins (2015, Bsod nams dbang phyug).



FIG 10. Mkhan po Nor bu dbang chen welcomes the audience (2016, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 11. *Keng rus*, rulers of the charnel ground, dance with slow movements (2015, Bsod nams dbang phyug).



FIG 12. Keng rus dancing in the newly-built yard. The new shrine behind was under construction (2017, Bsod nams dbang phyug).



FIG 13. The antelope dances (2019, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 14. The great master, Ngag dbang rdo rje rin chen, gave the dog mask to Ri khud Monastery 200 years ago. The dog mask is said to have once spoken (2019, Nor bu dbang chen).



FIG 15. The antelope. Local children mimic this movement during Lo gsar as a way of entertainment (2019, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 16. Monks play *sbug chal* and *rnga* (2016, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 17. Monks visit the school to meet the *sprul sku*, Chos kyi rgyal mtshan (2016, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 18. *Dge bskos* of the monastery, Phun tshogs (red hat), reappears after lunch, followed by the *sprul sku* and his attendants. The long, brass trumpets set on the steps are *rag dung* (2019, Bsod nams dbang phyug).



FIG 19. All figures dance in a circle (2016, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 20. Tshe dbang (right, red hat) blowing *rgya gling* (2019, Bsod nams dbang phyug).



FIG 21. Girls (lower center) with coral necklaces and coral earrings decorated with gold (2016, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 22. Umbrellas under a hot sun (2016, Rgya mtsho).



FIG 23. Haphazard parking in front of the Ri khud Monastery gate (2019, Bsod nams dbang phyug).



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'a rdzu འ་རྩུ།

'brug grags sha mo འབྲུག་གྲགས་ཤམོ།

'brug sgang འབྲུག་སྐང་།

'bul khul dgon འབུལ་ཁུལ་དགོན།

'bum sgang འབུམ་སྐང་།

'cham mjug ba འཇམ་མཇུག་བ།

'gad mi rdo rje rgyal mtshan འགད་མི་རྡོ་རྗེ་རྒྱལ་མཚན།

'gag pa འགག་པ།

'gyur med chos kyi 'od zer འགྱུར་མེད་ཆོས་ཀྱི་འོད་ཟེར།

'khon klu'i dbang po འཁོན་ལྷུ་འི་དབང་པོ།

'khor bcas འཁོར་བཙས།

'ur zur rkyang འུར་ཟུར་རྒྱུང་།
a ra dgon ཨ་ར་དགོན།
bar do བར་དོ།
bde mchog བདེ་མཆོག།
bdud rgyal བདུད་རྒྱལ།
bka' brgyud བཀའ་བརྒྱུད།
bka' gdams བཀའ་གདམས།
bla ma བླ་མ།
blo bzang nor bu བློ་བཟང་ནོར་བུ།
blo ldan shes rab བློ་ལྡན་ཤེས་རབ།
bod ljongs sman rtsis khang བོད་ལྗོངས་སྐྱེན་ཅིས་ཁང་།
bon po gshis བོན་པོ་གཤེས།
bsam yas བསམ་ཡས།
bse khrab བསེ་ཁྲལ།
bshad grwa བཤད་གྲ།
bsngo ba བསྟོན་བ།
bsngo ba smon lam བསྟོན་བ་སྟོན་ལམ།
bsod nams dbang phyug བསོད་ནམས་དབང་ཕྱུག།
bsod nams phun tshogs བསོད་ནམས་ཕུན་ཚོགས།
bu dgon བུ་དགོན།
bum pa བུམ་པ།
bya sgong sha mo བྱ་སྟོང་ཤ་མོ།
byang chub lhun grub བྱང་ཆུབ་ལྷུན་གྲུབ།
cho ga phyag len ཚོ་ག་ཕྱག་ལེན།
chos kyi rgyal mtshan ཚོས་ཀྱི་རྒྱལ་མཚན།
chu mig རྩ་མིག།

d+hi རྩི།
 dar mdo དར་མདོ།
 dbang 'dus དབང་འདུས།
 dbang bskur དབང་བསྐྱར།
 dbang mo དབང་མོ།
 dbyar mchod che ba དབྱར་མཚོ་དཀེ་བ།
 dbyar mchod chung ba དབྱར་མཚོ་དུང་བ།
 dbyar skyid དབྱར་སྤྱིད།
 dge bskos དགེ་བསྐྱོས།
 dge lugs དགེ་ལུགས།
 dgug gzhus དགུག་གཞུག།
 dka' bzhi དཀའ་བཞི།
 dka' bzhi ba rig pa'i seng ge དཀའ་བཞི་བ་རིག་པའི་སེང་གེ།
 dkar mdzes དཀར་མཛེས།
 dkar mo དཀར་མོ།
 dkyil 'khor དཀྱིལ་འཁོར།
 dmag zor rgyal mo དམག་ཟོར་རྒྱལ་མོ།
 dpag mo དཔག་མོ།
 dpal mgon zhal དཔལ་མགོན་ཞལ།
 dur khrod དུར་ཁྲོད།
 rdzong gsar རྫོང་གསར།
 gangs dkar གངས་དཀར།
 gdugs གདུགས།
 gla ba sha mo གླེ་བ་ཤ་མོ།
 gtsug lag khang གཙུག་ལག་ཁང་།
 gzhal yas khang གཞལ་ཡས་ཁང་།

karma bshad sgrub chos kyi seng ge ཀམ་བཤད་སྒྲུབ་ཆོས་ཀྱི་སེང་གེ།
 keng rus ཀེང་རུས།
 kha btags ཁ་བཏགས།
 khams gsum grags dgon ཁམས་གསུམ་གྲགས་དགོན།
 khu byug dgon ཁུ་བྱུག་དགོན།
 kun dga' bkra shis ཀུན་དགའ་བཀྲ་ཤིས།
 kye rdo ཀྱེ་རོ།
 las mgon sde lnga ལས་མགོན་སྡེ་ལ།
 lha mo ལྷ་མོ།
 lha mo rtse ལྷ་མོ་རེ།
 lha mo rtse dga' ldan 'gro phan gling ལྷ་མོ་རེ་དགའ་ལྡན་འགོ་ཡན་གླིང་།
 lha sa ལྷ་ས།
 lha sgang dgon ལྷ་སྐང་དགོན།
 lhag rten ལྷག་རྟེན།
 li thang ལི་ཐང་།
 ling+ga ལིང་།
 lo gsar ལོ་གསར།
 ma dgon མ་དགོན།
 mdo stod dgon མདོ་སྟོད་དགོན།
 mi nyag མི་ཉག།
 mi'u smad 'jigs ra dgon མི་འུ་སྐད་འཇིགས་ར་དགོན།
 mi'u stod 'du ram dgon མི་འུ་སྟོད་འདུ་རམ་དགོན།
 mgon po མགོན་པོ།
 mgon po dkar po མགོན་པོ་དཀར་པོ།
 mkhan po མཁན་པོ།
 mkhas grub nor bu མཁས་གྲུབ་ནོར་བུ།

mo pa མོ་པ།
 nyag chu ཉག་ཅུ།
 nyag chu rdzong la glu shis ཉག་ཅུ་རྫོང་ལ་གླུ་ཤིས།
 nor bu dbang chen རོར་བུ་དབང་ཆེན།
 oM ཨོ།
 pad ma chos 'phel པད་མ་ཆོས་འཕེལ།
 pha wang ཕ་མང།
 phur pa ཕུར་པ།
 phur pa bdag bskyed ཕུར་པ་བདག་བསྐྱེད།
 phur sgrub ba ཕུར་སྐྱབ་བ།
 phur sgrub khang ཕུར་སྐྱབ་ཁང།
 phur srung ཕུར་སྤྱང།
 phyug mo dgon ཕུག་མོ་དགོན།
 ra rnga kha ར་རྩ་ཁ།
 rag dung རག་དུང།
 rdo rje phur pa རོ་རྗེ་ཕུར་པ།
 rdo rje rin chen རོ་རྗེ་རིན་ཆེན།
 rdul tshon རྟུ་ཚོན།
 rgya gling རྩ་གླིང།
 rjes chog རྗེས་ཆོག།
 ri khrod རི་ཁྲོད།
 ri khud རི་ཁུད།
 rigs lung khul dgon རིགས་ལུང་ཁུལ་དགོན།
 rnam shes རྣམ་ཤེས།
 rnam sras རྣམ་སྲས།
 rtse'u dmar po རྩེ་ལུ་དམར་པོ།

sangs rgyas zhing chen སངས་རྒྱལ་ཞིང་ཆེན།
 sa sde ས་སྡེ།
 sa skya ས་སྐྱ།
 sa skya khri 'dzin ས་སྐྱ་ཁྲི་འཛིན།
 sbas don shes rab rgyal mtshan སྐུ་སྡོན་ཤེས་རབ་རྒྱལ་མཚན།
 sbug chal སྐྱུ་ཇལ།
 sde dge སྡེ་དགེ།
 sgrub grwa khang སྐྱབ་གྲ་ཁང་།
 sha ba ཤ་པ།
 si hu dgon སི་ཧུ་དགོན།
 skya gan སྐྱ་གན།
 skyel tshal dgon སྐྱེལ་ཚལ་དགོན།
 slob dpon སློབ་དཔོན།
 slob dpon pad ma 'byung gnas སློབ་དཔོན་པད་མ་འབྱུང་གནས།
 smad las dgra gegs bdul ba སྐད་ལས་དགའ་གེགས་བདུལ་བ།
 sprul sku སྐྱུལ་སྐྱ།
 srung ma སྐྱང་མ།
 srung ma khang སྐྱང་མ་ཁང་།
 stod las byang chub sgrub pa སྟོད་ལས་བྱང་ཆུབ་སྐྱབ་པ།
 su ru sha mo སུ་རུ་ཤ་མོ།
 thang shing sha mo ཐང་ཤིང་ཤ་མོ།
 ting phor ཐིང་ཕོར།
 tshe dbang ཚེ་དབང་།
 ye shes mtsho rgyal ཡེ་ཤེས་མཚོ་རྒྱལ།
 zhing khams ཞིང་ཁམས།

CHINESE TERMS

Beijing 北京

Gaba 呷巴

Ganzi 甘孜

Gao'ersi 高尔寺

Gongga 贡嘎

Jiagenba 甲根坝

Kangding 康定

Litang 理塘

Minzu 民族

Nanwu 南无

Paoma 跑马

Pengbuxi 朋布西

Qian Long 乾隆

Riku 日库

Shade 沙德

Sichuan 四川

suona 唢呐

Xinduqiao 新都桥

Yajiang 雅江

Yajiangerqu 雅江二区

Yang Dongyuan 杨东元

Yang Haiyu 杨海宇

AASI NADI 'BULL PLAY' IN THE LEDU TU (MONGGHUL)
AREA, QINGHAI PROVINCE, PR CHINA

Limusishiden (Li Dechun 李得春; Joint Surgery Department, Qinghai
University Affiliated Hospital)

ABSTRACT

The Axja Aadee 'Bull Play' ritual was held on the third day of the first lunar month (Chinese lunar calendar) in Maqang Tugun (Baiyazi), Shdara (Dala) Mongghul (Tu) Township, Ledu Region, Haidong Municipality, Qinghai Province, PR China until 2017, when it was discontinued. Making offerings to Laxja Aadee 'Grandpa Shepherd', which a rocky cliff in the village represents, and performing Bull Play, the residents beseeched Laxja Aadee to safeguard their livestock, particularly against wolf attack. The history of Bull Play, ritual details, reasons for the end of Axja Aadee, and four photographs are presented.

KEYWORDS

Bull play, Ledu, Mongghul, Monguor, Qinghai-Tibetan Plateau, Tu

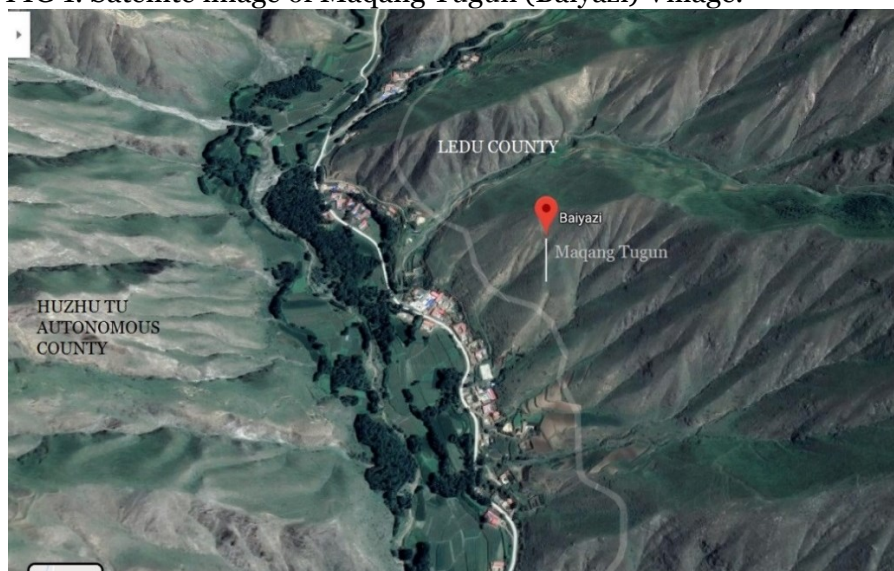
See <https://bit.ly/2ufL1ea> for audio materials recorded by the author while doing research for this article.

†Limusishiden (Li Dechun). 2019. Aasi Nadi 'Bull Play' in the Ledu Tu (Mongghul) Area, Qinghai Province, PR China. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:217-233.

INTRODUCTION

The Shdazi (Shuimogou) area is located in Shdara (Dala) Township, Ledu Region, Haidong Municipality, Qinghai Province, PR China. This once remote mountainous area borders Huzhu Tu Autonomous County. Nine Mongghul villages¹ are situated along the Shdazi River in the Shdazi Valley where, in 2019, 1,334 Mongghul (314 households) lived at an average altitude of 2,500 meters above sea level. Maqang Tugun (Baiyazi) Village, one of the nine, is located along the midsection of the Shdazi River surrounded by high mountains, deep gullies, and narrow valleys. In 2004, there were 157 residents (thirty-eight households). In 2019, there were 120 residents (forty households).²

FIG 1. Satellite image of Maqang Tugun (Baiyazi) Village.³



¹ Shgeayili (Dazhuang), Handu (Hantai), Fangcog (Qianbangou), Benkang (Benkang), Lashizi Kari (Heigouding), Nayan (Naya), Shdara Tang (Dalashangtan), Yangja (Gaojiawan), and Maqang Tugun (Baiyazi).

² I collected the 2004 data while implementing a local bridge project with funding from the Germany Embassy in Beijing (see <https://bit.ly/3oC4AYP>, accessed 15 July 2019), and the 2019 data while visiting the village.

³ An edited version of <http://tiny.cc/jsfiaz>, accessed 31 July 2019.

FIG 2. Map of Maqang Tugun (Baiyazi) Village (in red).¹

This paper describes Axja Aadee 'Bull Play', a ritual that was held on the third day of the first lunar month (Chinese lunar calendar) in Maqang Tugun (Baiyazi), Shdara (Dala) Mongghul (Tu) Township, Ledu Region, Haidong Municipality, Qinghai Province, PR China. Making offerings to Laxja Aadee 'Grandpa Shepherd', a rocky cliff in the village, and performing Bull Play, village residents beseeched Laxja Aadee to safeguard their livestock, particularly against wolf attack.²

Axja Aadee stopped in the late 1950s, restarted in 1983, and was held annually until 2017. Young village adults had lost interest and, practically, many were employed outside the village and unable to return to the village to participate.

After the year 2000, rural residents throughout Qinghai Province increasingly sought work in urban areas where salaries exceeded income from working at home in agro-pastoral pursuits. Huzhu Mongghul villagers found year-round employment as street cleaners, gatekeepers, and toilet cleaners in Xining City and found it difficult to leave work. For instance, at Qinghai University Affiliated

¹ A revised version of <http://tiny.cc/kyfiaz>, accessed 31 July 2019.

² For vivid descriptions of local wolf attacks, see Limusishiden and Jugu (2010:35-36).

Hospital in Xining City, where I worked in 2019, more than seventy percent of the cleaners were Mongghul from Huzhu County.

In 2019, at least five Maqang Tugun Village families had moved to Delingha Municipality, Haixi Mongolian and Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture where they bought agricultural land, farmed, and did seasonal labor. Three village families had moved to Xining City to work as street cleaners. Their village household front gates were locked all year, except when they came to inspect their house condition two or three times a year. They departed for Xining the same day.

On 16 March 2019, I interviewed the three Maqang Tugun residents listed below at Lamuxja and Srixjinsuu's home in Maqang Tugun Village:

FIG 3. Consultants.

Name (Sex)	Birth Year	Details
Lamuxja (male)	1962	middle school teacher
Rnqan (male)	1963	farmer, primary school education
Srixjinsuu (female)	1962	farmer, illiteratue, Lamuxja's wife

I used an audio recorder during my interviews and later transcribed the material into Mongghul, which I consulted in writing this article.

Lamuxja and Rnqan participated in Bull Play ritual activities involving burning cypress twigs, lighting butter lamps, burning *huanbari*,¹ and kowtowing to Laxja Aadee.² As part of the ritual, Lamuxja and Rnqan performed as bull and shepherd that involved collecting bread, black brick tea, butter lamps, meat, and liquor from all village households. Srixjinsuu took part in the performance numerous times as a spectator.

Behind Maqang Tugun Village, there was a nine square meter rocky cliff at the foot of Qighaan Mountain that villagers called Laxja

¹ Dry lily bulb stems wrapped in cotton, placed in rapeseed oil, lit, and offered as butter lamps before the deities.

² *Axja* 'shepherd' and *aadee* 'grandpa', i.e., Grandfather Shepherd.

Aadee 'Grandpa Shepherd' and regarded as a deity who protected the village livestock.

FIG 4. Laxja Aadee 'Grandpa Shepherd', the rocky cliff worshipped by Maqang Tugun residents. Grandpa Shepherd was damaged when a canal was dug to power a small hydropower station. Later, when the station no longer functioned, the canal was filled and leveled (16 March 2019, Limusishiden).



FIG 5. Laxja Aadee 'Grandpa Shepherd', the rocky cliff worshipped by Maqang Tugun villagers (16 March 2019, Limusishiden).



FIG 6. Maqang Tugun Village (16 March 2019, Limusishiden).



FIG 7. Lamuxja (right, b. 1962), a middle school teacher in Weiyuan Town, Huzhu County, and Srixjinsuu (left, b. 1962), an illiterate farmer and Lamuxja's Mongghul wife (Lamuxja and Srixjinsuu's home, Maqang Tugun Village, 16 March 2019, Limusishiden).



THE RITUAL

Villagers performed this rite to Laxja Aadee by burning cypress twigs, lighting butter lamps, offering bread, and kowtowing on the third day of the first lunar month. In the meantime, two young village men acted as *hara aasi* 'black bull', and a third man played the role of Grandpa Shepherd. They visited every household and collected donations of bread, meat (pork, mutton, and beef), butter lamps, candy, and liquor. Next, all the villagers gathered in a village home, entertained by the

bull's antics, eating, drinking, dancing, joking, and singing, e.g., liquor drinking songs.¹

ORIGINS

Trees once covered the Shdazi area. People had sheep, goats, horses, mules, donkeys, yaks, and cows and also farmed.

A story told in Maqang Tugun explains Bull Play on the third day of the first lunar month:²

Long ago, villagers annually offered smoldering juniper twigs and kowtowed to surrounding mountain deities on a peak of Qighaan (Baiyashi) Mountain on the morning of the third day of the first lunar month. They prayed to Shge Tingere 'Great Heaven' and all the deities to protect their livestock during the coming year. They particularly prayed that there would be no wolf attack.

One year, as the villagers were returning home from making offerings, they saw a herd of cattle that had come from somewhere grazing on their pasture. This had never happened before. They were dumbfounded and wondered where the cattle had come from. A bit later, the cattle mysteriously vanished.

Afterward, this herd of cattle frequently came and went. As time passed, villagers grew accustomed to this and didn't pay much attention to it.

Then one day, a villager vaguely made out an old man driving cattle toward the mountain in front of the village, and disappear behind it. The villager immediately reported this to others. Some villagers quickly went to search but found no trace of him. They waited, hoping to see the mysterious old man and his cattle, but nothing happened.

¹ For examples of drinking songs, see <https://bit.ly/2TlfGPT> (accessed 7 August 2019) and <https://bit.ly/33r4bei> (accessed 7 August 2019). The second song uses a Tibetan melody. The lyrics are Mongghul.

² Source: Rnqan (b. 1963), recorded by Limusishiden 16 March 2019.

They waited for the next few days, but nothing happened. Strangely, the villagers' cattle and the old man's cattle often grazed on the same pasture with the villagers' animals returning to their owners' homes before sunset. Villagers felt this was odd and appreciated the mysterious old man who seemed to be looking after their livestock.

One day, an old villager went to pray to Great Heaven and all the deities by burning juniper twigs and kowtowing on Qighaan Mountain. With juniper on his back, he walked down the slope and encountered the mysterious old herder who was tall, wore a *yejuari*,¹ a *laxjang* 'long white woolen robe', had a *daleen*² on his left shoulder, and held a whip in his right hand. The villager kowtowed three times. After exchanging greetings, the two old men sat on the ground together and began chatting.

The old villager asked, "Where are you from Grandpa? Our villagers have seen you from a distance. Today, I'm lucky to encounter you here. You drive our cattle and sheep back to our homes in the afternoon. Our cattle and sheep have never been lost. Why are you helping us herd?"

The old herder replied, "I'm from a place where the sun rises. I drove my cattle with my little grandson. We passed through Hara Mongghul 'Mongolian' *ghajari* 'areas' encountering many risks and difficulties and finally arrived here and found abundant grassland, a mild climate, and the friendly people of your village. We found peace and decided to settle here. We escaped from our ancestral land due to brutal tribal conflict. That's why we left and came here. Your ancestors are originally from the same place as we came from. We are the same people. As long as your village's sheep and cattle graze free from beast attack, we will all live together peacefully. I want to protect your village's sheep and cattle forever..."

The old villager was fascinated by this account. Suddenly, the old man stopped speaking. He had vanished. The old villager looked around but did not see him, so he shouted, but no one responded. He waited until sunset, but the old man did not reappear.

¹ A conical hat with red cloth tassels attached to the top.

² A *daleen* is a long narrow woolen bag slung over a person's shoulder or across the back of a pack animal.

The old villager located a small rocky cliff resembling the old man wearing a *yējuari*, a *daleen* over his left shoulder, and holding a whip in his right hand. He kowtowed three times to the rocky cliff and shouted, "Where are you, Grandpa? Are you a person or a deity? You suddenly left without leaving your name. Did you suddenly become this rocky cliff? An ordinary person cannot do this. Local people are looking forward to your return. We will commemorate and sacrifice to you if you are a deity."

After the villager returned to the village and told this story to others, people were surprised, wondered if the old man was human or a deity, and were sorry they could not have the old man with them.

Afterward, wolves no longer attacked the sheep and cattle. The village's livestock proliferated. Every year, while villagers were enjoying Xni Sara 'New Year Festival', they did not need to herd the livestock. They just drove them outside their pens and let them graze freely. In the evening, the livestock returned safely and on time by themselves.

To commemorate the old herder, every year on the third day of the first lunar month, villagers gathered at the rocky cliff and offered bread, liquor, butter lamps, and meat; burned juniper; and kowtowed. They also cooked, drank liquor, sang, and joked. In doing all this, they hoped the old herder would ensure their livestock would multiply and be safe.

BULL PLAY

Villagers referred to the rocky cliff as Axja Aadee and regarded it as a livestock protector. For this reason, they held Bull Play. The third day of the first lunar month was the most important. However, some villagers burned juniper on the first or second day. All the villagers gathered in front of Grandpa Shepherd in the morning of the third day and offered bread, liquor, and butter lamps; tied white sheep wool to bushes on the rocky cliff; burned juniper twigs; and kowtowed three times to Grandpa Shepherd.

Next, villagers gathered amid trees on the west bank of the Shdazi River that flows north to south in front of Maqang Tugun Village. Male elders discussed the bull play performance and chose an adult man and two young, nimble short men. The latter two played the role of the black bull by draping a goat-skin robe that had been turned inside out over themselves. The man in front held an upturned basket on his head, which represented the bull's head. The third man was older and played the role of the shepherd. He wielded a whip, shouted, whistled, and drove the bull from one household to another. Villagers followed the bull to joyfully collect gifts from each household.

A visited household gave bread, meat, liquor, butter lamps, and tea bricks, which young men collected in baskets they carried on their shoulders. Once the gifts were collected, they moved to trees along the Shdazi River, cooked the meat and noodles, and boiled tea. They enjoyed themselves, drinking and eating. Once inebriated, they sang drinking songs, danced *anzhog* 'Mongghul circle dance',¹ *walidi* 'wrestled', chatted until it was dark, and then went home.

Historically, villagers pulled passers-by to the cooking area and asked them to eat, drink, and enjoy themselves.

TIME CHANGES

No one I talked to could explain why Bull Play came to be held at night of the third day of the first lunar month. In the morning of this day, villagers offered bread, burned juniper twigs, lit *huanbari* stuck in the bread and cracks in the cliff as substitutes for butter lamps, kowtowed three times in front of Grandpa Shepherd, and immediately returned to their homes.

After sunset and after livestock were penned, young men and children gathered at Grandpa Shepherd again. There were no

¹ For examples, see <https://bit.ly/2H54m5x> (accessed 7 August 2019) and <https://bit.ly/2Kirzmq> (accessed 7 August 2019).

particular organizers, although some elders selected men to play the role of the bull and Grandpa Shepherd.¹

After supper, they gathered near Grandpa Shepherd and proceeded to follow the bull and shepherd to each home to collect donations of bread, brick tea, sugar, butter lamps, *huanbari*, meat, and liquor.

The two bull actors ran forward and backward, swung from side to side, lay down, stood up, jumped up and down, shook the head, and swished the tail (from a dead cow). If an actor was utterly exhausted during his performance, a new actor replaced him. The actors carefully performed to ensure they did not fall. To do so was considered unlucky, portending difficulties in the coming year.

As darkness deepened, the bull, shepherd, and all the villagers, particularly children and young men, gathered near the rocky cliff and began sorting out the collected gifts. As the bull and shepherd walked into households, children followed, shouting and laughing.

The bull swung its body from side to side, moved its head up and down, and swished its tail. Once inside a home compound, the bull circled the home's *yansuuri* 'small garden plot' at the courtyard center. A man (usually the father) of the household offered a *kadog* 'strip of silk' as a token of respect to the sacred bull and shepherd, lit a butter lamp, and burned juniper twigs. The family representatives gave bread, liquor, meat, tea, or butter lamp into the baskets on the visitors' shoulders. If the bull and shepherd were satisfied with the gifts, the bull raised his head, signifying happiness with and appreciation for the gifts. Grandpa Shepherd waved his whip, shouted at the bull to leave, and started for the next household.

If certain families reluctantly gave a small amount of gifts, the bull lay on the floor of the household's main room and refused to leave. If the family representative insisted on this small contribution, children began to shout and whistle until the owner of the family gave more at which point the shepherd shouted at the bull, which stood up and left the home. If a family refused to give donations, the children humiliated the family by saying:

¹ This ritual was unrelated to Alighuansang, the village deity.

*Teni kudugu huni aasi darang yiiguala hugu buran! Teni kudu gin ciziran!
Yan muu qinsanggi ninba!*

Your family's sheep and bull, and others will all die! Your family will be without children! What a terrible family!¹

Children immediately ran from the household in fear of retaliation from the irritated family. Under such embarrassing circumstances, the bull and shepherd also left the home.

During the Spring Festival, Mongghul hope for an auspicious, prosperous New Year and most liked to provide gifts, but some gave little or refused to give anything. Children's curses meant the family was shamed and ill-fated. In contrast, for generous gifts, children chorused:

*Qi jiu lamanqanna! Qini huni aasi xuanggiai huarighalagu buruu tolaguna!
Teni kashida aasi nanggu fandi npeeleguna. Teni qinsang fosi gui darang
kun kunguan...*

You are so great! Your ewes will give birth and cows will reproduce! Your family livestock will multiply this coming year. All your family will be safe and healthy...

Sometimes bull and shepherd went directly to the household's guest room in case guests were visiting. The bull lay on the ground in the guest room while facing the guests. The guests understood and

¹ Mgon po tshe ring (2010:16) reports a similar curse in Dge rtse (Gengzhi) Township, Brag 'go (Luhuo) County, Dkar mdzes (Ganzi) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Sichuan Province, that was chanted when a family did not contribute donations to appease the 'owner of the wolves' when visited with the skin of a wolf that had been recently killed:

(May) disease come to the people (living in the) upper (story) of the house.
(May) disease come to the livestock (living in the) lower (story) of the house.
(Have) bad luck! (Your) worldly-luck will not flourish.

gave bread, meat, cash, or offered some cups of liquor until the bull was satisfied and left.

After finishing gift collection, participants selected a home to gather in to make merry that evening. Some men always voluntarily offered space for an evening gathering. The selected household had ample space and no old people who would be disturbed. The whole village gathered there to eat and drink - young and old, women and men - and enjoyed bread, tea, sugar, liquor, tobacco, cigarettes, and meat.

Locals offered smoking juniper, *huanbari*, and butter lamps on the altar in front of the rocky cliff, and kowtowed. After deity offerings, the young men gathered at a home to enjoy themselves.

A big fire burned at the center of the selected family courtyard, dispelling darkness. All the villagers gathered around. Some sat on the thin layer of wheat straw on the ground, while others stood surrounding the big fire stretching out their hands to the flame for warmth. Tea and meat were boiled, and liquor, bread, sugar, and cigarettes were offered to every participant. Grandpa Shepherd drove the bull in circles around the *yansuuri* in the center of the courtyard while whistling, shouting and whipping. The bull energetically walked forward, wagging his head up and down, vigorously swinging his body from side to side, and threatening children with its head. Children swiftly dodged or ran away.

At this time, Grandpa Shepherd said:

Ne sain qogshdi, muni aasi guarijigii baisija. Ne sain kayangna. Ndani Maqang Tugun ayilini kashida aasi nanggu fandi npeelenguna. Ayilini kunhgi bai kunguan yama fosi gui.

At this wonderful time, my bull is particularly energetic and excited. It's a good omen. The livestock in our Maqang Tugun Village will be safer and multiply in this new coming year! All our villagers will be safe and healthy.

Participants were extremely active and noisy inside the household. After Grandpa Shepherd finished his short oration, the bull

play performance ended. The exhausted actors removed the basket and goatskin robe and rested on the ground where they were served tea, bread, and liquor.

People drank, ate, and smoked. As time passed, more and more men got drunk. Drinking songs were sung, people teased each other, children played hide-and-seek, and women danced around the *yansuuri* accompanied by circle dance songs.

The villagers continued enjoying themselves until early the next morning.

CONCLUSION

In 2019, the revival of Axja Aadee is an open question, as is the continued existence of Maqang Tugun. Village families were increasingly moving to urban areas, emphasizing the importance of recording performances and history of centuries-old village-level rituals that are often poorly documented and rapidly vanishing.

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TIBETAN¹

dge rtse དགེ་རུ་ཅེ།
brag 'go བྲག་འགོ་
daleen, ta len ཏ་ལེན།
dkar mdzes དཀར་མཛེས།
kadog, kha btags ཁ་བ་རྟགས།
mgon po tshe ring མགོན་པོ་ཆེ་རིང་།
Rnqan, rin chen རིན་ཆེན།

CHINESE TERMS

Baiya 白崖
Baiyashi 白崖石
Baiyazi 白崖子
Benkang 本炕
Dala 达拉

¹ I thank *AHP* friends for writing the Tibetan.

Dalashangtan 达拉上滩

daleen, dalian 裕綖

Dazhuang 大庄

Delingha 德令哈

Gansu 甘肃

Ganzi 甘孜

Gaojiawan 高家湾

Gengzhi 更知

Haidong 海东

Haixi 海西

Hantai 旱台

Heigouding 黑沟顶

Huzhu 互助

Ledu 乐都

Li Dechun 李得春

Luhuo 炉霍

Naya 纳牙

Qianbangou 前半沟

Qinghai 青海

Shuimogou 水磨沟

Sichuan 四川

Tu 土

Xining 西宁

RA RGAN TSHANG: AN A MDO TIBETAN
HERDERS' WECHAT GROUP

Pad+ma rig 'dzin པད་མཁའ་རིག་འཛིན།

ABSTRACT

WeChat is used by many Tibetan communities. Ra rgan tshang is a WeChat group associated with Ra rgan Brigade, Yo lag Village, Reb gong (Tongren) County, Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, PR China. The seventy-one members of this group focus on local events. In April 2019, a local elder suddenly passed away. Related oral WeChat exchanges during the first day of mourning for the deceased between 13:26 and 20:19 hours on 17 April 2019 are presented in translation. Brief written messages are indicated with TTM (Tibetan Text Message). This specific exchange between group members exemplifies contemporary WeChat communications.

KEYWORDS

Amdo Tibetan, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai), Tibetan studies, WeChat

†Pad+ma rig 'dzin. 2019. Ra rgan tshang: An A mdo Tibetan Herder's WeChat Group. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:234-238.

WeChat is used by many Tibetan communities. Ra rgan tshang, a WeChat group associated with Ra rgan ru khag 'brigade', Yo lag Village, Reb gong (Tongren) County, Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, China is an example of such communities. The seventy-one members of this group focus on local events. In April 2019, a Ra rgan elder suddenly passed away. I recorded and translated related oral WeChat exchanges during the first day of mourning for the deceased between 13:26 and 20:19 on 17 April 2019. I indicate brief written messages with TTM (Tibetan Text Message) and give the participants' WeChat names, which may not be their real names.

17 April 2019 13:26

Rgas bu chung: Hello! Ra rgan¹ residents, the old man of Bsod nams rgyal's family suddenly died of illness. Did you hear about this?

Char ba: Yes, they asked us to come to the winter pasture.²

'Brog pa: Oh, I heard it just now. It is true. Now, we must go to the winter pasture.

'Grig mthun tshong ba: Hello everyone of Ra rgan! Is anyone going to Bsod nams rgyal's home right now?

'Brog pa: Of course, all residents will go there. I'm at the Township Town now, and we have started to move.

Snang skyid bu lo: Yes, I want to go there.

¹ Ra rgan refers to Brigade Number One, Yo lag Village.

² The area where the family lives in winter.

'Broḡ pa: Hey, you [Snang skyid bu lo] shouldn't go, I have to go there.¹

Snang skyid bu lo: OK. [TTM]

Gangs 'od: Hi, Ra rgan people. Was the Bsod nams rgyal's family elder the one who passed away? I'm in Reb gong [County Town] right now. Please send one person with dedication offerings here. We can deal with everything that should be done here.

Nyi 'od: OK, we received your message.

'Broḡ pa: OK! Yeah, that's what they said. We also didn't hear it until just now.

Gang 'od: Oh, people in Mdo ba, please go quickly to the home. It happened unexpectedly, so the family isn't prepared, so you all go there quickly and help the family.

Char ba: OK. [TTM]

Rdza skyes gang bu: OK. [TTM]

6677: Hey, Ra rgan people, I heard it just now. Do we need to go to the winter pasture?

Mi 'gyur: Yes, we do.

6677: OK.

Gang 'od: Hello, Ra rgan Group, our community leader should be responsible for *myig sngun*,² and others should be responsible for

¹ Their relationship is father and son. Because of the importance of this event, elders are expected to go first.

² Money given to the deceased's surviving relatives including their sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and parents.

chanting and other religious activities during this period. You all must work hard during the mourning period and please make good arrangements for cooks and receiving guests from other areas.

G.yu 'brug thod dkar: Hey, I got your voice messages. No problem. We have already discussed that elders are asked to come in the following days, although they won't have much to do, but they should all come on time and receive guests in front of the house of the deceased. We didn't select cooks, just chose some dependable young people. Each day there will be eight cooks, and there is a schedule for all of them.

Char ba: Hey, I just came online. I send the schedule for cooks here, but I need to say more because some of you can't read. Cooks need to take turns during these five days,¹ so each person only needs to work for one day, from six AM to nine PM. The important thing is to come as early as possible and leave as late as possible. Besides, you have to come on the days when you are not a cook, unless you are very busy.

Nnang skyid bu lo: OK. (Subsequently, dozens of members sent text messages in Tibetan, saying "OK.")

This exchange illustrates critical local concerns. Before 2011, residents went home to home to report an important event, or someone climbed to the top of a hill and shouted to a group of families, announcing the news. Similarly, families transmitted news to other families near them. Generally, locals are fond of WeChat, although they complain that this modern communication tool disturbs their daily activities, such as chanting, circumambulation, and

¹ The deceased's sky burial was to take place five days later. Local monks generally consult a calendar and/or a scripture in order to determine the dates. In the period before the sky burial, local community members are expected to help the deceased's family.

communication between family members. Nevertheless, locals appreciate this powerful tool that spreads word of, informs, and provides a mechanism to discuss public events.

TIBETAN TERMS

'brog pa འབྲོག་པ།
 'grig mthun tshong ba འགྲིག་མཐུན་ཚོང་བ།
 bsod nams rgyal བསོད་ནམས་རྒྱལ།
 char ba ཇར་བ།
 g.yu 'brug thod dkar གཡུ་འབྲུག་ཐོད་དཀར།
 gangs 'od གངས་འོད།
 mi 'gyur མི་འགྱུར།
 mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྔོན།
 ra rgan tshang རྩ་རྒན་ཚང།
 rdza skyes gang bu རྩ་སྐྱེས་གང་བུ།
 reb gong རེབ་གོང།
 ra rgan ར་རྒན།
 rgas bu chung རྒས་བུ་ཅུང།
 rma lho ར་ལྷོ།
 ru khag རུ་ཁག།
 snang skyid bu lo སྤང་སྐྱིད་བུ་ལོ།

CHINESE TERMS

Huangnan 黄南
 Qinghai 青海
 Tongren 同仁

BELOVED ANIMALS

Pad+ma rig 'dzin པདྨ་རིག་འཛིན།

ABSTRACT

Accounts are provided by Lha ko (b. 1970) of beloved animals – a smooth-trotting, bay horse; a mother yak and her offspring; a female dog; and three of her father's favorite animals – two horses and a male yak. Lha ko is a member of Yo lag (Zhiye) Village located in Mdo ba (Duowa) Township, Reb gong (Tongren) County, Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, PR China. Two photographs are also provided of Lha ko.

KEYWORDS

A mdo, beloved Tibetan animals, dogs, horses, Qinghai, Tsho sngon, yaks

†Pad+ma rig 'dzin. 2019. Beloved Animals. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:239-247.

INTRODUCTION

I was born (1990) in Yo lag (Zhiyue) Village, Mdo ba (Duowa) Township, Reb gong (Tongren) County, Rma lho (Hunag nan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, PR China. In early 2018, my friend, Klu mo (b. 1994), helped me record a conversation with her mother (Lha ko, b. 1970) in her home in Mdo ba Township Town. I translated portions of the narration into English in late 2018. Klu mo is the elder of Lha ko's two daughters. At the time of the interview, she was doing a graduate degree in Tibetan-Chinese translation at Tibet University in Lha sa. She said:

My mother is kind and accommodating. She has never opposed what I wanted to do and tries to fulfill my sister's and my wishes. She often discusses family events with us. She is a great storyteller. I love her folktales and her true stories from her own life.

I present Lha ko's memories of a smooth-trotting, gentle bay horse; a mother yak and her offspring; a female dog; and three of her father's favorite animals - two horses and a male yak.

FIGS 1 & 2. (1, left) Lha ko in Lha sa (2018, Klu mo). (2, right) Lha ko prostrates daily at home (2019, Klu mo).



ACCOUNT ONE: MY BELOVED HORSE

We had two horses - a chestnut mare and a bay. Both were gentle, quick, and smooth trotters. The bay was a bit wild when we first tried to ride him, but soon, there was no problem. I (Lha ko, b. 1970) even carried my little daughter in my robe pouch or on my back. I truly appreciated both of these horses. We hoped to have a colt from the mare for a long time, but it never happened. We moved to the Township Town from the herding area and sold the mare to a local. Initially, Father looked after the bay at home.

This period was a miserable time for the bay. Father and his sons often rode him to herd in the mountains and searched for missing sheep in the neighbors' flocks. He suffered a lot. When he was returned to us, the hair on his body was faded and messy, the hair on his face had turned upward, he was thin, and he looked very unhappy.

We had no pasture at the Township Town. Grassland rental fees were low at that time (1998), and nobody wanted to rent their grassland to us or care for my poor bay unless we paid them. I then took my poor animals to a nearby mountain valley where abundant fresh grass grew. I did this at night. At dawn, I brought my bay back and tied him behind the government office buildings. Every morning

when I approached him, instead of escaping, he looked at me from a distance with ears standing up. It was very endearing.

Days passed like this for a long time, and then the pasture's owner tracked the bay's hoofprints to my home and severely scolded me. My husband (Tshe dbang, 1969-2004) wanted to sell the bay, but I insisted on keeping him. Later, I put him on a mountain in front of the Township Town that belonged to the local monastery. Nobody cared much about it, but there was little fresh grass there.

One day, the poor bay went near the mountain to a private winter pasture owned by Pus langs. The old lady of that family (who passed away several years ago) cursed me. I insisted on keeping the bay, but my husband disagreed. In autumn he sold him to a man in a herding area of Klu chu Village, Mgar rtse Township, Reb gong County.

In the spring of the next year, I saw him in Mdo ba Township Town. He was tied with other horses near Dge lo's house. He recognized my voice from far away, turned his head, looked at me, and neighed. Great sadness seized me, and tears bathed my eyes. I walked to him, patted his neck, and stroked him for a while. I was afraid of being seen, so I soon left.

My house was midway up a hill behind Dge lo's house. I could clearly see the bay. In the afternoon, his master rode him away with a huge pack on his back. I never saw him again. He often appears in my dreams.

ACCOUNT TWO: 'BRI THOD DKAR MA, A FEMALE YAK

I once had a female black yak with a white-dot in the middle of her forehead. We called her 'Bri thod dkar ma. She gave us more milk than other yaks and gave birth to many good calves. Each calf had a white spot on its head or one of its back legs. We called one calf with a white stripe on one of its back legs Be'u rkang dkar 'white leg calf'. This calf and another calf, called Be'u sngo tho 'blue-colored calf', were my daughters' favorite calves. My daughters climbed on the calves while I was milking. Both calves lay on the ground and let my daughters sit on

their bellies until they got off. Even when the other yaks left the *zog lhas*,¹ they waited patiently until my daughters got off.

Later, because we resettled in the Township Town, we sold almost all of our yaks and sheep, including Be'u rkang dkar. My elder daughter was unhappy and often asked, "Where is my calf?"

"It's grazing in Klu chu," I lied. At that time, we kept seven good female yaks, including Be'u rkang dkar's mother, in Klu chu. Some relatives looked after them, kept all their milk, and cut and kept their hair. We didn't sell those good female yaks because we were uncertain about life in the Township Town. Owning the yaks reassured us. Many locals were fond of Be'u sngo tho's color. At that time, our community didn't have any blue yaks. We kept him for breeding purposes. Several years later, villagers had many blue calves.

Time passed, and we grew more and more settled in the Township Town. Our livestock became fewer and fewer in Klu chu. Our relatives secretly kept some, and others died naturally. My husband visited our relatives' home one year and found that some of our yaks and sheep were still alive among their livestock, though they told us they had all died.

ACCOUNT THREE: AN OLD FEMALE DOG

The memory of my old female dog is a miserable one. She was the same age as my elder daughter. The dog lived for about fifteen years and suffered a lot.

My husband visited one of his old relatives one winter day and noticed a puppy among some dead puppies that had been thrown away by his old relative on the ice.² One was alive. He took it to the old man's home and let it nurse her mother. He promised he would bring it to our home when it was old enough to eat by itself.

¹ A place to keep yaks. Usually they are put in a yak-dung-wall enclosure in winter, but not in summer.

² Locals said discarding puppies before they nurse their mother was not a *sdig pa* 'evil deed'. This idea had changed by 2018.

The day the little creature came to my home, it bit Lha mo, my neighbor. Her mother said, "Your dog will be ferocious because she bit our most aggressive family member, Lha mo!"

Later she was a bit ferocious when we were herding, but after we moved to the Township Town, she was gentle.

She was intelligent and noticed when we approached from far away. One time, Father (Kho le, b. 1939) was paid to guard Forestry Bureau buildings at night. After circumambulating the local monastery, he went to these buildings, which was far from our home. When he unlocked the yard door, the dog saw him and ran to him.

At the Township Town, we usually went out to earn cash income. Otherwise, we had no money. We went to collect caterpillar fungus or *ldum bu she'u tshang*,¹ and nobody looked after her for several days. There were two restaurants in the Township Town, and they provided scraps to feed my dog. We put a big metal basin filled with these scraps near her and left for about four days. We tied her in the yard to ensure she would not bother the neighbors. When we returned home, the food in the basin was covered with dirt.

One year, she gave birth to several puppies. I thought the restaurant scraps must be delicious because of the spices. I added more chili, which I thought would make it better, and put it near the mother dog. The puppies licked the food and then suddenly stopped and rubbed their mouths on a patch of grass. Childishly, I thought it was funny, but it was not funny at all. Gradually, they got used to the spices. It made them stronger. Later, we sold them to a Chinese man for a good price. Maybe they were killed. At that time, we never thought about that. Many people said dogs were used for dog racing, and we believed it.

One day, we went to Reb gong County Town. When we came back, she was gone. Later we found her body in the river near the Township Town. I felt guilty and promised that I would never raise another dog. We cannot take good care of dogs in the Township Town. All the dogs in the Township Town suffered like my dog. My daughters

¹ A medicinal plant, known as *kyi lee* (*Gentiana crassicaulis* Duthie ex Burk).

wanted a pet dog, but I refused to give permission. I don't want any dog to suffer like my dog.

ACCOUNT FOUR: FATHER'S BELOVED HORSES AND A YAK

Father told me about three special animals in his life. One was a male yak - Khya tho 'white yak with black spots'. The other two were his horses - Rta 'gram dkar and a horse he called Kham pa 'brown'. Both were wild, but Father liked them. He told me once that he loved his horses as much as his parents. He chanted *ma Ni* whenever he talked about his beloved horses.

Khya tho transported our belongings and children between the winter and summer pastures. My siblings and I competed in riding him when we moved because the packs on the yak's back made us feel warm and safe. Father said it was my favorite place to sit during moves. I don't remember this because I was very young at that time.

Kham pa was so wild that only Father could ride him. Father was nimble and quick in his youth, and though the horse was very wild, he could ride him. Later, Father experienced great pain in his spine and could not move as usual. One snowy day, he rode Kham pa and drove some pack yaks from a high-altitude place to the Township Town. On the way, Father and his horse stumbled into a hole. His back was extremely painful, and he was unable to mount his horse. To his surprise, Kham pa was not as wild as usual. He didn't move until Father remounted him and carried Father gently until they safely reached my home at night.

Rta 'gram dkar was also wild and didn't allow strangers to touch or ride him. Father said, "Whenever, a stranger approached, he became infuriated, and kicked at and bit them, but he allowed family members to ride him. Your mother rode him with the children when we moved. That is what we called *g.yang la* 'kind animals', though, they may usually be wild and sensitive. He was kind to family members who took care of him."

Memories of these two horses remain in Father's memories.

TIBETAN TERMS

'bri thod dkar ma འབྲི་ཐོད་དཀར་མ།
a mdo ཨ་མདོ།
be'u rkang dkar བེ་འུ་རྒྱང་དཀར།
be'u sngo tho བེ་འུ་སྔོ་ཐོ།
dge lo དགེ་ལོ།
g.yang la གཡང་ལ།
kham pa ཁམ་པ།
kho le ཁོ་ལེ།
khya tho ཁྱེ་ཐོ།
klu chu ལུ་ཅུ།
klu mo ལུ་མོ།
kyi lce ཀྱི་ལྷེ།
ldum bu she'u tshang ལུམ་བུ་ཤེ་འུ་ཚང་།
lha ko ལྷ་ཀོ།
lha mo ལྷ་མོ།
lha sa ལྷ་ས།
ma Ni མ་ཏི།
mdo ba མདོ་བ།
mgar rtse མགར་རྩེ།
mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྔོན།
pad+ma rig 'dzin པདྨ་རིག་འཛིན།
pus langs ཡུས་ལངས།
reb gong རེབ་གོང་།
rma lho རྩ་ལྷོ།

rta 'gram dkar ཏ་འགྲམ་དགར།

tshe dbang ཚེ་དབང་།

yo lag ཡོ་ལག་།

zog lhas ཟོག་ལྷ་ས།

CHINESE TERMS

Duowa 多哇

Huangnan 黄南

Qinghai 青海

Tongren 同仁

Zhiyue 直跃

COMMUNICATING WITH YAKS: SHOUTS AND WHISTLES

Phun tshogs dbang rgyal ཕུན་ཚོགས་དབང་རྒྱལ། (Duke University)

ABSTRACT

Tibetan herders have a close relationship with livestock, which gives them a rich knowledge of livestock, especially yaks. This article introduces fundamental and broad categories of yaks and how Tibetan herders use both shouts and whistles to herd, drive, and communicate with yaks. This paper is an initial effort to document these unique languages of sounds that communicate across species, focusing on the Upper Gtsang lha sde Community in Gtsang a rig - a sub-tribe of the A rig Tribe, officially known as Ska chung (Gaqun) Community, located in Nyin mtha' (Ningmute) Township, Hi nan (Henan) Mongolian Autonomous County, Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, PR China.

KEYWORDS

cross-species communication, nomads, Tibetan herders, Tibetan livestock calls, whistles, yaks

For an audio version of this paper, see <https://bit.ly/38jQ4c9>.

[†]Phun tshogs dbang rgyal. 2019. Communicating with Yaks: Shouts and Whistles. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:248-251.

Person A says to Person B, "*G.yag de kha zig chog ra* 'Shout to that *g.yag*'/'Please shout to frighten that *g.yag*'" Person B then shouts "*re re!*" and throws a stone to frighten away the yak.

My name is Phun tshogs dbang rgyal and I am a Tibetan from a herding area on the Eastern Tibetan Plateau. More specifically, I am a member of the Upper Gtsang lha sde Community in Gtsang a rig - a sub-unit of the A rig Tribe - that is officially Ska chung (Gaqun) Community, which is located in Nyin mtha' (Ningmute) Township, Hi nan (Henan) Mongolian Autonomous County, Rma lho (Huangnan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sgnon (Qinghai) Province, PR China.

People in my home place have a close relationship with yaks, sheep, and horses, which I grew up herding. There are hundreds of systematic terminologies to categorize yaks in oral Tibetan. Most of these terms are not being documented. With accelerating globalization, these cultures and their terms are quickly vanishing. I now introduce a small part of yak terminology and how people in my home place communicate with yaks using shouts and whistles.

The English term "yak" is from the Tibetan term *g.yag*, which can be a general term for yaks, ignoring the females. The actual general term for yaks is *nor* or *zog*. However, *g.yag* specifically refers to male adult yaks that are culturally understood to be castrated. Uncastrated yaks are *khyu g.yag* or *bu hwa*. The term for female adult yaks is '*bri*. Another important group of yaks is the offspring of a mother '*bri* and a father bull. The males of hybrids are *mdzo*, and the females are *mdzo mo*.

Tibetan nomads have terms for yaks of different ages, genders, colors, with or without horns, and horn shapes. There are also specific terms indicating if a '*bri* has given birth for the first time, gives birth every other year, or if the '*bri* does not give birth at all.

Tibetan herders make different sounds to drive or frighten different yaks. For *g.yag* we make the sound *rere*, for '*bri* we make the sound *go go* to drive them, for *mdzo* and *mdzo mo* we say *dzo dzo*, and we use the sounds *dirrrr* or *thirrrr* to frighten away calves. For example, if a yak is leading a herd into another territory, the herder calls *re re*

while throwing rocks to drive the lead yak in another direction. The herd then follows the lead yak.

Tibetan herders use at least three whistling sounds to drive yaks and sheep:

- h+pho ~ h+pho - whistling with the lips
- hri ~ hri - whistling with the teeth and the top of the tongue
- bahri ~ bahri - whistling using the lips, teeth, and tongue

For sheep, gentler whistling such as *hri* ~ is used.

For yaks, harsher whistling sounds at a higher pitch are used, such as *hri* ~ *hrid*. Whistling is used mostly when driving the herd or the flock when they are near or in front of the herder or herders.

TIBETAN TERMS

'bri འབྲི། a female yak

a mdo ཨ་མདོ། a traditional Tibetan region

bu hwa བུ་ཧྲ། a synonym for bull yaks

g.yag གཡག། a male yak

g.yag de kha zig chog ra གཡག་དེ་ཁ་ཟིག་ཆོག་ར། shout to that *g.yag*/please shout to frighten that *g.yag*

gtsang a rig གཙང་འ་རིག། a Tibetan sub-tribe of the A rig Tribe

gtsang lha sde གཙང་ལ་སྡེ། a community

hi nan ཧི་ནན། a county

khyu g.yag ཁྱུ་གཡག། a bull yak

mdzo མདོ། a male yak hybrid

mdzo mo མདོ་མོ། a female hybrid of a yak

mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྔོན། a province

nor འོ་ར། general term for yaks

nyin mtha' ཉིན་མཐའ། a township

phun tshogs dbang rgyal ཕུན་ཚོགས་དབང་རྒྱལ། a person's name

rma lho ལྷོ་རྩོ། a prefecture

ska chung སྐ་ཚུང། a community

zog ཚོག་ one of the general terms for yak

CHINESE TERMS

Gaqun 尕群 Herding Community

Henan 河南 County

Huangnan 黄南 Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture

Ningmute 宁木特 Township

Qinghai 青海 Province

ONOMATOPOEIA

bahri ~ bahri བཞི་ ~ བཞི།

dirrr, dIr དྲོར་

dzo dzo རྩོ་

go go གོ་

hri ~ hri ཞི་ ~

hri ~ hri ཞི་ ~ ཞི།

hri ~ hrid ཞི་ ~ ཞིད།

h+pho ~ h+pho མོ་ ~ མོ།

re re རེ་

thirrr, thIr ཐྲོར་

THE PACE OF CHANGE: REFLECTING ON THE INTERNATIONAL GRADUATE SCHOOL NORTH-SOUTH 2018 IN NEPAL

Dkon mchog dge legs ཌཎོང་མཚོག་དགེ་ལེན་ལ། (University of Zürich)

The 2018 IGS (International Graduate School) North-South Summer School in Nepal was a surprise journey yet predictable in many ways. This was the first time for me to attend this summer school after moving to Switzerland as a PhD candidate at the University of Zürich. After the flight attendant announced we would soon land at the Tribhuvan Internal Airport, I looked outside and saw the Himalaya Mountains enveloped in fog. Occasionally, triangular peaks emerged. As the plane descended among thick clouds, the land of the Federal Democratic Republic of Nepal revealed itself. Tiny villages dotted the valleys and hills, connected by strips of brown - dirt roads crisscrossing the lush green terrain. The monsoon brought so much rain that water droplets mingled with fog limited my visibility over the bluish mountain range in the distance. Passing through a patch of clouds, a bird's eye view of Kathmandu City was unveiled - chaotic, random, and beautiful. Private houses filled the Kathmandu Valley, suggesting a lack of central planning and a weak government.

Tribhuvan International Airport was small and crowded. I headed to the Customs gate, which in Chinese characters read "Chinese citizens only." I waited in a queue of Chinese tourists emitting a hubbub of various Chinese dialects. I read another statement in Chinese: "To repay the China's government generous support for Nepal earthquake reconstruction, free visa fee for Chinese citizens." The Customs officer greeted me in heavily accented Chinese and issued a one-month visa. I then waited for my luggage longer than expected due to the outdated airport facilities and cluttered airport space in general, which seemed to delay each process.

†Dkon mchog dge legs. 2019. The Pace of Change: Reflecting on the International Graduate School North-South 2018 in Nepal. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:252-258.

I scanned the crowd for a relative and saw him waving at me. We then drove to his home through a heavy collection of motorcycles, cars, and pedestrians. Many traffic police officers were directing vehicles by constantly whistling as if they were accustomed to it. Some drivers paid little attention. It seemed that the original purpose of whistling had lost its effectiveness through overuse.

The next day, my relative dropped me off at a hotel gate where I met the team of PhD students and researchers who were attending the IGS North-South Summer School. The purpose of the Summer School was to provide an intercultural, transdisciplinary learning and exchange platform for PhD students from the Global South and North under the guidance of senior researchers and professors.

We boarded an air-conditioned bus followed by a jeep in which we had loaded our luggage and headed to Pokhara City, the tourist capital of Nepal. The topographic features of Nepal on the southern slopes of the Himalaya Mountains determined transportation. The narrow road along the V-shaped valley connected towns, villages, and cities. The road was shared by almost anything that moved - cows, tractors, bikes, cars, buses, and pedestrians, moving along at different paces, slowing our progression. Nepal adopted the left-hand traffic system, which I had never experienced, so it seemed to me to be a violation of traffic regulations, by risking human life, particularly around sharp curves. After eight hours of an exhausting journey of 200 kilometers, we reached the Hotel Pokhara Grande,¹ a five-star hotel, where a lobby boy offered cups of iced lemonade, reviving us from the tiring bus trip.

A window view from the Hotel Pokhara Grande allowed a view of the Annapurna Mountain Range, home to three of the ten tallest mountains in the world. Mountain scenery and mountain treks are the main tourist attractions. However, the Annapurna Mountain Range was usually completely enveloped by fog during the monsoon season.

The food in Hotel Pokhara Grande is best described by quoting its website "...mouthwatering Newari, Thakali, and Tibetan Cuisine that gives the oriental Nepalese flare..." Indeed, mouthwatering

¹ <http://www.pokharagrande.com/>, accessed 4 January 2019.

Nepalese cuisine is a dangerous temptation to those trying to lose weight. More than half of the guests in food courts were Chinese tourists, complaining that the weather would make their trip less enjoyable.

In the next three days, we spent most of our time inside the conference room attending seminars related to Nepal's contemporary political and economic situation. Three things I remember from the seminars that seemed to make Nepalese proud: Nepal is the birthplace of the Buddha, Kathmandu is a city of temples, and Mt. Everest is in Nepal.

Based on individual research preference, we divided into four groups and entered the valleys stretching deep into the Himalaya Mountains. Nine of us in the group settled in village lodging for the following days. The purpose of this summer school was to offer junior researchers a pragmatic experience of real research situations, under the guidance of two professors. Two of the Nepalese team members acted as translators. We had several group interviews and mainly focused on the re-classification of administrative entities since the creation of the Federal Democratic Republic constitution of Nepal in 2015. The details of our findings are not a subject of this article, but a general observation was that the new social structure overlaps with the old ones, confusing people in terms of administrative boundaries and hierarchical subordination.

A cluster of villages was scattered between lush green, forested hills. The abundance of water from the monsoon and Himalaya glaciers nurtured the paddy rice fields between hills. James C Scott in *The Art of Not Being Governed*¹ argued that the pre-colonial state formation in Southeast Asia was the outcome of paddy rice fields that sustained a large concentration of population in relatively small spaces. Consequently, easy access to taxation fixed subjects and concentration of manpower that not only sustains rulers' entourage of specialists and officials, but allows the state to draft military manpower and corvée labor from sedentarized rice farmers.

¹ Scott, James C. 2011. *The Art of Not Being Governed: An Anarchist History of Upland Southeast Asia*. New Haven, Conn: Yale University Press.

Could this be the case in Nepal's history? I neither research Nepal history nor know much about her past, but I assume the paddy fields played an essential role in building the Nepalese nation.

Nepal is a multiethnic, multilinguistic, multiracial, and multi-religious country, yet the lingua franca is Nepali, a branch of the Indo-Aryan language spoken by lowland rice farmers as their native tongue. Meanwhile, native Himalayans in the highlands speak a variety of Tibeto-Burman languages. Hinduism is the dominant religion, and its caste system is the foundation of the social pyramid structure - high caste, low caste, and non-caste known as Janajati that includes indigenous Himalayans. Janajati are not necessarily Hindus - many are Buddhists. High castes and Dalits speak Nepali as their mother tongue, whereas the Janajati are mostly speakers of various Tibeto-Burman languages. One of our focus groups was with a women's group of Dalit, the lowest caste, previously known as "untouchables." Nepal is no longer a Hindu state after the People's Movement. Constitutionally, racial, religious, class, and caste-based discrimination have been eliminated. The constitution is committed to building a nation with democratic values of liberty, equality, justice, and freedom. Nevertheless, the Dalit are still an impoverished, marginalized group, yet to acquire an equitable share of social resources and material prosperity.

This part of Nepal seemed to have a healthy ecosystem, suggesting that the vicious circle of poverty and environmental degradation was no longer an issue. This is remarkable and attributed to the efforts of local grassroots, government, and NGOs and their years of conservation programs. I observed well-nourished students in neat school uniforms crossing the paths between paddy fields. Compared to their parents' generation, the nutritional status affecting growth seemed no longer an issue for young Nepalese. They are the future of this young democratic republic who are preparing themselves as educated citizens of Nepal.

An official conference was in progress at the Hotel Pokhara Grande upon our return from the field trip. The hotel lobby was occupied by uniformed security personnel reclining on lobby couches

while manipulating their mobile phones. Some soldiers also shyly entered the food court to eat. In a notable incident, a group of young soldiers had just finished placing food on their dishes when a VIP escorted by two men slowly entered the food court. The soldiers immediately left without eating. I did not understand why soldiers had been deployed at a five-star hotel during the conference. Was it wasting resources? Was it exercising the state's apparatus? Recalling our focus group interview with rugged Dalit women at the front of smoke-stained, mud-brick walls amid the strong odor of cow manure, the Hotel Grande experience was in profound contrast. This cocooned world where young soldiers might glimpse a world very different from their usual mundane reality might also misinform Chinese tourists of the "real" Nepal.

Nepal is in chaos like its transportation, slow yet moving. Her holistic constitutional statement is like a lighthouse guiding the youngest republic to a promising future. However, to reduce the gap between reality and vision not only requires good strategy and governance, but the powerful people of Nepal need to provide good examples.

On the last day in Pokhara, the magnificent Annapurna Mountain Mountain Range emerged from the fog. A little while later, a layer of clouds enveloped the mid-range of the mountains, merging the peaks above, which exaggerated the height of the peaks, revealing a heavenly realm. This breathtaking scenery from a window of the Hotel Grande rendered me speechless.

PHOTOGRAPHS

FIG 1. Near Kathmandu (27 August 2018, Ddkon mchog dge legs).



FIG 2. Paddy near Pokhara (2 Sept 2018, Ddkon mchog dge legs).



FIG 3. The Annapurna Mountain Range from the outskirts of Pokhara City, Nepal (7 September 2018, Ddkon mchog dge legs).



PROFILES

'BRUG LHA RGYAL - TIBETAN DANCER

Sgrol ma yag སྒྲོལ་མ་ཡག་

ABSTRACT

Sgrol ma yag (b. 1995) from Rta nag (Heimahe) Township, Gser chen (Gonghe) County, Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, China interviewed her brother ('Brug lha rgyal, b. 1993) through WeChat during the winter holiday of 2018-2019. She describes her brother's life, particularly his experiences with dance in Mtsho sngon and beyond.

KEYWORDS

A mdo dancer's life, Mtsho sngon Tibetan dancer, Qinghai Studies, Tibetan dancer biography

†Sgrol ma yag. 2019. 'Brug lha rgyal - Tibetan Dancer. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:260-288.

INTRODUCTION

I (Sgrol ma yag) was born in 1995 in Rta nag (Heimahe) Township, Gser chen (Gonghe) County, Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, PR China. I interviewed my brother, 'Brug lha rgyal, through WeChat during the winter holiday of 2018-2019 to preserve an account of his life - particularly his experiences with dance.

"Family" means love, but beyond that, it is absolute trust, a sense of belonging, security, motivation, and identity. As we grow older, we often leave our family members. My brother, sister, and I were together before we went to school. Today, our ambitions and busy lives have torn us apart.

BACKGROUND

My name is 'Brug lha rgyal. My family members call me 'Brug kho. I was born in 1993 in a herding area located in Rta nag Township, Gser chen (Gonghe) County, Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, China.

Before attending school, I herded yaks with my older sister, Klu mo tshe ring (b. 1989), on the mountains and herded calves near our home. To escape the tedium of herding, we often played together. Sometimes each of us made a round house with stones and then pretended to be the families we imagined living there. We also herded calves with neighboring children, and after driving the calves some distance from our homes, we played together. Most of us imitated yaks and butted each other.

Uncle Klu 'bum rgyal (b. 1980) and I went to herd yaks near Mtsho sngon po, (Qinghai Lake).¹ The land had not been divided among families at that time, so we grazed our livestock wherever we

¹ Central Asia's largest mountain lake without a river outlet is located in a depression of the Qilian Mountains and has a surface elevation of about 3,200 meters above sea level (<https://bit.ly/2MnZxHG>, accessed 29 July 2019).

wanted. Uncle Klu 'bum rgyal asked me to provoke Klu rgyal (b. 1986, today he is my aunt's husband) because he didn't like him. I didn't understand, but I didn't ask. First, I said bad things, such as "*Kla'u rgan, rkaun tus*" "You are stupid, you are a thief."

Klu rgyal ignored me, so I threw stones at him. When he finally got angry and scolded me, Uncle came, and they fought.

One summer day, as Uncle and I herded yaks on the mountains, he told me to mount one. Yaks look gentle grazing on the grassland, but they can easily become wild, and when mounted, they may buck crazily. My yak ran from the others and then turned back, frightening the other yaks. I firmly gripped the yak's hair, but soon fell to the ground as if in a dream. When I regained consciousness, Uncle asked me how I felt. When he saw that I was crying, he scolded, "A real man never cries!"

As I quietly wiped my tears away, Uncle said, "Don't tell anybody what happened today, OK? Otherwise, they won't let us herd together."

I agreed.

When summer was over, the locals began preparing to move to our autumn pasture. Herding yaks was not easy at this time when I was six years old. There wasn't much grass and the weather was getting cold.

One rainy, windy day, Mother (Sgrol ma mtsho, b. 1972) and I drove our yaks up a mountainside and then we found a small place to avoid the cold weather under our plastic raincoats. I slept as Mother chanted. While I was enjoying my nap, Mother roused me and said, "Our yaks have gone over the mountain. You're quicker than me, so go first and stop them from running. I'll follow."

I sprang ed up and rushed up the mountain. I felt less worried when I saw some of them slowly moving away. I shouted, "*Dgo! Dgo! Dgo!* 'Stop! Stop! Stop!'" and chased them, believing they would hear me and stop running. When I finally got in front of them, I couldn't speak for several days. My condition slowly improved, but Mother says she has never forgotten the sound of me shouting to the yaks to stop them from running.

My father (Tshe brtan rgyal b. 1970) has three sisters who are all illiterate. He is a good herder and has countless stories to tell from his years of herding. Here is one:

When I was seventeen [1987], my father told me to drive the *krom* 'male sheep' back home because the sheep-mating period was over. We had employed a herder to graze our male sheep during summer and autumn. My family had around twenty *krom*, and we drove them home in winter. When I reached Skya lung Valley, it was almost dark. Suddenly my horse whinnied, and the sheep stopped and huddled together. It was soon dark. I looked around and through the dimming light could just make out several wolves. As I quickly drove the sheep, the wolves drew closer and closer. Stories about wolves attacking and eating people and their horses and livestock came to my mind. I imagined that the wolves, now near me, would devour my horse and sheep and then devour me!

A wolf appeared on one side and disappeared, and then another appeared on the other side. I didn't know what to do. The sheep were bunched together, and the wolves were very near. I had only a pack of cigarettes and some matches. I lit a cigarette. It glowed in the dark, and the wolves moved away a bit. After it went out, they closed in again. I lit one cigarette after another until we got near a home at which point dogs began barking, and the wolves pulled away.

Mother married Father when she was seventeen in an arranged marriage. Mother did not see Father until the wedding. She never attended school, but she learned to read by listening to her grandparents chanting.

Mother works very hard. Grandmother said that in the first years of her marriage, Mother had a hard time because Father was often not at home. She herded during the day and did home chores at night. Many things happened to her, but I never asked her to tell me about them. I look forward to eventually learning more about her experiences.

Mother is a great cook. Wherever I go, I think about Mother's *pan zi* 'meat dumplings' and bread baked in ashes outside our house. I

have eaten countless types of dumplings and bread, but nothing tastes as good as Mother's dumpling soup with its thick dumpling wrappers and the right amount of salt.

My oldest sister, Klu mo tshe ring, is now a herder. Although she and I attended primary school together, she did not go back to school until she was fifteen and enrolled in a class designed for students who had never been to school before. The students were housed in the school dormitory and ate in the cafeteria. Like many of the older illiterate students, she did not stay long. When her teachers came to our summer pasture and asked her to return, Mother whispered, "If you really don't want to return to school, cry near the female-yak enclosure. Then your father and the teachers won't force you."

Today, she lives with her husband and their son and regrets not attending school.

Sgrol ma yag is my younger sister. We once stole a package of father's cigarettes before we drove the sheep out to graze. We tried to smoke them all while herding. When it was time to drive the sheep back home, some cigarettes were left. I said we had to finish them, or Father would find them. We connected them, lit one end, and smoked. After a while, Sgrol ma yag cried and stopped smoking. I forced her to finish, and then we chewed some grass, which we thought would disguise the odor of the smoke. Later that night, she couldn't speak or eat anything.

I START SCHOOL

I began attending Rta nag Primary School when I was six. One day at noon, one of my cousins returned from school for lunch, so I asked about the school. He said it was very nice and described all the fun things he did there. After we finished eating, I went with him to school. When we got near, he said we were late, so he threw his backpack over the wall and pulled me over. Some students looked at me in a strange way when I entered the classroom with Cousin. Other students were

chatting while others read. The teacher came with a book and a short stick. When he stood in front of us, students stood up together and said something together. I just sat there comfortably until Cousin pulled me up. As the teacher talked, I looked out the window and noticed many children my age playing. I wanted to go out, but Cousin whispered that I couldn't until the teacher was gone. I waited and waited. Finally, the teacher left and I hurried to join the playing children. I didn't realize how long I had played until my paternal grandfather (Blo ldan, b. 1928) came and said, "We looked for you everywhere. Our neighbor told us you left with your cousin. Don't do it again, OK? Let's go home now."

"No! I don't want to go back, I want to stay here," I declared.

Grandfather didn't force me, so I stayed with Cousin that night at school.

The next morning, Grandfather brought a small, PLA² bag for books and pens. He talked with the principal, who agreed that I could stay at the school. I was excited and joyful when Grandfather told me I could stay.

Children's Day (June first) came and went with activities such as dancing, singing, and sports like running, tug-of-war, and so forth. Students' parents came and were an attentive audience.

Teachers liked me to participate in dance programs. Everything about dancing intoxicated me. I felt joyful when I danced in colorful and special styles of clothing while leaping and spinning. At that time, girls did not dance as energetically as the boys. I was so proud of my dancing. When dancers came and performed during festivals from time to time, I admired them and imagined that I was one of them.

After primary school, most of my classmates moved to the County Town to attend junior high school. One sunny morning, Father and I boarded the local bus and went to the County Town to register. After we reached the school, Father asked the gatekeeper where to register. The gatekeeper pointed to a tall, magnificent building and said, "That building," in a strange, hoarse voice.

When we got to the fourth floor of the building, we found many students lined up with their parents. In the early afternoon, we had

² People's Liberation Army.

finished all that the teachers had asked us to do. After a meal together, Father escorted me back to the school and then left. When I returned to my dormitory, most of the students were preparing for evening self-study, which I had never heard of before. I followed them to the classroom, where we sat together and chatted. I was sitting in a corner with one of my dormmates when a teacher came and told us to introduce ourselves. The teacher, who was our head teacher, talked about school rules and classes.

The next day, we began seven days of military training. I never had a chance to dance in middle school. What I remember most about the school is the way that I spent my weekends. I watched movies all day in a room for one *yuan*. During lunchtime, I ran back to school, ate with friends, and then rushed back to watch movies until midnight, and sometimes until the next morning.

At that time, my family had no TV. We often borrowed DVDs and VCDs³ from small stores and watched them at the home of my uncles. When I was at home during the day, our parents told us to keep an eye on our livestock and at night, ordered us to bed early. At the place that showed films, in contrast, nobody disturbed us until it was time to pay the one *yuan*.

DANCE SCHOOL IN ZI LING (XINING) CITY

After two years of middle school, I had the opportunity to enroll in a dance school in Zi ling City. During the first class, I realized that dance was not as easy as I had thought. There was a lot of painful, hard training. When I practiced, the teacher watched, offering a stream of corrections. I felt tired and fed up, although I felt better when the teacher gave me a little credit for improving. But it was still hard. I had secretly planned to leave and find another school to learn something easier, but I had no idea where to go. It was a sad time as I continued to make plans.

³ Video Compact Disc.

My family members were happy that I was able to attend a dance school because they believed this would lead to a good job four years later, which encouraged me to persist. One week, two weeks, one month... gradually training became part of my daily life, and I felt comfortable after training. My sweat made me feel comfortable and cool. I loved Tibetan and Mongolian dances because the melodies made me feel restful and calm. The Mongolian music of Hexige⁴ was wonderful and made me feel better when I was homesick. Sometimes, I lay in bed, imagining dancing to his slow melodies, which relaxed me.

In time, I enjoyed my life but, finally, the day came when I graduated and had to go somewhere else. I moved to the Rma lho (Huangnan) Song and Dance Troupe, located in Reb gong (Tongren) Town, Rma lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon Province and began a new life, participating in large performances in Taiwan, Beijing, and Shanghai. The way that I evaluated dance was changing. Dance not only helped me enjoy the music and colorful costumes, but it also communicated my emotions and expressed my culture. The dancers who could truly transmit their feelings and identities to the audience were the ones I admired most. When I tried to do the same thing, I wasn't nervous or tired.

I greatly admired Pad ma rgya mtsho,⁵ who has his own dance troupe in Beijing. Every part of his dance made me feel comfortable and relaxed. *Snowland Heroes* is one of his works. He commented that the inspiration for this creation was from an oil painting of a group of men wearing Tibetan robes walking together amid falling snowflakes that covered the sky, the land, and their robe collars. In this pure, quiet world, one man looks back with an innocent dark face and white teeth. The spirit of this painting reminded him of home and inspired him to create a new dance to express his homesickness. I performed this dance with some of my former classmates at my former school in December 2017. It was recorded for the 2018 Lunar New Year celebration.

⁴ For a photo, see <https://bit.ly/2MIT2Fq> (accessed 29 July 2019).

⁵ Founder of Beijing Wanma Dance Troupe, a member of the Chinese Dancers Association, and a professor at Northwest Nationalities University.

In December of 2012, a teacher advised me to go to Gor mo (Ge'ermu, Golmud) City located in the center of Mtsho sngon Province, where the salary was better than where I was working, so I moved and worked for the Gor mo City Song and Dance Troupe as a performer. I appreciated the people I worked with there. The weather was very dry, and there was little rain in summer, but this didn't disturb my work. I went home once a year, during the winter holiday. My co-workers and teachers stressed that I had good basic dance skills and talent. However, I felt something was lacking in my life.

One day, two friends came to visit me in Gor mo. We had dinner together, and they asked if I would take the college entrance examination. We talked a lot that night. I was confused and asked one of my leaders for advice. Finally, I decided to take the exam, reasoning that I could learn many things at university, and would have many chances to improve myself. It is almost impossible to get a good job without a diploma, and I continued to want to be a great dancer. I focused on preparing for the written exam and the dance exam, and borrowed preparation books from my friends. Having little background and understanding of math and geography, I decided to leave work and find a school to better prepare for the exam. I contacted a friend whose mother located a training school. With some friends, we moved and studied there for about three months. The teachers were Chinese and the subjects were taught in Chinese. I had a hard time, especially with math. When the exam date was close, I left the training school and went home for several days before taking the exam. I also had the dance exam in Zi ling at Mtsho sngon Normal University, which I passed.

My friend and I rented a room in our County Town for four days. We got up early in the morning and took a taxi to the exam site. Before entering the rooms, guards checked every person who had any relation with the exam. We were only allowed to bring ID cards and pens into the exam room. The first examination subject was math, and I was nervous. I guessed at the answers. There were two invigilators and a big camera in the corner that recorded our every move. Many leaders came into the room again and again. Sometimes they checked our ID

cards, which made me more anxious. After the exam, I worried about what I would do if I failed. A month later, I was notified I had passed. It was a very happy moment.

LIFE AT THE DANCE INSTITUTE OF NORTHWEST NATIONALITIES UNIVERSITY IN LAN GRU (LANZHOU)

The first time I met my classmates, we introduced ourselves. There were fifty-three students (eighteen males, thirty-five females). At the beginning of the semester, I felt a lot of pressure. My classmates were of different ethnic groups. We had classes in Chinese folk dance, dance psychology, dance education, ethnic folk dance, basic dance training, dance drama, ballet, classical dance, and modern dance.

In the second semester, ten women and ten men from our department joined a cultural exchange activity in Russia. I was chosen for this. After I returned, I began creating my own works for which I received some awards, which encouraged me to move forward.

Now in 2019, I work in an art troupe⁶ in Shenzhen City, Guangdong Province, teaching the performers in the troupe. The audiences for performances include dancers, singers, and tourists. My job is to teach and perform twice a week and during festivals. I like my job, my colleagues, the weather, and the food. I meet many people from different places, and I learn a lot besides dance. I hope to improve myself and create my own works while living a simple life. Life is practice for who we are going to be.

⁶ Shenzhen shi dongbu huaqiao cheng yishu tuan.

PHOTOGRAPHS

FIG 1 (left). 'Brug lha rgyal (left) with his sisters, Sgrol ma yag (center) and Klu mo tshe ring (right) (~1997, Bkra shis 'bum's home in Rta nag Township, Gser chen County, Mtsho sngon Province, unknown photographer). FIG 2 (right). 'Brug lha rgyal (center). "My mother said when I was around five that I often went to the county town with my Aunt Lha skyid yag and her husband, Rdo rje tshe brtan. I was an only son, so they spoiled me. My aunt's husband, whom we call A'ba 'father', bought my white hat. Whenever I saw that they were preparing to go somewhere, I rushed back home to put on new clothes. An old Chinese photographer in our County Town took the photo (right). I am with my cousin's wife, 'Brug mo tshe ring (left) and a paternal cousin (G.yu mtsho rgyal, right) (~1995, Rta nag Township).



FIG 3. 'Brug lha rgyal (left), Dgra 'dul thar (b. ~1985, center) a local friend and a cousin, Snying rtse rgyal (b. ~1987, right), pose for a photo in a studio in Chab cha Town, the capital of Mtsho lho Prefecture. "When we were in middle school, we liked to go outside the school campus and eat with friends" (~2004, unknown photographer).



FIG 4. 'Brug lha rgyal (3rd from left, front row) with classmates in Zi ling (2007, unknown photographer).



FIG 5. 'Brug lbha ryal (center), Bad ma rgyal (left), and Tshe b+ha (right). "We took this picture with new clothes on the way back to school after celebrating Teachers' Day" (2007, photo studio in Zi ling).



FIG 6. 'Brug lha rgyal (left, 3rd row from the front) Nadamu (2009, Rma lho (Henan) Mongolian Autonomous County, Rma lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon Province, unknown photographer).



FIG 7. 'Brug lha rgyal (blue mask) Nuo opera (2010, Beijing, unknown photographer).



FIG 8. 'Brug lha rgyal (right), after participating in the 3rd Ethnic Minority Art Show, with a friend, Tshe ring rdo rje, in the Great Hall of the People (2010, Beijing, unknown photographer).



FIG 9. Fox-skin hats are taboo in my home area. I wore this hat shortly after a performance in Beijing (2010, unknown photographer).



FIG 10. 'Brug lha rgyal (left, in black coat). With friends in Beijing (2010, unknown photographer).



FIG 11. 'Brug lha rgyal (second from left) "The Old Man" - a Tibetan opera (2010, Beijing, unknown photographer).



FIG 12. 'Brug lha rgyal (left). After a performance with a friend, 'Jam dbayngs tshe ring, in Beijing (2010, Beijing, unknown photographer).



FIG 13. 'Brug lha rgyal (pouring sand). "Sand Dance" (2013, Gor mo City).



FIG 14. 'Brug lha rgyal (with an ax). "Dance fills my life with hope and dreams. Behind each achievement is a long train of pain. I never underestimate the power of practice" (2013, Gor mo City).



FIG 15. Rehearsal for a dance competition (December 2014, the Dance Institute of Northwest Nationalities University, unknown photographer).



FIG 16. 'Brug lha rgyal (2nd left, back row). "My classmates at college" (December 2014, the Dance Institute of Northwest Nationalities University, unknown photographer).



FIG 17. 'Brug lha rgyal (center) "Princess Wencheng" (October 2015, Beijing Meilanfang Theatre).



FIG 18. 'Brug lha rgyal "Princess Wencheng" (October 2015, Beijing Meilanfang Theatre).



FIG 19. 'Brug lha rgyal (left) Tang and Tibetan armies (October 2015, Beijing Meilanfang Theatre, a screengrab from <http://www.chinadance.cn>, 9 November 2019).



FIG 20. "Mongolian dances are among my favorites" (2015, Lan gru City, unknown photographer).



FIG 21 & 22. "Dance gives me a sense of belonging, no matter where I go or who I am with" (2015, Rta nag Township).

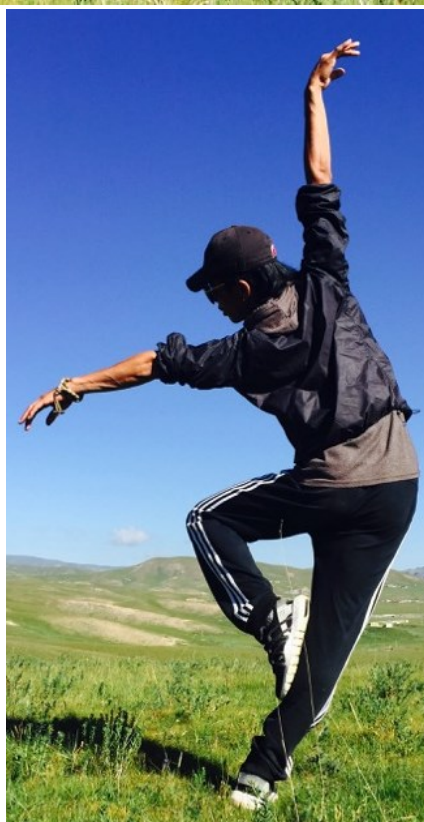


FIG 23. 'Brug lha rgyal (center, right of older man). "Surround yourself with people you want to emulate" (2015, with classmates and teacher, the Dance Institute of Northwest Nationalities University, unknown photographer).



FIG 24. 'Brug lha rgyal (row 2, 2nd from right). Final exam. The caption reads Wudao xueyuan zhuanke qimo gongkai kaoshi huibao 'Dance Institute Professional Class Final Public Examination Report' (2016, the Dance Institute of Northwest Nationalities University, unknown photographer).



FIGS 25 & 26. "You know if you do not practice for even one day. If you don't practice for two days, your peers know. If you don't practice for three days, the audience knows" (2016, Lan gru City, unknown photographer).



FIG 27. 'Brug lha rgyal (5th from right, 2nd row) with football team (2016, Lan gru City, unknown photographer). (2016, Lan gru City, unknown photographer).



FIG 28. 'Brug lha rgyal (left front, standing). "Snowland Heroes" (2017, Lan gru City, unknown photographer).



TIBETAN TERMS

'brug kho འབྲུག་ཁོ།

'brug lha rgyal འབྲུག་ལྷ་རྒྱལ།

'brug mo tshe ring འབྲུག་མོ་ཚེ་རིང་།

'jam dbayngs tshe ring འཇམ་དབྱངས་ཚེ་རིང་།

bkra shis 'bum བརྒྱ་ཤིས་འབུམ།

blo ldan ལྷོ་ལྷན།

chab cha ཆབ་ཇ།
 dgo dgo dgo དགོ་དགོ་དགོ།
 dgra 'dul thar དག་འདུལ་ཐར།
 g.yu mtsho rgyal གཡུ་མཚོ་རྒྱལ།
 gor mo གོར་མོ།
 gser chen གསེར་ཆེན།
 kla'u rgan, rkun thus གླུ་ལྷ་རྒྱལ། གླུ་ལྷ་ལྷ།
 klu 'bum rgyal གླུ་འབུམ་རྒྱལ།
 klu mo tshe ring གླུ་མོ་ཆེ་རིང་།
 klu rgyal གླུ་རྒྱལ།
 krom ཁྲོམ།
 lan gru ལན་གུ།
 lha skyid yag ལྷ་སྦྱིད་ཡག།
 mtsho lho མཚོ་ལྷོ།
 mtsho sngon po མཚོ་སྒོན་པོ།
 mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྒོན།
 pad ma rgya mtsho པད་མ་རྒྱལ་མཚོ།
 pad ma rgyal པད་མ་རྒྱལ།
 pan zhi པན་ཞི།
 rdo rje tshe brtan རྩོམ་ཆེ་བརྟན།
 reb gong རེབ་གོང་།
 rma lho རྩ་ལྷོ།
 rta nag རྟ་ནག།
 sgrol ma mtsho སྒྲོལ་མ་མཚོ།
 sgrol ma yag སྒྲོལ་མ་ཡག།

skya lung སྐལ་ལུང་།
snying rtse rgyal སྟོང་རྩེ་རྒྱལ།
tshe b+ha ཚེ་བ་ཀླ།
tshe brtan rgyal ཚེ་བརྟན་རྒྱལ།
tshe ring rdo rje ཚེ་རིང་རྩོ་རྗེ།
zi ling ཟི་ལིང་།

CHINESE TERMS

Beijing 北京
Beijing wanma wudao jutuan 北京万玛舞蹈剧团
Ge'r mu shi gewutuan 格尔木市歌舞团
Gansu 甘肃
Gong he 共和
Hainan 海南
Hexige 贺西格
Huangnan 黄南
Huangnan gewutuan 黄南歌舞团
Lanzhou 兰州
Meilanfang da juyuan 梅兰芳大剧院
Nadamu 那达慕
Nuowu 傩舞
Qinghai 青海
Shanghai 上海
Shawu 沙舞
Shenzhen shi dongbu huaqiaocheng yishu tuan 深圳市东部华侨城艺术团
Taiwan 台湾
Tongren 同仁
Wudao xueyuan zhuan ye ke qimo gongkai kaoshi huibao 舞蹈学院专业课期末公开考试汇报
Xining 西宁
Xueyu hanzi 雪域汉子
Yuan 元

SALT COLLECTION AND TRADING IN A MDO

Sangs rgyas tshe ring སངས་རྒྱལ་ཙེ་རིང་།

ABSTRACT

Lha rgyal tshe ring (b. 1933), a herdsman in Rig smon (Daotanghe) Town, Gser chen (Gonghe) County, Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, PR China describes his trips to Dbus yi tshwa mtsho (Chakayanhu) to collect salt and later, to trade the salt in Khri ka (Guide) County Town and in Sku 'bum (Huangzhong). The first of his ten salt collection trips was at the age of sixteen (1949) with his father (Klu 'bum, 1897-1950) and fellow community members.

KEYWORDS

Mtsho sngon (Qinghai), oral Tibetan history, Tibetan salt collecting, Tibetan salt trading, Amdo,

†Sangs rgyas tshe ring. 2019. Salt Collection and Trading in A mdo. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:289-306.

INTRODUCTION

In 2019, I interviewed Lha rgyal tshe ring (b. 1933), a herdsman in Rig smon (Daotanghe) Town, Gser chen (Gonghe) County, Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province. At that time, he had two living sons (Rdo rje tshe ring, b. 1959; Ye shes dbang phyug, b. 1977)¹ and two daughters (Rdo rje sgrol ma; b. 1960; Hri thar skyid, b. 1965). His wife (Mkhar mo yag, 1936-2007) had passed away some years earlier. Lha rgyal tshe ring is very talkative, does not feel lonely, and is always ready to share his many stories, including those about salt-collecting, with interested listeners. He has a lot to say about his experiences, but his grandchildren, who attend school and must do a lot of homework, sometimes ignore what he says. They don't spend much time listening to him.

Lha rgyal tshe ring was sitting by the stove, chanting *ma Ni* as usual. His grandson, Dbang chen tshe ring (b. 1982), was busy with the livestock after breakfast. It was the lambing season. Lambs were bleating outside the house. Lha rgyal tshe ring continued chanting. The noise did not break his concentration nor stop him from spinning his small *ma Ni* prayer wheel.

His oldest daughter (Rdo rje sgrol ma), had married and moved into the home of her husband in Rmog ru (Mo're) Community. She has three children. Her youngest son (Skar ma, b. 1992) is a college student and today, he and his older brother (Klu rgyal tshe ring, b. 1972) had come to visit their maternal grandfather. As Lha rgyal tshe ring began speaking, his voice passed out the window to a vast golden prairie under a bright sun.

¹ Two sons died of illness when they were children.

FIG 1. Lha rgyal tshe ring demonstrates how to use *me cha* in his home (26 February 2017, Sangs rgyas tshe ring).



FIG 2. Lha rgyal tshe ring's great-grandson (Bsod nams rdo rje, b. 2005) listens to his great-grandfather (Rig smon Town, 26 February 2017, Sangs rgyas tshe ring).



FIG 3. Place names.

Tibetan Name	Chinese Name	Administrative Location
Ar sti Township	Niandi Township	Chab cha Town
Chab cha Town	Qiabuqia Town	Gser chen County
Chag ka so'u	Xiangpishan	Gser chen County
Chu rnga Village	Qushen'na Village	Ar sti Township
Dbus yi gzhongs	-	Tshwa kha Town
Dbus yi tshwa mtsho	Chakayanhu	Tshwa kha Town
Rig smon Town	Daotanghe Town	Gser chen County
G.yag gdong Valley	-	Stong skor County
Gser chen County	Gonghe County	Mtsho lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture
Gser chen Mountains	Saiqian Mountains	Gser chen County
Khri ka	Guide	Khri ka County
Lhu dbang thang	Luohantang	Khri ka County
Mtsho lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture	Hainan Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture	Mtsho sngon Province
Mtsho sngon po	Qinghaihu, Qinghai Lake	Mtsho sngon Province
Mtsho sngon Province	Qinghai Province	
Rig smon gzhung	-	Rig smon Town
Rmog ru Community	Mo're Community	Gser chen County
Rta nag ma	Heimahe	Gser chen County
Skyes nyin lung	-	Gser chen County
Stong skor	Huangyuan	Stong skor County

FIG 4. Locations in the text.¹

LHA RGYAL TSHE RING'S ACCOUNT

I'm not a perfect salt trader, but I'm an old salt trader in our community. I went to collect salt ten times in my life, and each time was an adventure. Now we don't need to worry about salt. We can easily get it from town, but at the time I'm talking about, it was very expensive and difficult to get. My father (Klu 'bum; 1897-1950) went to take salt every other year until I became independent. When I was sixteen, I began to go on salt collection trips. I went twice with my father and community members. The other times were with my friends. I heard about earlier experiences of collecting salt from my grandfather (Bla ma rgyal, b. 1876-1942). I'm the third salt man in my family. From my grandfather to me, in addition to livestock, the salt trade was an economic resource for my family. Grandfather and Father traded salt for food, clothing, and so on. But for me, most of the time, I collected salt for the local government. I did it for trade only a few times.

PREPARATION

Every season all the herding families moved together for the livestock to have better pasture. The summer pasture is the place with the highest elevation in my community, and the weather there is unpredictable.

¹ This map is an edited version of <http://map.tianditu.gov.cn/> (accessed 2 April 2019).

Sometimes it snows even in summer. Snow covers the mountaintops all year.

It took three days to reach the summer pasture from our winter pasture. We herded livestock there for about a month and usually didn't leave until we had repaired the yak pack frames and our black yak-hair tent. I also needed to repair the salt bags from my father's time because I would go to take salt when we moved to the autumn pasture from the summer pasture. Male yaks were the only transport in my community, and yak pack frames were used in daily life. Salt bags were only used when transporting salt.

As we were repairing our tent, my neighbor, Rdo rje (1929-1958), came to help. He saw me sorting the salt bags and said, "Why didn't you tell me? I also plan to go get salt. I will drive fifteen yaks."

I replied, "If you are going to get salt, of course, we can go together. My cousin, Rdo rje tshe ring (1940-2003), will also come. There will be three of us."

I guessed Rdo rje tshe ring also had fifteen male yaks. Each salt trader commonly drove fifteen yaks, and three people would go together from my home community to take salt, but I only had eleven male yaks.

Several days later, it was time to go to the summer pasture. At that time, our community had thirty families. We followed a rule that all the families would move together to the summer pasture. We spent two days on the way and camped in G.yag gdong Valley. Some families camped in the next valley.

Although we used leather ropes in daily life, at that time, I used yak hair to make ropes, as they were useful when we collected the salt.

After shearing the sheep, I and some community leaders went to Stong skor (Huangyuan). My family exchanged half of our wool for some handfuls of dried noodles and four bags of flour.

My home community's autumn pasture was located halfway between the winter and summer pastures. We didn't go to the autumn pasture but instead, I visited Uncle Bsod nams' (1892-1967) home and asked to borrow five yaks. Uncle agreed. When he was younger, he had been a great salt trader and had done salt business with other communities. His son didn't like this business. When I visited, Uncle was

quite old. He understood the custom. If a family lent yaks, pack frames, or salt bags to a salt trader, the trader in return gave the lending family some salt when he returned.

Later, in the seventh month, the families moved to our autumn pasture. The next day, I butchered two sheep. One was for my family members, and the other was to take on our salt collecting trip. Representing the three of us, I went to the local monastery, 'Khyam ru dgon pa.¹ The local *bla ma* chose an auspicious day for us to start - the fifth day of the seventh month (1952).

THE FIRST DAY

The three of us loaded our yaks and met in Rig smon (Daotanghe). On the way, I stopped at Uncle's home and put pack frames on four of Uncle's yaks. When I reach Rig smon my companions were waiting. Each man had fifteen yaks. Of the total, only thirty-nine yaks had a pack frame with two empty salt bags. Fifteen days were commonly needed to reach Dbus yi tshwa mtsho. We planned to reach Dbus yi gzhongs fourteen days later and the following day would start for Dbus yi tshwa mtsho, the salt lake in the Dbus yi gzhongs area.

Rdro rje had been to Dbus yi gzhongs several times. It was Rdo rje tshe ring's second time. I had been twice before with Father.

At that time, being a salt trader was a way to prove you were a real man. Most women liked dating real men.

I had relied on Father before, so this time I was a little worried. So as not to worry Rdo rje and Rdo rje tshe ring, I didn't tell them I was anxious.

We set off for Tshwa lam, south of Mtsho sgnon po (Qinghaihu, Qinghai Lake). I'm sure many people have been this way. We camped when we got near the Gser chen (Saiqian) Mountains. It was a good place for salt traders to camp. First, we took food and a pot from the yaks, but

¹ Founded by Blo bzang thub bstan 'jigs med rgya mtsho in 1861, 'khyam ru dgon bkra shis dge phel gling is located in Chu rnga Village, Ar sti (Niandi) Township, Chab cha Town (Nian and Bai 1993:211-212). See Smith (2017:111) for a photo.

we didn't remove the empty salt bags nor the pack frames. That place had fresh grass and a river that flowed to Mtsho sngon po. I took Father's *me cha* 'lighter' from my waist and lit a fire. That night we ate meat and noodles. After tying the yaks, we slept in our sheepskin robes on the grass in the tent.

That night, I slept very well, because it didn't rain and I was very tired. When I woke up, it was dark, and my partners were still asleep. I went to check on the yaks. They were all together and chewing their cuds. Then I went back to the tent and slept a little longer. Father had told me that yaks liked to go to other pastures just at dawn. How true. When Rdo rje woke up and went to check the yaks, they were walking away. "I'm going to drive the yaks here, so you two make a fire and boil water," Rdo rje tshe ring said.

"OK, no problem," I replied.

We ate breakfast, offered *bsang* 'incense' to the mountain deities, and prayed, which made me comfortable. Then we packed food, *chu lwa* 'raincoats made from sheep wool', and our small tent on the yaks and began the second day, hoping everything would go well.

It rained on the third day, so we didn't reach the Rta nag ma (Heimahe) Tribe before pitching our tent near a forest. It was a place where salt traders commonly lost their yaks. It had rained the whole day, and the yaks hadn't grazed, so we took the salt bags off the yaks and let them graze for a half-hour before tying them in front of our tent in the evening.¹ We were unable to collect dry yak dung so we couldn't make a fire. We could have made a fire with firewood, but none of us wanted to go cut firewood in the forest.

In the morning, when we woke up, we first looked for the yaks. We worried that wolves might come and kill the yaks or some yaks might break their rope tethers and wander far away from where wolves would easily kill them. Fortunately, the yaks were safe, and the weather was fine. I went to cut firewood from the forest. When I returned, Rdo rje tshe ring had fetched water and prepared breakfast. We ate *rtsam pa*, loaded the yaks, and slowly drove the yaks so that they could graze on the way.

¹ Pack frames are not generally removed during salt-collecting trips.

We crossed many mountains and rivers and finally got to Dbus yi gzhongs. After thirteen days of travel, we were now surrounded by mountains. The lower part of the mountains was flat and had no grass. There was no river, so it was very hard to find potable water.

The previous time I had been there, we had camped near a well. I had forgotten where it was. Rdo rje pointed and exclaimed, "The well is over there."

To our disappointment, the well was dry. Maybe it hadn't rained for a long time. We didn't pitch our tent and just ate *rtsam pa* with butter. No people and no animals were near us.

The next day, we crossed a barren flat place. When it was almost night, we saw Dbus yi tshwa mtsho. We stopped and took the pack frames off the yaks.

The next morning, we were glad to see Dbus yi tshwa mtsho again. We enjoyed the nice weather and ate breakfast. Rdo rje tshe ring herded the yaks while Rdo rje and I took the whole sheep carcass we had brought and all the salt bags. After packing them onto a gentle yak, we went to visit a man who had good experience taking salt from the lake. If someone wanted his help, they had to give him a whole sheep carcass. It was a rule, and the old salt trader understood the rules. He knew a lot about collecting salt and collected salt by himself. He had a family and didn't stay at the salt lake all year.

"How many yaks do you have?" he asked.

"We have forty-five yaks, but we will use two yaks to pack our food and tent. Please prepare salt for forty-three yaks," I replied.

Seeing the salt man reminded me of one of Father's story about a man who had no experience in salt collecting. Five of his yaks fell into the salt lake and died, so he didn't go home but stayed there and then collected salt for traders. I thought that might have been the salt man's relative.

"Several days ago I collected enough salt for more than fifty yaks," boasted the salt collector.

We went to see the salt, which was fresh and mostly black. Black salt was considered good salt. Rdo rje and I filled the salt bags and sewed them shut in the afternoon. My previous experience told me not to fill a

bag with salt completely. On rainy days, if a full bag got wet, it swelled, and then split. A bag of salt weighs about fifteen kilos. We packed two bags on each yak. Eventually, pleased with ourselves, we returned to our campsite where Rdo rje tshe ring had cooked noodles for us.

We were very pleased the salt man had already collected the salt, so we didn't need to wait for him to do this. We saw a group with many donkeys waiting to collect salt.

The next day we got up early and offered incense to Dbus yi tshwa mtsho. Dro rje tshe ring tied the front legs of some of the less cooperative yaks together to keep them still while we worked. Rdor rje and I packed the yaks. Usually, two men worked together, each packing one side of the yak. Gentle yaks were different. One person could pack a salt bag on one side of a yak and then pack a second bag on the other side. But such gentle yaks were very few. Some yaks, when they noticed we were loading them, swung their heads and switched their tails. They didn't like it, so we tied their legs together to keep them still. We put bags of salt on all the yaks except for those that carried our gear.

RETURNING HOME

After we set off, we saw a salt team with camels coming from the north. We didn't say anything to them to avoid trouble. Maybe they were Mongolian salt traders.¹

Of course, the yaks were now slower than before, and we had to be careful. Some yaks might use their horns to break other yaks' salt bags. If a rope got loose and a salt bag slipped, the load was unbalanced and the pack frame might break, or the yak might roll over and down the side of a mountain.

On the way, several ropes loosened, so we repacked the salt bags and tied the ropes again. It was my fault for not properly tying the ropes in the first place.

At night, we kept the yaks near us. We didn't remove our sheepskin robes and leather shoes. We had heard stories about bandits

¹ Tibetans, however, from the same general area as Lha rgyal tshe ring collected salt using camels (Wenchangjia and Stuart 2014).

who attacked salt traders, who then lost their livestock and salt. We kept our rifles and swords near us. The nights seemed longer than usual. When I had been with Father, I didn't worry much at night. We now took turns sleeping.

The next day, it was raining so we put on our *chu lwa*. We didn't stop until evening. The rain continued all night. In the morning, it was still raining, but we continued as usual.

Several days later, we reached Chag ka so'u (Xiangpishan) and drove our yaks to the upper part of the mountain. There were many rocks on the way. Two days later, a packed yak lost one of its hooves and couldn't keep up with the others. We then divided its two bags of salt into four bags and put a half-bag of salt in the center of a pair of bags of salt on other yaks, a common solution to this problem. The second time I had gone with Father to collect salt, one of our yaks had lost a hoof, so we also removed the pack from the injured yak and divided its salt among other packed yaks.

We drove the injured yak with the others and soon reached Skyes nyin lung, which is the name for the five tribes located south of Mtsho sngon po. My tribe belonged to Skye nyin lung. The injured yak was slower than before, so we stopped at a tent. They boiled milk tea for us, and we ate *rtsam pa*. They promised to care for the injured yak and told us we could drive it the next time we took salt.

Two days later, we safely reached Rig smon gzhung and then, home. We had spent thirty-two days on this salt trip.

When I removed my leather shoes at home, my ankles were very painful. It had been days since I had removed my shoes, and the ankle section of my leather shoes had dried. I had to use a knife to remove them.

TRADING SALT

After resting at home for a week, we packed half of the salt on yaks to exchange for barley, wheat flour, food oil, and pears in Khri ka (Guide). It was early in the ninth month. We first visited some families and gave them salt. They gave us barley and cooking oil in return. We also traded salt for

pears with a stranger. At that time, some families had very delicious pears from their pear trees in Lha khang thang (Luohantang).

The next day, we packed the items we had collected from trading, loaded the pack yaks, and returned to our homes. Some community members came and asked if they could come with us next time to collect salt. Of course, we agreed that we could go together.

Next, we packed the remaining salt on the yaks and went to Sku 'bum (Huangzhong)¹ to exchange it for silver coins. At that time, it usually took one and a half days on horseback to reach Sku 'bum (Huangzhong). We walked, driving the pack yaks for two days. We visited rich families and exchanged salt for silver coins. I had twelve bags of salt. They gave two silver coins for each bag of salt. Rdor rje had fourteen salt bags, and Dro rje tshe ring had ten. "Tshwa nag 'black salt' is perfect salt," the buyers exclaimed enthusiastically.

On the way, we bought some bags of white flour, and I also bought a horse for seven silver coins. That good horse could understand me. Later, sometimes when I was drunk, I slept while riding that horse and woke up, to find we had arrived home. I rode that horse to collect salt with community members, and also many times when I collected salt for the local government

¹ Local people use the Chinese term "Huangzhong" to refer to "Sku 'bum."

FIG 5. The Rig smon grassland and the Ldog bzhur gtsang bo River. When Lha rgral tshe ring was a salt trader, his family's yak-hair tent was here (13 June 2017, Grags pa).



FIG 6. Dbus yi tshwa mtsho (from <https://bitly.com>, accessed 6 April 2019).



FIG 7. Dbus yi tshwa mtsho salt (from <https://bit.ly/2FRoQKo>, accessed 6 April 2019).



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TIBETAN TERMS

'khyam ru dgon bkra shis dge 'phel gling འཇམ་རུ་དགོན་བརྒ་ཤེས་དགེ་འཕེལ་གླིང་།
 'khyam ru dgon pa འཇམ་རུ་དགོན་པ།
 ar sti ཨར་སྟི།
 bla ma བླ་མ།
 bla ma rgyal བླ་མ་རྒྱལ།
 blo bzang thub bstan 'jigs med rgya mtsho བློ་བཟང་ཐུབ་བསྟན་འཇིགས་མེད་རྒྱ་མཚོ།
 bsang བསང་།
 bsod nams བསོད་ནམས།
 bsod nams rdo rje བསོད་ནམས་རྡོ་རྗེ།
 chab cha ཆབ་ཇ།
 chag ka so'u ཆག་ཀ་སོ་འུ།
 chu lwa ལུ་ལྷ།
 chu rnga ལུ་རྩ།
 dbang chen tshe ring དབང་ཆེན་ཆེ་རིང་།

dbus yi gzhongs དབུས་ཡི་གཞོངས།
 dbus yi tshwa mtsho དབུས་ཡེ་ཚྭ་མཚོ།
 g.yag gdong གཡག་གདོང་།
 grags pa གྲགས་པ།
 gser chen གསེར་ཆེན།
 hri thar skyid ཁྱི་ཐར་སྐྱིད།
 khri ka ཁྲི་ཀ།
 klu rgyal tshe ring ལྷ་རྒྱལ་ཚེ་རིང་།
 ldog bzhur gtsang bo ལྷོག་བཞུར་གཙང་བོ།
 lha 'bum ལྷ་འབུམ།
 lha khang thang ལྷ་ཁང་ཐང་།
 lha rgyal tshe ring ལྷ་རྒྱལ་ཚེ་རིང་།
 ma Ni མ་ནི།
 mkhar mo yag མཁར་མོ་ཡག་།
 mtsho lho མཚོ་ལྷོ།
 mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྒོན།
 mtsho sngon po མཚོ་སྒོན་པོ།
 rdo rje རོ་རྩེ།
 rdo rje sgröl ma རོ་རྩེ་སྒྲོལ་མ།
 rdo rje tshe ring རོ་རྩེ་ཚེ་རིང་།
 rig smon རིག་སྐྱོན།
 rig smon gzhung རིག་སྐྱོན་གཞུང་།
 rta nag ma རྟ་ནག་མ།
 rtsam pa རུམ་པ།
 rmog ru རོག་རུ།
 sangs rgyas tshe ring སངས་རྒྱལ་ཚེ་རིང་།
 skar ma སྐར་མ།
 sku 'bum སྐུ་འབུམ།

skyid nyin lung སྒྱིད་ཉིན་ལུང་།
stong skor ལྷོང་སྐོར།
tshwa kha མྲོ་ཁ།
tshwa lam མྲོ་ལམ།
tshwa nag མྲོ་ནག།
ye shes dbang phyug ཡེ་ཤེས་དབང་ཕྱུག

CHINESE TERMS

Chaka 茶卡
Chakayanhu 茶卡盐湖
Daotanghe 倒淌河
Gonghe 共和
Hainan 海南
Huangzhong 湟中
Huangyuan 湟源
Heimahe 黑马河
Luohantang 罗汉堂
More 莫热
Qiabuqia 恰卜恰
Qinghai zangchuan fojiao siyuan 青海藏传佛教寺院
Qinghai 青海
Qinghaihu 青海湖
Qushenna 曲什那
Saiqian 赛欠
Xiangpishan 橡皮山

"OUR CHIMNEY STILL SMOKES" JIRAXJI (B. 1926) -
A HUZHU MONGGHUL (TU) WOMAN

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ABSTRACT

I interviewed Jiraxji (b. 1926) of Jangja Village, Hongyazigou Township, Huzhu Tu (Mongghul) Autonomous County, Haidong City, Qinghai Province, PR China on 8 May 2018. Jiraxji describes Mongghul family structure and history, typifying traditional Mongghul extended families and relationships among relatives and clan members, especially childless families.

KEYWORDS

Mongghul (Monguor) biography, Himalaya women biography, oral Mongghul (Tu) history, Plateau life narratives, Qinghai studies

†Limusishiden (Li Dechun). 2019. "Our Chimney Still Smokes" Jiraxji (b. 1926) - A Huzhu Mongghul (Tu) Woman. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:307-320.

I and my Mongghul wife, Jugui (b. 1969), visited Jiraxji (b. 1926) on 8 May 2018 at her home in Jangja¹ Village, Hongyazigou Township, Huzhu Tu (Mongghul) Autonomous County, Haidong City, Qinghai Province, PR China. I recorded my interview with an audio recorder. Later, I listened to the material, took notes in Mongghul, and wrote this text in English.

Jiraxji was born in Tughuangang Village, Wushi Town, Huzhu County and was adopted when she was about five months old. After becoming an adult and marrying, Jiraxji gave birth once to a child who died from illness.

Jiraxji's adopted daughter, Lansuuxji, was born in Xangri Village, Hongyazigou Township. One of the sons of Jiraxji's husband's brothers was invited to marry Lansuuxji and move into Jiraxji's home.

Jiraxji was ninety-two years old in 2018. A person who has lived this long is unusual in the Mongghul area. Her family structure and history are indicative of traditional Mongghul extended families and relationships among relatives and clan members as they pertain to childless families.

¹ The first Zhangjia Living Buddha, Zhabaeseer (?-1641), was born here in Zhangja Village. I use Mongghul terms and spellings. Variants of such terms are listed in the Non-English Terms at the end of this article.

FIG 1. Jiraxji (Jangja Village, Hongyazigou Township, Huzhu Tu Autonomous County, Qinghai Province, China, 8 May 2018),



FIG 2. Jiraxji (front center), Lansuuxji (back left), and Lasiziniruu (back right) (Jangja Village, Hongyazigou Township, Huzhu Tu Autonomous County, Qinghai Province, China, 20 October 2018).



FIG 3. Jiraxji's family courtyard (Jangja Village, Hongyazigou Township, Huzhu Tu Autonomous County, Qinghai Province, China, 20 October 2018).



FIG 4. People

Name	Dates	Relationship to Jiraxji
Gunbuxji	Unknown	biological mother of Jiraxji's adopted daughter, Lansuuxji
Hgarima	1907-1968	adoptive father and maternal uncle
Jiraxji	b. 1926	self
Lamaxja	1926-1993	husband
Lansuuxji	b. 1948	adoptive daughter
Lasiziniruu	b. 1951	adoptive son
Xangxi	1899-1980	adoptive mother maternal aunt

Jiraxji was ninety-two-years old in 2018. Her home is located in the north part of Jangja Village, Hongyazigou Township, Huzhu County. She gets up every morning at six o'clock. After washing her face, she sweeps her family's shrine room as well as its corridors, and then enters the kitchen where her daughter, Lansuuxji (b. 1948), has already prepared embers in the kitchen hearth. For many years, Lansuuxji has repeated this morning work punctually. If not, Jiraxji scolds her.

Jiraxji took a ladle of embers from the stove and went out to the courtyard center where the *yansuuri* 'small garden plot' was located. A small triangular altar for burning juniper twigs had been built on top of the small garden wall. She put the embers on the altar, added a handful of juniper twigs, blew the embers into a blaze, and added a handful of *szuari* 'highland barley flour'. As smoke wafted above the altar, she sprinkled *quari* 'clean water' three times on the burning juniper and flour. Facing the altar, Jiraxji made three prostrations to Shge Tingere luan purghan 'Great Heaven and all the deities'.

Next, she went to her family shrine room where she emptied water from seven small copper bowls lined up on a wooden table. The day before water had been added to the bowls from a vat in the kitchen. Jiraxji rubbed the empty bowls with an oily towel, lined them up again,

filled them with pure water, and offered them to Buddhas and all the deities to whom she made three prostrations.¹

Afterwards, she went to the kitchen where Lansuuxji had boiled black tea, filled a ceramic bowl with tea, walked to the shrine room, offered tea to the Buddhas and deities, and piously made three more prostrations on a floor mat that was tattered and faded, testimony to countless prostrations over many years.

Once these morning duties were completed, Jiraxji rested, sitting cross-legged on the cushion in her family shrine room. She leaned against the side wall and turned a *manii* 'string of prayer beads' in her right hand. As she repeated, "*O manii banii huang*," Lansuuxji brought a bowl of black tea and placed it on the floor in front of Jiraxji and urged her to drink some.

Her eyesight was good, for example, she sewed her own clothes. However, her back and knees ached and she was completely deaf in her right ear. It was necessary to speak loudly in her left ear in order for her to hear. She avoided the company of others because she was hardly able to understand what they said and felt guilty not being able to respond. Her happiest moments were when her great-grandsons came home on the weekends or holidays from school and when her great-granddaughters regularly came to visit her from their husbands' homes. Jiraxji had cared for them and had shared a bed with them when they were children.

Sipping her tea and fingering her *manii*, she said:

It's so good if I die soon. This is the only way I can relieve all my pain and suffering but, when will I die? My family and others wish for me to have a longer life, but who will take away my pain and suffering if I live longer? Only I endure my suffering. Nobody else can help me. Truly! A longer life is suffering for me. Old family members, relatives, and villagers have already died. I'm the only one left.

Several days ago, I was feeding my family's swine in front of my courtyard compound. A man came in his tractor to sell piglets. He looked

¹ There are no physical deity images in the shrine room. She prostrates to Buddhas and deities that she imagines.

at me for a long time and finally spoke, but I couldn't hear what he said. Lansuuxji then came and spoke into my ear. The swine seller could hardly believe that I was ninety-two. He said that he had never seen such an old person in our Mongghul area.

Her recollections took her into the past:

One day, Hgarima (1907-1968), who was both my adoptive father and maternal uncle, visited my biological parents' home in Tughuangang, a village on top of a mountain in Wushi Town. When he entered my home, he found my parents had gone out to do farm work in the fields. A five-month old baby girl (me) was tied with a long thin rope around my waist belt to a roof rafter above the sitting and sleeping platform to keep me from crawling away. I was crying sadly. I cried loudly when I saw Hgarima. Long scraggy hair covered my neck and half of my face. Various bits of trash were tangled in my hair. My body was covered in a *huuguazi* 'coarse wool garment' knotted at my back. It was soiled with feces and urine. My face was smeared with dirt. My eyes were turning and emitting glimmers of light.

Hgarima felt very sad to see me. He wiped my eyes and mouth, and the snot from my dirty face with his garment sleeve. He thought I was suffering without care from my family. Believing that I was in danger of dying because my family was unable to take good care of me because of their heavy work in and outside of their home, he untied me, held me, and took me to his home in Jangja Village.

My mother was Hgarima's elder sister. She married into Father's home in Tughuangang Village.

Late that night, Father rushed to Hgarima's home and found I was there. Father happily inquired, "Why did you bring Jiraxji to your home?"

"Jiraxji will die if I don't bring her. She's too young to take care of herself. We know that you and your wife are very busy. Please leave her here. We can take good care of her," Hgarima replied.

Father agreed, thinking it was a good idea to leave me at my maternal uncle's home because only in this way would I be well cared for, since he and Mother were unable to do so.

From then on, I have been a member of Hgarima's family.

My parents once asked Hgarima and his wife, Xangxi (1899-1980), to return me to their home in Tughuangang, but Hgarima and his wife suggested that I stay with them until I was older.

As I grew up, I was accustomed to living here in Hgarima's home and finally both families agreed that I would become Hgarima and Xangxi's adopted daughter and permanently live with them.

Hgarima and Xangxi had a son, Lamaxja, who was born in the same year as Jiraxji. They played and grew up together in Hgarima's home.

When Lamaxja and I were four or five years old, Hgarima and Xangxi had a poor life because government taxes on forage and grain were heavy, Hgarima had several brothers, few fields, and crop yields were poor. My [adoptive] parents had a little farm land. In order to make a better living they took me and Lamaxja to live in Tughuangang Village where we shared a courtyard compound with my biological parents. My adoptive parents bought some farm land from others, and cultivated it for a couple of years. Once harvested, they moved the grain and straw into our original home in Jangja Village. Eventually, Hgarima and Xangxi decided to leave Tughuangang Village because there was little farmland, and crop yields were poor.

At someone's suggestion, our family moved to Morighuali¹ Village in today's Hongyazigou Township where my parents bought a courtyard compound and some fields. We worked hard and had good crop yields, but some local villagers were very jealous of our family, who they saw as "outsiders" in their village, and deliberately made things difficult for us. Eventually we also left Morighuali Village after selling the courtyard compound and our fields.

My family then moved to today's Lawaa Village, Danma Town where we bought fields from locals, built a courtyard compound some distance from the center of Lawaa Village, and farmed. That's how we made our lives.

¹ Horse Valley.

One night after we had gone to bed when I was about ten years old, two thieves suddenly rushed in. The shorter of the two thieves jumped on the sleeping platform and grabbed a sword hanging on the wall. The thieves had previously noticed the sword that my [adoptive] father had prepared in case there was this sort of situation.

The thieves shouted at us, ordering us to remain where we were on the sleeping platform. We were terrified. They shoved Father back onto the sleeping platform, tied his hands behind his back with a rope, and then hung him from the house beam. They beat Father with a club and the sword, shouting, "Tell us, where the new carpets are that your family recently bought? Give them to us right now! Otherwise, we'll kill all of you!"

"I have no new carpets," Father replied firmly.

They then resumed torturing Father.

At this juncture, a woman from Huarin Village who my family had hired to work in our home, ran outside, rushed to the village center, and asked villagers to rescue us. The anxious thieves then fled before the villagers arrived.

My family regretted not living in the village center which was why we had become the thieves' target. Worried about future attacks, we finally sold our courtyard compound and fields, and left Lawaa in search of a new place to live a better life.

We moved to Wughuang Village in today's Wushi Town where we bought fields and constructed a house inside a walled compound.

A couple of years later on the sixth day of the fifth lunar month, as I was on the way to my home from my biological parents' home in Tughuangang. I encountered an old man with a pockmarked face. He said, "Your home was attacked by bandits last night. Go there as quickly as possible. I saw your mother walking down the road this morning looking for things that had been stolen and left on the road by the bandits."

When I got home, everyone was very upset. Thieves had secretly come into my home in Wughuang Village late at night, untied the horses in the stable, taken many valuables including even our shoes, put everything on horseback, and then left. My [adoptive] mother had slept upstairs while Father, Lamaxja, Lamaxja's close friend, and the friend's son, had slept on the sleeping platform in the kitchen not noticing the

thieves at all. The fifth day of the fifth lunar month was an important local festival¹ so the men were completely drunk, which is why they were unaware of the thieves.

Further thefts convinced my parents to return to their original home in Jangja Village so they sold our courtyard compound and fields in Wughuang Village. They had decided that Jangja Village was safest, however, life in Jangja Village was as harsh as ever due to poor crop yields.

There was a discussion among my family members – both adoptive and biological – and clan members when Lamaxja and I were fourteen years old. Agreement was reached that Lamaxja and I should marry and live in my adoptive parents' home. A wedding was then held for us at our home. Lamaxja and I had grown up and played together in one home and finally married each other. We were duty bound to serve Hgarima and Xangxi in their old age.

Six years after our marriage, I gave birth to a baby who got ill and died after a year. That was my only pregnancy. Years later, as my [adoptive] parents were getting older, they were very anxious because Lamaxja and I were childless.

One day, Xangxi visited her parents' home in Xangri Village [today's Hongyazigou Township] and lamented to her parents that I was childless. She wondered how I and Lamaxja would live when we were old. Seeing Xangxi's extreme grief, Gunbuxji, Xangxi's brother's wife, said, "Please don't be sad. We are relatives. We should help you. You see I am pregnant. I will give birth in the eighth month this year. I promise to give this baby to you no matter if it is a boy or a girl."

Excited to hear such good news, Xangxi promised to return to take the baby, and then returned to our home in Jangja Village.

In the eighth lunar month that year Gunbuxji gave birth to a baby daughter who was named Lansuuxji.

In the second lunar month of the following year, when Lansuuxji was six months old, Xangxi thought Lansuuxji was old enough to be separated from her mother, so one morning in 1949, Xangxi got up early and again went to her parents' home in Xangri. The family was having breakfast when she arrived. After greeting each other, Xangxi directly told

¹ Tawun Sarani Xni Tawun.

them that she had come to take Lansuuxji to her home in Jangja Village. All the family members expressed shock. Gunbuxji, who was nursing Lansuuxji, protested, "No! I don't want to give my daughter to you!"

"Have you forgotten that you agreed to give the baby to me many months ago? How can you so easily break your promise?" Xangxi exclaimed with tears in her eyes.

The family was silent.

"Dear parents and my dearest relatives, don't you all want to support me? My daughter, Jiraxji, will not give birth again, which means my family will surely be childless and *yantangni funiini jiligha adaguna* 'our chimney will stop smoking'. How terrible for me to die in grief for having no younger generations in my family!" Xangxi continued, weeping sadly.

Standing up, Xangxi took Lansuuxji from Gunbuxji, and declared, "I promise Lansuuxji will grow up happy in my home under my family's care."

Xangxi left with Lansuuxji in her arms and trotted up a hill without looking back. As she arrived atop the hill, she saw that her parents and other relatives were watching from the front gate of their house. Gunbuxji was following her.

"Please go home now! Rest assured that my family and I will take good care of Lansuuxji," Xangxi shouted to Gunbuxji.

"No! I cannot live without my daughter! I need my Lansuuxji!" Gunbuxji answered loudly and wept.

Undeterred, Xangxi began descending the hill in direction of her home located at the foot of the hill.

Gunbuxji followed Xangxi closely, hoping Xangxi would be moved and return the baby. However, she soon lost hope. It was clear that Xangxi wouldn't return her daughter. When Xangxi was very near her home compound, Gunbuxji stopped and stood for a long while until Xangxi entered the front gate of the compound. Gunbuxji then despondently returned to her own home in Xangri Village.

Lansuuxji brought new hope to my family. She became Xangxi and Hgarima's adopted granddaughter. Xangxi had cared for me and now Xangxi took care of Lansuuxji. My five-member family had a happy life farming and raising livestock.

Later in 1966, Lansuuxji turned eighteen, a marriageable age. According to our traditions, a girl marries and moves into her husband's home. Lansuuxji's case was different. Because her family had no son, she had to stay at home to "keep the family chimney smoking" and for her family to continue.

During the last lunar month in 1966, her adoptive and biological parents and clan members met. The result was that Lasiziniruu (b. 1951) was chosen to become Lansuuxji's husband and move into our home and become a member of our family. A wedding ceremony was held for Lansuuxji and Lasiziniruu in our home.

Hgarima had five brothers. Lasiziniruu was the third brother's oldest son. According to custom, if a man had no son, the family first asked one of his brothers to give a son to become that man's son. If the man had no brothers, then the family sought a "son" for him from one of his sisters, clan members, or other relative.

Hgarima and Xangxi were Lasiziniruu's "grandparents" and Jiraxji and Lamaxja were his "parents" in the home. Jiraxji's family grew again.

Two years later in 1968, Hgarima fell ill and died.

Twelve years later in 1980, Xangxi became ill and died.

Lamaxja died in 1993 from illness.

Lansuuxji gave birth to two sons and three daughters. The three daughters married and moved into their husbands' homes. The first and second sons have two children each.

Every time my granddaughters come visit, I am very excited to talk with them and sleep with them. I also have a very nice relationship with my grandsons and great-grandsons.

Lasiziniruu and Lansuuxji take good care of me.

I have an extremely harmonious family. We now have happy lives.

"Mother, I have prepared breakfast and am waiting for you," Lansuuxji called, standing by the shrine room door.

Jiraxji stood with difficulty and made her way to the kitchen. Once she was seated and about to take bread from the table she again said, "Why am I still alive? I should leave this world..."

NON-ENGLISH TERMS

Danma 丹麻 Town

Gunbuxji, a person's name

Haidong 海东 City

Hgarima, a person's name

Hongyazigou 红崖子沟 Township

Huarin, Hualin 桦林 Village

huuguazi, coarse wool garment

Huzhu 互助 County

Jangja, Zhangjia 张家 Village

Jiraxji, a person's name

Jugui, a person's name

Lamaxja, a person's name

Lansuuxji, a person's name

Lasiziniruu, a person's name

Lawaa, Lawa 拉哇 Village

Limusishiden, Li Dechun 李得春, a person's name

manii, ma Ni མ་ནི། string of prayer beads¹

Mongghul, Monguor, Mangghuer, Tu, Tuzu 土族

Morighuali, Maorigou 毛日沟 Village

pei, shaokang 烧炕, a heatable raised platform

phreng nga ཕྱེང་ང༌།

O manii banii huang, oM ma Ni pa d+me hU~M ཨོ་མ་ནི་པ་ད་མེ་ཨུ་མ་ལྷོ་རྒྱུ། religious
recitation

Qinghai 青海 Province

¹ In Tibetan, a string of prayer beads is known as *phreng nga*. In Mongghul, it is *manii*.

quari, clean water

Shge Tingere luan purghan, Great Heaven and all the deities

szuari, highland barley flour

Tawun Sarani Xni Tawun, the fifth day of the fifth lunar month.

Tughuangang, Tughuanshan 土官山 Village

Wughuang, Bahong 巴洪 Village

Wushi 五十 Town

Xangri, Shenlu 神路 Village

Xangxi, a person's name

xrai, low rectangular wooden table

yantangni funiini jiligha adaguna, our chimney will stop smoking

Zhabaeseer, a person's name

Zhangja, Zhangjia 张家 Village

A HUZHU MONGGHUL (TU) WOMAN'S LIFE:
QIXINSUU (1924-1982)

Limusishiden (Li Dechun 李得春, Joints Surgery Department,
Qinghai University Affiliated Hospital)

ABSTRACT

My paternal relative, Qixinsuu, was born in 1924 and passed away in 1982. To learn more about her life, I interviewed my father (Limuzhunmaa, b. 1942) on 13 September 2018 in Tughuan Village, Danma Town, Huzhu Tu (Mongghul) Autonomous County, Qinghai Province, PR China. I also interviewed Qixinsuu's adopted daughter, Zhunmahua (b. 1953), on 24 September 2018 in Pudang Village, Danma Town. I recorded both interviews using an audio recorder. Later, I listened to the audio, took notes in Mongghul, and wrote this text in English.

KEYWORDS

Himalaya women history, Huzhu, life narratives, Monguor biography, Monguor history, oral Tu history, Qinghai-Tibetan Plateau

†Limusishiden (Li Dechun). 2019. A Huzhu Mongghul (Tu) Woman's Life: Qixinsuu (1924-1982). *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:321-338.

FIG 1. Zhunmahua (b. 1953), illiterate, farmer, Qixinsuu's second adoptive daughter (Zhunmahua's home, Pudang Village, Danma Town, Huzhu Tu Autonomous County, Qinghai Province, PR China, 24 September 2018, Limusishiden).



FIG 2. Qijangdanzhuu (b. 1948), illiterate, farmer, and Srangtawa's oldest son (Qijangdanzhuu's home, Smee Village, Wushi Town, Huzhu Tu Autonomous County, Qinghai Province, PR China, 12 November 2018, Limusishiden).



FIG 3. Courtyard interior of Qijangdanzhuu's home where he lived with his family (Qijangdanzhuu's home, Smee Village, Wushi Town, Huzhu Tu Autonomous County, Qinghai Province, PR China, 12 November 2018, Limusishiden).



FIG 4. People.

Name	Dates	Description
not known (QJF)	?	Qixinsuu's father-in-law, Qijangsirang's father
not known (QM)	?-1925	Qixinsuu's mother
A Caicai	?	a wealthy agro-pastoralist in Shdazang Taiga, Tiantang Town, Tianzhu Tibetan Autonomous County, Gansu Province
Lamuhua	b. 1939	first daughter of Warimaniruu and Rnqanshiji
Limusishiden	b. 1968	Limuzhunmaa's son, author of this paper
Limuxja	1949-2018	third son of Warimadanzhuu, and later husband to Zhunmahua and Qixinsuu's son-in-law
Limuzhunmaa	b. 1942	one of Qixinsuu's mother's parents' grandsons, also Limusishiden's father
Nangbog	~1936- 2000	Qixinsuu's adoptive son (also the second son of Warimadanzhuu)
Niiga	b. 1941	Qixinsuu's first adoptive daughter (also the second daughter Warimaniruu and Rnqanshiji)
Qijangdanzhuu	b. 1948	Qixinsuu's nephew (Srangtawa's oldest son)
Qijangsirang	1897-1981	Qixinsuu's father (QM's husband)
Qixinsuu	1924-1982	the subject/protagonist of this article
Rnqanshiji	1915-1990	biological mother of Niiga, Qixinsuu's first adoptive daughter (also wife of Warimaniruu)

Srangtawa	1923-1984	Qixinsuu's older brother, her only sibling
Warimadanzhuu	1911-1973	Warimazhaxi's oldest brother and biological father of Nangbog, Qixinsuu's adoptive son
Warimaniruu	1914-1958	Warimazhaxi's second older brother and biological father of Niiga, Qixinsuu's first adoptive daughter
Warimazhaxi	1917-1991	Qixinsuu's husband
Zhunmahua	b. 1953	Qixinsuu's second adoptive daughter, adopted in 1959
Zushiba	b. 1933	monk, Qixinsuu's husband's older brother's first son

INTRODUCTION

When QM¹ was about thirteen-years-old, she was sent to live in her husband's home in Smee Village, Wushi Town. This was a very unhappy time in QM's short life. When her daughter, Qixinsuu, was two years old, QM mysteriously died in her husband's home in Smee Village. Her death was most likely the result of her husband's (Qijangsirang) odd, cruel, and selfish behavior. After QM's death, two-year-old Qixinsuu was taken to her maternal grandparents' home in Tughuan Village, Danma Town. Later, when Qixinsuu was about thirteen-years-old, her maternal grandparents arranged for her to move into her groom's (Warimazhaxi) home in Pudang Village.

Unable to give birth, Qixinsuu and her husband adopted Nangbog and Niiga from her husband's brothers' homes. Qixinsuu's husband's family was extremely impoverished and heavily in debt. Looking for a better life, they went to today's Shdazang Taiga area, Tiantang Town, Tianzhu Tibetan Autonomous County, Gansu Province.

¹ I was unable to locate anyone who knew the name of Qixinsuu's mother. For that reason, I refer to her as QM in this text.

In their ninth year in Shdazang Taiga, their adopted children were taken back by their biological parents. Devastated, Qixinsuu and her husband returned to their former home in 1958 and adopted Zhunmahua from a relative. When she reached marriageable age, Qixinsuu and her husband searched for a young man to become their son-in-law and move into their home. At this juncture, Qixinsuu's husband's brother stirred up trouble. Wanting to inherit Qixinsuu's family's property, he proposed that Zhunmahua marry one of his sons.

Later in life, as Qixinsuu was returning to her home, she met her father by chance. After decades of separation, they were briefly reunited until Qijangsirang's difficult behavior led to a final separation.

Qixinsuu had five grandchildren and eventually paid off all her family's debts.

QIXINSUU'S FATHER AND PATERNAL GRANDFATHER

QM began an unhappy life once she moved to her husband's (Qijangsirang) home. Like his own father (QJF), Qijangsirang had no sense of family responsibility, was extremely selfish, for example, eating wheat-flour bread by himself in his home, left home whenever he wanted, did no housework or fieldwork, provided no money to his family while spending lavishly on himself, for example, purchasing robes and gambling, and scolded and beat his wife. Qijangsirang also had a poor relationship with his own father. Both father and son were *hguandii*.¹

In 1923, a year after QM's marriage, she gave birth to a son, Srangtawa. A boy child pleased the family. Nevertheless, QM continued to be abused. In an attempt to leave her husband, she fled to her parents' home. Believing she should stay at her husband's home because she had given birth to a son in her husband's home, her

¹ A *hguandii* 'red lama' is capable of both good and evil, can summon and command evil, and can send illness or misfortune to a certain person or a particular community. For more on this practitioner, see Limusishiden (2015:87).

parents sent her back to Qijangsirang's home. Some days later, after more abuse, she again fled to her parents' home with her son but was again sent back.

After a particularly difficult period, QM once more fled to her parents' home, cried desperately, and declared that she would not return to live in her husband's home. A couple of months later, QM's parents' *warishidang* 'clan'¹ met and decided two elder women from Tughuan Village would escort QM and Srangtawa to Qijangsirang's home. The clan head instructed the escorts before they left, "If her husband says, 'Please take your daughter (QM) back to your home, I don't like her,' then tell him to invite two respected elders from their clan to his home. Bring QM back immediately if the two elders agree."

When this group reached their destination, Qijangsirang angrily declared, as predicted, "Take your daughter back to your home. I don't like her!"

"Fine. Please ask two respected old men from your clan to come here. If they agree, we will take our daughter to our home immediately," one of the old women, having been prepared for this situation, said to Qijangsirang.

Qijangsirang lacked the courage to ask two elders from his clan to come to his home. QM was not guilty of any wrongdoing, thus, all the responsibility for this separation would have fallen on Qijangsirang and his father. Qijangsirang's clan members were very familiar with Qijangsirang's and his father's problematic behavior. At that time, the power of clan members in Mongghul society was significant and conflicts and disputes were solved by clan members. Eventually the two old women returned to their homes empty-handed, leaving QM at her husband's home.

QJF had a powerful aversion to seeing women urinate, which he believed was disgusting and extremely bad luck. If he noticed a woman urinating or heard of this happening along the route he planned to take, he stayed at or returned to his home the whole day and only left the next morning, or he might have turned and walked in the opposite direction taking a long detour. Consequently, QM had to

¹ There is no specific name for this clan.

carefully urinate in and out of the family compound¹ to avoid encountering QJF. Taking advantage of this, Srangtawa, who did not like to accompany his grandfather, lied that a woman had urinated outside her home gate when QJF wanted to go somewhere and take Srangtawa with him. This had the immediate desired effect as QJF would surely not leave his home that day.

QJF buried valuables outside his home compound at night, an activity his neighbors were aware of. They secretly watched for this and dug up what he buried. Other odd behavior included never allowing his seat on the family *pei*² to be coated. Normally, a Mongghul family coated their *pei* once every two or three years with a mixture of mud and bits of wheat straw.³ As time passed, the surface of a *pei* became rough and uneven, which is why a family periodically resurfaced it. However, QJF refused to allow his seat on the *pei* to be coated. Over the years, his seat was noticeably sunken.

A year after Srangtawa's birth, QM was pregnant with Qixinsuu. Again, beaten by Qijangsirang, she fled to her parents' home and in 1924, while there, gave birth. Two months later, QM was sent back to her husband's home with her infant daughter.

A year later, in 1925, Qixinsuu's maternal grandmother from Tughuan Village started off to visit her daughter in Smee Village. She reached Naguu Plain, which is near Smee Village, and met an old woman from QM's clan and learned that QM had died several days earlier. The old woman didn't know the details of the death. Qixinsuu's maternal grandmother was shocked and wept. A bit later, she returned home after telling the old woman that she would never come again to

¹ Before 1949, Mongghul had no toilet in their home. Urination and defecation were done in the pigsty and outside the home compound.

² Traditionally, Mongghul used a *pei* in the kitchen, which was divided into two parts by the *langang* 'low wall'. The first part was for cooking, and the other half was the *pei*, or raised platform, where all the family slept at night. Made of adobe bricks, the *pei* was warmed by heat from the kitchen fire passing through channels to the chimney or a fire fueled by animal dung and straw that burned in the center of the *pei* (Limusishiden and Jugui 2010:26-27).

³ The straw strengthened the coating.

Naguu Plain – a place that had brought great misery to her daughter and her unexplained death.

QM's death remains an enigma. However, QM's isolated grave suggests that she did not die naturally as those who died from suicide or from deadly infectious disease were not buried in the ancestral graveyard, but buried separately some distance away.

Soon after her mother's death, Qixinsuu was sent to her maternal grandparent's home because Qijangsirang did not want to care for her. Qixinsuu was thus cared for by her maternal grandmother in Tughuan Village.

QIXINSUU'S MARRIAGE

When Qixinsuu was thirteen, her family proposed that she marry Warimazhaxi from Pudang Village. However, Qixinsuu's relatives refused because Warimazhaxi's family was so impoverished that they could barely eke out a living. At almost the same time, a man from Szanghuali Village, Donggou Township came to propose and Qixinsuu's relatives accepted. The groom's side promised to give a fine colt as a betrothal gift. It was agreed that the wedding would be held during Spring Festival.

Qixinsuu's relatives felt that they should report the marriage to her father. Learning that the groom's side had promised a fine colt as a betrothal gift, Qijangsirang delightedly exclaimed, "Great! I will make Qixinsuu's dowry chest."

For unknown reasons, the groom died in Szanghuali Village before the marriage. Once they learned this, Warimazhaxi's relatives approached Qixinsuu and again proposed marriage. This time, despite Warimazhaxi's family's poverty, Qixinsuu's relatives agreed. One compelling reason for this was that Mongghul girls were denigrated if they were unmarried by the age of fifteen, an age Qixinsuu was approaching.

When the new marriage situation was reported to Qijangsirang, he asked, "Is Warimazhaxi family's well-off? Will they give a fine colt as a betrothal gift?"

"No. Their family is too poor to offer a colt," the man answered. Qixinsuu's father shook his head and said nothing.

In the end, nobody from Qixinsuu's father's side participated in her wedding.

When Qixinsuu married and moved to her husband's home, his family had nothing except several dilapidated rooms inside a run-down earthen compound. Suffering from hunger, they often borrowed food and money from relatives, neighbors, and villagers. Nevertheless, Warimazhaxi was a quiet, kind man who loved Qixinsuu. They had a harmonious life.

ADOPTING CHILDREN AND MOVING TO TIANZHU

Qixinsuu agonized over the fact that she was childless. When she was about thirty years old, Warimazhaxi's clan suggested that Warimazhaxi's oldest brother, Warimadanzhuu, give his second son, Nangbog, to Qixinsuu and Warimazhaxi as their adoptive son. Warimazhaxi's older brother, Warimaniruu, also gave his second daughter, Niiga, to be their adoptive daughter. This family of four was very poor and deeply in debt, consequently a decision was made to move to Shdazang Taiga, Tiantang Town, Tianzhu Tibetan Autonomous County, Gansu Province where they might earn some income and repay their debts.

One of Warimazhaxi's cousins, who had earlier fled to Shdazang Taiga to avoid being forcibly conscripted into Ma Bufang's¹ (1903-1975) military forces, facilitated their move. With the cousin's assistance, they became *zhuangtou* 'outsiders' who made a livelihood by farming land for a rich agro-pastoralist named A Caicai.

¹ An important member of the Ma family who lived in Xining until fleeing to Hong Kong in 1949.

Meanwhile, Qixinsuu and Warimazhaxi worked hard in the fields and sent Nangbog to attend a private school in a local home. After a couple of years, they had earned enough to buy land and build their own compound yard and rooms. They planned to live there permanently. However, in the early spring of 1958, Warimadanzhuu visited, declaring, "I'm here to take Nangbog back to my home because my first son, Zushiba (b. 1933), has gone to Rgulang Monastery¹ to be a monk."

Nangbog was then taken away. Though the couple was devastated by this development, Niiga was still with them and they thought after she got older, they could find a man to marry her and live with them and thus they would be cared for in their old age.

Unfortunately, two months later, Niiga's mother, Rnqanshiji, visited and declared, "My husband died this year. I have come to take my daughter to live with me. I need Niiga because my first daughter, Lamuhua, has married and now lives in her husband's home."

Despite their pleas, Rnqanshiji took Niiga and left.

Qixinsuu and Warimazhaxi were again childless and very worried. Additionally, news of their children being taken away quickly spread in Shdazang Taiga. Hating the brothers and their wives who had taken away their adopted children, Warimazhaxi and Qixinsuu sold their property and returned to their former home.

In autumn 1958, the couple moved into their former compound and a year later they adopted Zhunmahua, a relative of QM's parents in Tughuan Village. Qixinsuu and Warimazhaxi loved Zhunmahua and after many years of hard work, Qixinsuu and Warimazhaxi's conditions improved.

When Zhunmahua was thirteen years old it was decided to find her a husband who would live in Qixinsuu's home. At this juncture, Warimazhaxi's oldest brother, Warimadanzhuu, appeared again and said, "Don't find a husband from other areas! I'll give my third son,

¹ Rgulang is a Dge lugs Monastery located in Sitan Village, Wushi Town, Huzhu Tu (Mongghul) Autonomous County, Qinghai Province. Pu (2013:71-75) reports 396 monks in 1957 while Smith (2013) reports "over 300 monks" (291) and also "340 monks" (293).

Limuxja. Limuxja and Zhunmahua will inherit your property and carry out your funeral duties!"

Qixinsuu and Warimazhaxi were forced to accept this proposal because Warimadanzhuu persuaded clan members to insist that Qixinsuu and Warimazhaxi agree. Nevertheless, they understood that Warimadanzhuu's true purpose was to eventually inherit their property. Furthermore, Warimadanzhuu would spend less on the wedding because his son was moving into his wife's home.

Qixinsuu, Warimazhaxi, and clan members made a written agreement in Chinese and "signed" it with their fingerprints to further affirm that Zhunmahua was Qixinsuu and Warimazhaxi's adoptive daughter and Limuxja was their adoptive son. A main clause of the contract¹ stipulated that Zhunmahua would inherit most of the family property while Limuxja's portion was a small amount, in case the marriage failed and the couple separated.

QIXINSUU MEETS HER FATHER

One afternoon several years later, Qixinsuu was walking to her home from shopping in Danma Town. She stopped and rested along a sloping path on a hill. An old white-bearded man wearing a white felt hat and a reddish-brown long robe with a *daleen*² shoulder-bag slung over his right shoulder approached. "Grandfather, where are you from? Please rest here," Qixinsuu said, standing up to show respect.

¹ Zhunmahua kept the agreement in her dowry chest until she burned it in 2000, thinking it had no value.

² *Daleen* refers to a long narrow woolen bag that is often slung over a person's shoulder or across the back of a pack animal. Certain Amdo Tibetans say *ta len*. Amdo refers to certain northern and central Tibetan areas (portions of the present Qinghai, Gansu, and Sichuan provinces) and also denotes a major Tibetan dialect (Limusishiden and Stuart 1998:44).

"How are you, Aunt? I'm from Smee Village in Fulaan Nara,"¹ the old man replied, putting his *daleen* on the ground and sitting beside Qixinsuu.

"Do you know an old *hguandii*?" Qixinsuu asked curiously.

"There are many *hguandii* in my village," the old man replied.

"His wife was from Tughuan Village. She died after giving birth to two children. His son's name might be Srangtawa," Qixinsuu replied.

"That's me! Srangtawa is my son," the old man exclaimed, curiously fixing his eyes on Qixinsuu's face.

Qixinsuu bowed her head and began weeping.

"Are you Qixinsuu?" the man asked in surprise.

Qixinsuu nodded her head.

"You are my daughter," announced the old man.

This was the first time Qixinsuu could remember having seen her father who had lived alone in Smee Village after conflict with his son. Following this chance meeting, Qijangsirang moved into Qixinsuu's home, but his selfish, eccentric, and individualistic behavior continued. For example, although Qijangsirang had moved to Qixinsuu's home he later said to Warimazhaxi, "You painted my wooden chest for storing flour. Scrape off that paint!"

Warimazhaxi refused, at which point Qijangsirang announced he would return to Smee Village, and arranged for some people to move his furniture from Qixinsuu's home back to Smee.

Qixinsuu continued to be very kind. For example, a young woman in Qixinsuu's village was maltreated by her mother-in-law to the extent she was driven out from her home and forced to stay outside. A couple of days later, she was so hungry and weak that she lay at the foot of a hill. Noticing this, Qixinsuu, with her *basi arog* 'dung-collection-basket' on her back, walked to the young woman and surreptitiously handed her a piece of highland barley bread. Qixinsuu

¹ Fulaan Nara includes today's Wushi Town and the townships of Hongyazigou and Songduo of Huzhu County and Dala Mongghul Township of Ledu Region, Haidong City (Haidong Region became Haidong City in 2013). Historically, Fulaan Nara residents spoke a unique Mongghul dialect.

knew the young woman's mother-in-law would scold her if she learned what she had done.

Many years after Qixinsuu's death from tracheitis¹ in 1982, this woman mentioned to Zhunmahua how Qixinsuu had given her bread at a very difficult time in her life.

Zhunmahua gave birth to three sons and two daughters.

In my own blurry memory, Qixinsuu was thin, of medium height, and wore a long dark robe and dark blue scarf. We children were very excited when she visited us, especially when she brought fruit from her home's cherry, plum, and apricot trees that ripened around the mid-eighth lunar month. She was a kind, sweet old woman who spoke gently. Limuzhunmaa (b. 1942) addressed Qixinsuu as Aajii 'Elder Sister'.

Divination by a monk from Rgulang Monastery after Qixinsuu's death indicated that Qixinsuu's *funiizi* 'soul' went to a home north of Qixinsuu's home and that this home had a yellow dog and seven people, a description matching my home.²

¹ It was believed that the tracheitis was due to breathing smoke from the time she was a baby and had slept on a *bankang*. The latter refers to part of a heatable adobe platform that was divided into a *yikang* and *bankang*. An opening was made at the center of the *bankang* to make it easier to add fuel. Five to six planks covered the opening once the heating materials were inside and then could be removed a couple of days later. See Limusishiden and Jugui (2010:38) for more on the *yikang* and *bankang*.

² However, no one in my family is understood to be an incarnation of Qixinsuu.

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NON-ENGLISH TERMS

- A Caicai 阿才才, a person's name
a mdo ཨ་མདོ།
aajii, ajie 阿姐, elder sister
bankang 板炕, a sleeping platform
basi arog, dung-collection-basket
Dala 达拉 Township
daleen, ta len ཏ་ལེན། dalian 褡裢, a long narrow woolen bag often slung over a person's shoulder or across a pack animal's back
Danma 丹麻 Town
dge lugs དགེ་ལུགས།
Donggou 东沟 Township

Fulaan Nara, a place name
galeng, round baked highland barley flour pancakes
 Gansu 甘肃 Province
 Haidong 海东 City
hguandii, local religious practitioner
 Hongyazigou 红崖子沟 Township
 Huzhu 互助 County
 Lamuhua, a person's name
langang, low wall
 Ledu 乐都 Region
 Limusishiden (Li Dechun 李得春), a person's name
 Limuxja, a person's name
 Limuzhunmaa, a person's name
 Ma 马, a surname
 Ma Bufang 马步芳
 Naguu, a place name
 Nangbog, a person's name
 Niiga, a person's name
pei, shaokang 烧炕, a heatable raised platform
 Pudang, Pudonggou 普洞沟 Village
 Qijangdanzhuu, a person's name
 Qijangsirang, a person's name
 Qinghai 青海 Province
 Qixinsuu, a person's name
 Rgulang, dgon lung byams pa gling རོ་གླང་ལུང་བླ་མ་པ་གླིང་།; Youningsi 佑宁寺, a monastery name
 Rnqanshiji, a person's name
 Shdazang Taiga, Dazongtai 大宗台 Village
 Sichuan 四川 Province
 Sitan 寺滩 Village
 Smee, Ximi 西米 Village
 sngags pa སྒགས་པ།
 Songduo 松多 Township
 Srangtawa, a person's name
 Szanghuali, Nianxian 年先 Village

taligha, rtsam pa རྩམ་པ།

Tiantang 天堂 Town

Tianzhu 天祝 County

Tughuan, Tuguan 土官 Village

Warimadanzhuu, a person's name

Warimaniruu, a person's name

Warimazhaxi, a person's name

Wushi 五十 Town

Xining 西宁

yikang, a heatable sleeping bed

yuuhua, steamed highland barley flour twisted rolls

zhuangtou 庄头, outsider

Zhunmahua, a person's name

Zushiba, a person's name

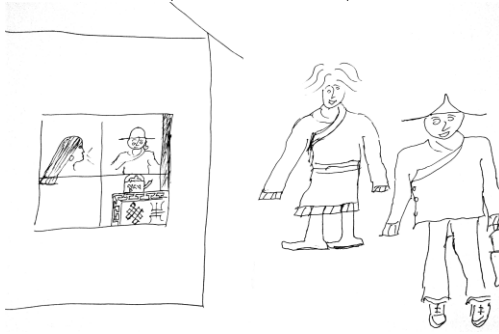
TIBETAN NIGHTMARES

Forty-five Cartoons

† Tibetan Nightmares: Forty-five Cartoons. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:339-363. The creators of the cartoons that follow were inspired by Karoliina Korhonen's *Finnish Nightmares* (2019, Random House) and thank Erika Sandman for bringing it to their attention. For other Tibetan nightmares (in color), see <https://bit.ly/2t45dQ5> (accessed 14 January 2020).

During Lo sar several visitors come. The family hasn't boiled tea (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

མོ་སངས་རྒྱལ་མགོན་པོ་སྤྲེའུ་ཀྱང་ང་མ་ཁོལ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆེ་ཤིང་།)



A: "Hello! How is your grandfather? We haven't seen each other for a long time."

B: "My grandfather passed away last year."

A: "Sorry!" (Sangs rgyas tshe ring)

ཀྱང་བདེ་མོ་ཡིན་ནམ། བྱེད་ཚད་གི་སློ་བོ་དང་དེད་གཉིས་ལུན་རིང་ལ་མ་ཐུག། ཁོ་བདེ་མོ་སྤྱིད་པོ་ཡིན་ནམ།
 ཁ་དེ་སློ་བོ་མོ་གཅིག་གི་སྤྲོན་ལ་ཆེ་ལས་འདས།

ཀྱང་གོངས་དག་ལྟ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆེ་ཤིང་།)



A guest rides to your home. You take the reins and say, "Don't worry about your horse. I'll tie it," but when the with guest leaves, the horse is gone (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

མགོན་པོར་ནང་ལ་ཕེབས་དང་། ངས་ཁྱེད་རང་གི་རྩ་བཏག་ཚོག་ཅེས་བཤད། མགོན་པོ་སྒྲོར་བུད་ནས་འགོ་སྐབས་རྩ་
སྒྲོ་མོ་ནས་ཤོར་སོང་། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཚེ་རིང་།)



You ask an orphan you don't know very well, "Where are your parents?" (Sangs rgyas tshe ring)

དེ་ལྟར་ཅིག་ལ་མ་ཤེས་པར་ཁྱེད་གྱི་ཕ་མ་གང་ལ་བུད་སོང་ཞེས་དྲིས་རྩིས་སེམས་ནས་མ་བདེ་བ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཚེ་
རིང་།)



You visit a friend, who suggests you remove your shoes so you can comfortably sit cross-legged. When you take off your shoes, you notice your feet stink (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

ཁྱེད་རང་གི་སྒོགས་པོ་ཆང་ལ་སོང་། སྒོགས་པོས་ཁྱེད་ལ་ལྟམ་ཡུད་ན་སྒྲིལ་གྱུར་བྱེད་བདེ་ཅེས་བཤད། ཁྱེད་ཀྱིས་
སྒོགས་པོས་བཤད་པ་ལྟར་ལྟམ་ཡུད་རྗེས་རང་གི་རྩ་བ་ཆོར། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་མཛོད་།)



A man sees you throwing stones at or beating his dog (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

ཁྱེད་ཀྱི་མིར་སྒར་ཆེ་སྒོ་ཁའི་ཁྱི་ལ་གཙར་རྒྱུར་བྱེད། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་མཛོད་།)



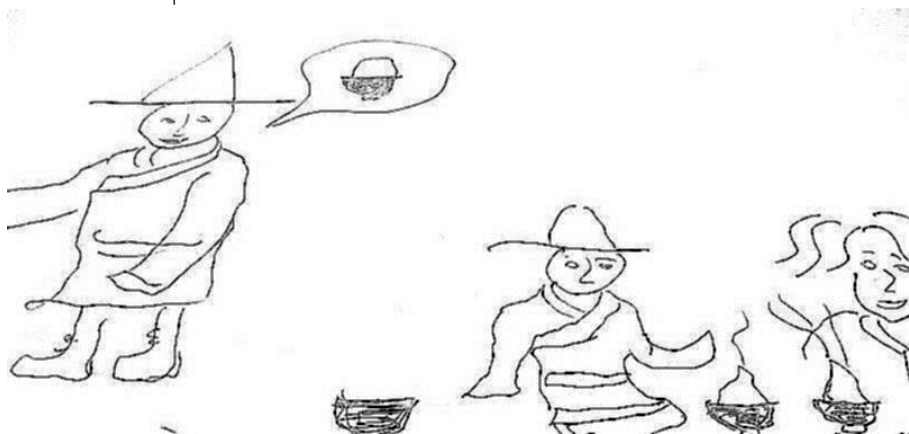
You see your son sleeping with his wife (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

ཁང་བའི་ནང་དུ་འཛུལ་མ་ཐག་ཁུ་དང་མཉམ་མ་མཉམ་དུ་ཉལ་འདུག་པ་མཐོང་བས་ངོ་ཚ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་ངེད།)



You suddenly notice you are eating faster than others in a group (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

གྲོགས་པོ་འགའ་དང་མཉམ་དུ་ཟ་མ་ཟ་སྐབས་རང་ཉིད་གཞན་ལས་ཟ་མུར་ཚུལ་ཤེས་རྗེས་སེམས་མ་བདེ་བ།
(སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་ངེད།)



Your best friend thinks you are going to trick them (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

ཆེས་ལྗོས་ཐུབ་ཀྱི་ཕྱོགས་པོས་ཀྱང་རང་ཉིད་ལ་ཡིད་ཆེས་མ་བྱས་པ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་རིད་།)



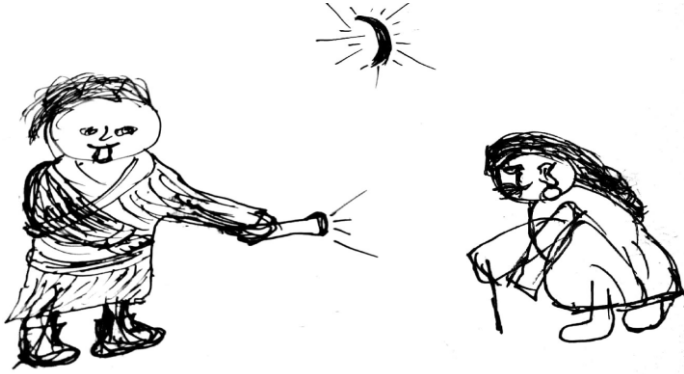
You are herding livestock on another family's grassland and the owner of that pasture shouts at you (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

བྱིམ་མཆོས་ཀྱི་རྩ་ས་རྒྱ་སྐབས་བདག་པོས་མཐོང་བ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་རིད་།)



You accidentally meet your girlfriend's mother while night dating (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

མཚན་མོ་དགའ་རོགས་ཚང་ལ་སོང་ནས་དགའ་རོགས་ཀྱི་ཨ་མ་དང་ཕྲད། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་འཛིན་།)



You are with your lover at a horserace and meet your wife and her mother (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

དགའ་རོགས་དང་མཉམ་དུ་རྒྱ་ཁ་ལ་སོང་སྐབས་རང་ཉིད་ཀྱི་ཆུང་མ་དང་སྐོམ་འུ་མ་གཉིས་ལ་ཕྲད། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་འཛིན་།)



You try to shake hands with someone who ignores you (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

ལག་པ་བརྒྱུངས་ནས་མཆོམས་འདྲི་བྱེད་སྐབས་པ་རྩོལ་པས་ཁ་ཡ་མ་བྱས་པ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆེ་ཤིང་།)



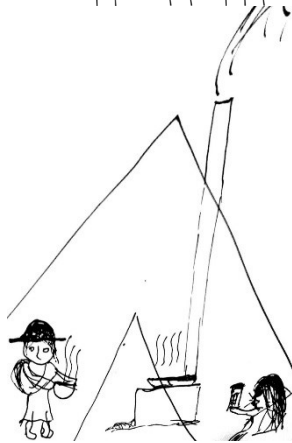
A wife scolds her husband in front of his peers (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

ཁྱུང་མས་ན་ལྷ་འཆོགས་སར་རང་གི་ཁྱོ་ག་ལ་སྤྱག་དམོད་བྱས་པ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆེ་ཤིང་།)



A husband cleans the house while his wife chats on WeChat (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

ཁྱེ་གསུམ་ཁྱེ་ལ་ས་ལས་སྐབས་རྒྱུ་མས་སྐད་འཕྲིན་ནས་གཞན་ལ་ཁ་བརྟེན་བྱེད་པ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆེ་ཤིང་།)



A daughter is listening to love songs on the radio when her father and brother enter the home (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

བུ་མོས་སྒྲ་རྒྱུ་ལས་ལ་གཞན་ལ་ཉན་སྐབས་ཨ་པ་དང་ཕུ་བོ་གཉིས་ཁང་བའི་ནང་དུ་འཇུག་པ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆེ་ཤིང་།)



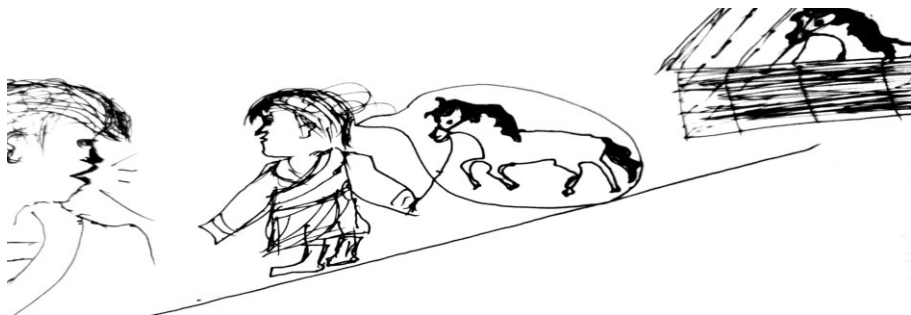
Someone accidentally sends a pornographic video to your siblings' WeChat group (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

མི་ཞིག་གིས་མཉམ་མ་བཞག་པར་ཆགས་སྒྲིབ་བྱུང་ཞིག་རང་གི་ཕུ་ཕྱུ་མིང་སྒྲིབ་གི་སྐད་འཕྲིན་ཆོགས་པར་
བསྐྱུར། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་རིང་།)



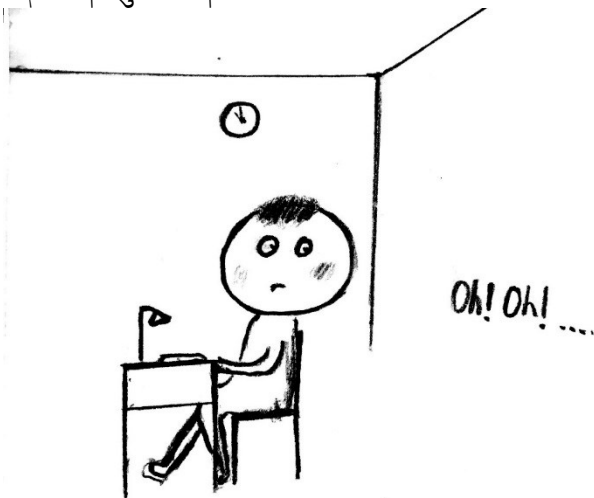
A horse owner watches you, thinking you are about to steal his horse (Sangs rgyas tshe ring).

རྩ་བདག་གིས་བྱིད་ལ་ལྟ་བཞིན་འདུག་སྟེ། བྱིས་རྩ་བརྒྱ་རེད་བསམ། (སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོ་རིང་།)



You are trying to focus on study in your humble rented room, and then you hear a high-pitched feminine squeal from an adjoining room. She's having sex (Klu thar rgyal).

དཔེ་ཆའི་ཁ་བྱེས་ཏེ་སྒྲོ་སེམས་ཚུ་གཅིག་གིས་བཟླ་བསམ་དུས། བྱིས་མཚོས་བུད་མེད་ཀྱིས་སྒྲན་གསེང་མཐོན་པོས་
ལུས་འབྲེལ་བྱེད་ཀྱིན་པ་ཐོས། (སྐུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



You are at home on holiday and you overhear your parents fiercely arguing about whether to build a toilet near your home (Klu thar rgyal).

གུང་གསེང་སྐབས་ཡུལ་ན་ཡོད་དུས། བ་མ་གཉིས་ཀྱིས་བྱིས་ཀྱི་ཉེ་འཁོར་དུ་གསང་སྟོན་ཁང་ཞིག་ལས་མིན་ལ་ཚུང་
སྒྲོང་བྱེད་པ་ཐོས། (སྐུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



"Everyone believes that I can see the future and divine accurately and they are right!" says a local diviner (Klu thar rgyal).

གྲོང་གི་མོ་པ་ཞིག་གིས། གྲུན་གྱིས་ངས་ནི་མ་འོངས་དང་རྣོག་གྲུར་མངོན་སུམ་དུ་མ་ཁྱེན་ཐུབ་པར་འདོད་ཅིང་ཁོང་
ཚོས་བཤད་པ་དེ་བདེན་ཞེས་བཤད། (ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



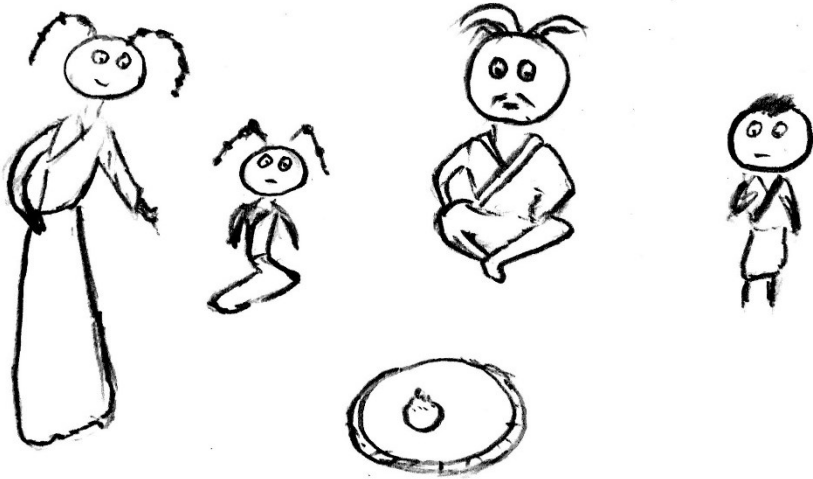
You are with your mother and see yaks mating (Klu thar rgyal).

ཁྱོད་རང་ཨ་མ་དང་ལྷན་ཏུ་ཡོད་དུས། གཡག་ཞིག་གིས་འབྲི་ཞིག་ལ་ལུས་འབྲེལ་བྱེད་གྱིན་པ་མཐོང་། (ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



Family members eat steamed dumplings together. One is left (Klu thar rgyal).

བྱིས་མི་ཚང་མས་མཉམ་དུ་ཤ་མོག་ཟས། མཐར་ལྗེར་མའི་ནང་དུ་ཤ་མོག་གཅིག་ལྟག (ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



Your mother says, "Our neighbor's son is so so great! He helps his mother with home chores and even milks their yaks!" (Klu thar rgyal)

བྱོད་ཀྱི་ཨ་མས་བྱིས་མཚོས་ཚང་གི་བུ་བྱིས་ལས་ལ་ཤིན་ཏུ་མཁས། ཐ་ན་འོ་མ་ཡང་བཞོ་ཤེས་ཞེས་བཤད། (ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



You see a young man wearing a robe without a sash walking down the street (Klu thar rgyal).

ཁྱེད་ཀྱིས་སྒང་ལ་མ་དུ་གཞོན་ཏུ་ཞིག་གིས་བོད་ལུ་ལ་སྟེ་རགས་མ་བཅིངས་པར་འགྲོ་བཞིན་འདུག་པ་མཐོང་། (སྐུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



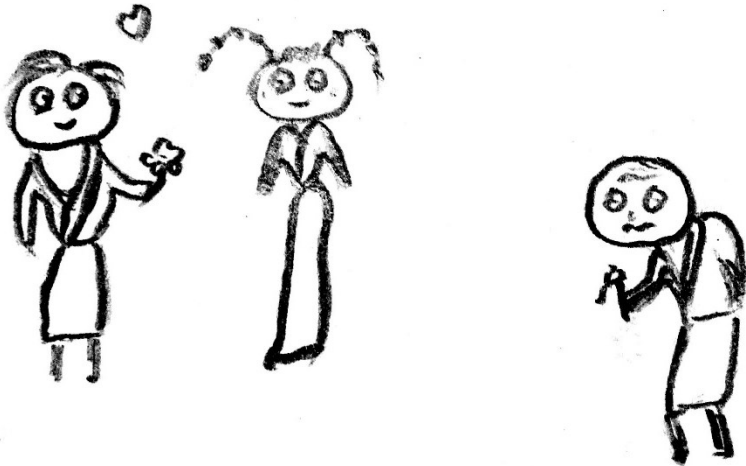
Your mother accidentally plays a traditional love song on her phone when she is with family members (Klu thar rgyal).

ཁྱིམ་མི་ལྟན་ཏུ་ཡོད་དུས། ཨ་མས་སེམས་རྒྱུང་མ་བྱས་པར་ཁ་པར་སྟེང་ནས་སྒོ་བྱར་དུ་ལ་གཞས་ཤིག་གྲགས་ཏུ་བཅུག (སྐུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



A young Tibetan man says, "I love you," to a young Tibetan woman in Tibetan. An older man near them doesn't understand what this means (Klu thar rgyal).

སྐར་ཤར་ཞིག་གིས་བྱ་མོ་ཞིག་ལ་ད་ལྟོ་ལ་དགའ་ཞེས་བཤད། ལམ་འགྲོ་བ་བགེས་པོ་ཞིག་གིས་སྐད་ཆ་འདི་དེའི་
དོན་ཅི་ཡིན་པ་མ་སོ (སྐུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



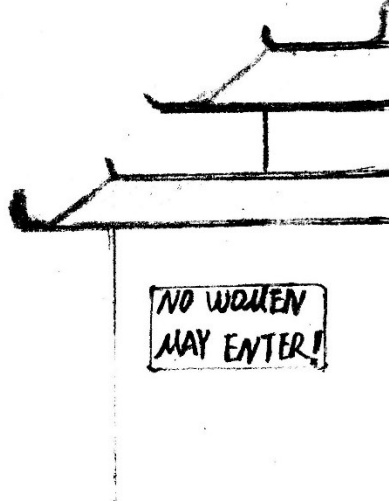
You see your neighbor talking to herself and laughing at her own jokes (Klu thar rgyal).

བྱིས་མཆོས་བྱད་མེད་ཀྱིས་ཁོར་བཤད་རྒྱུ་སྟེ་གང་མོ་བསོད་བཞིན་འདུག་པ་མཐོང་། (སྐུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



A woman on pilgrimage reads a notice on a temple: "No women may enter!" (Klu thar rgyal)

བུད་མེད་མངལ་བ་ཞིག་གིས་སྒྲ་ཁང་གི་མདུན་དུ་བུད་མེད་ནང་དུ་འགྲོ་མི་ཚོག་ཅེས་པའི་ཡི་གེ་ཡོད་པ་མཐོང་། (སྒྲ་
ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



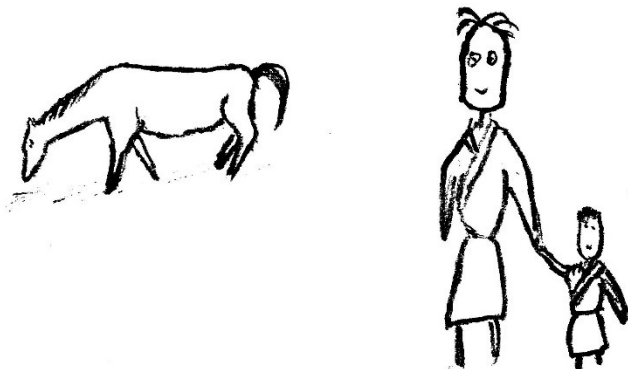
You are really full after eating a bowl of dumplings in soup, but the hostess insists you eat more, because she thinks that you are too shy to eat more at her home (Klu thar rgyal).

བྲོད་ཀྱིས་ཚོད་མ་དཀར་ཡོལ་གཅིག་ཟས་རྒྱུ་བྱིས་ཀྱིས་བདག་མས་བྲོད་རང་དོ་ཚོ་ནས་ཟ་མ་ཐུབ་པར་འདོད་དེ་ད་
དུ་མུ་མཐུད་དུ་བར་བསྐྱལ། (སྒྲ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



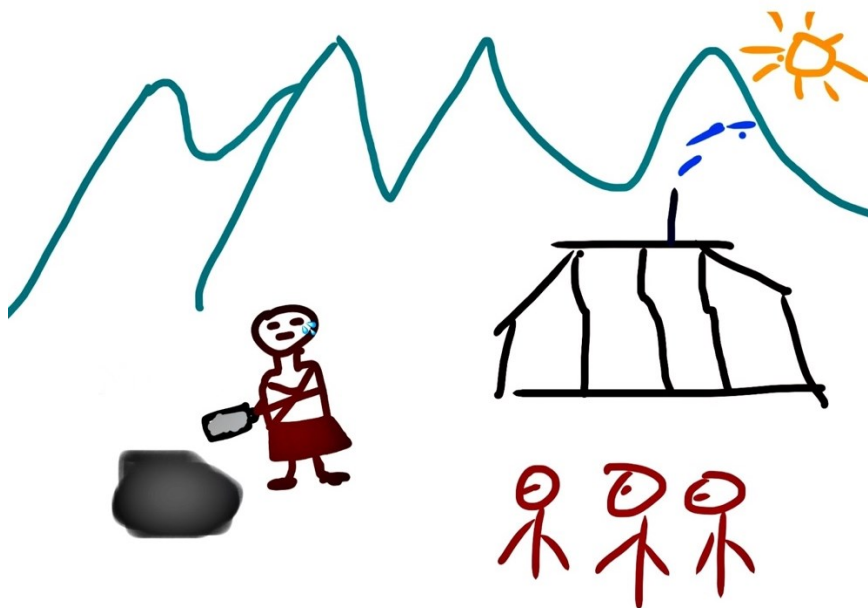
Your neighbor's family members are skinny, but they have a strong horse, they take very good of it, giving it expensive food (Klu thar rgyal).

ཁྱེད་ཀྱི་ཁྱིམ་མཚེས་བཟའ་མི་ཡོངས་ནི་ཤ་རིད་མོད་རྒྱ་ནི་ལུས་སྟོབས་རྒྱས། ཁོང་ཚང་གིས་རྒྱ་ཤིན་རྒྱ་ལེགས་པར་གསོ་ལ་བས་བཅུད་གང་ལེགས་སྟེར། (ཁྲུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།)



Encountering someone throwing ash away ('Jam dbyangs skyabs).

མི་ཞིག་གིས་ཐལ་བ་ཡོད་པ་དང་ཕྱད། (དགོང་ཐལ་སྡོ་རུལ་མ་རྒྱར་མི་བཞེ། ཞེས་རེ་ལགས་བཀྲ་ཤིས་པར་བརྩི་མཁན་ཡང་ཡོད།) (འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྟལ་སྟེ།)



Hearing love songs when you are with your sister or mother ('Jam dbyangs skyabs).

མིང་མོ་འཇམ་མ་ས་དང་མཉམ་པོར་ཡོད་དུས་རྟུ་ཐོགས་པ། (འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྒྲུབས།)



Encountering empty water buckets ('Jam dbyangs skyabs).

ཁྱེད་སྟོང་བ་ལ་ཕྱད། (འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྒྲུབས།)



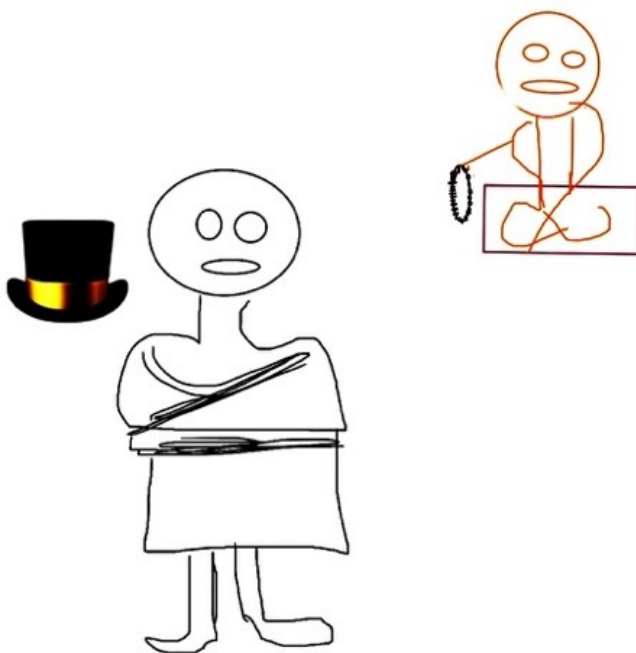
Didn't fill the bowl ('Jam dbyangs skyabs).

དཀར་ཡོལ་གྱི་ཁ་མ་བཀངས་པ། (འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐྱབས།)



Wearing hats in front of a *bla ma* ('Jam dbyangs skyabs).

མཐའི་བྱང་དུ་ཞུ་བཞོན་པ། (འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐྱབས།)



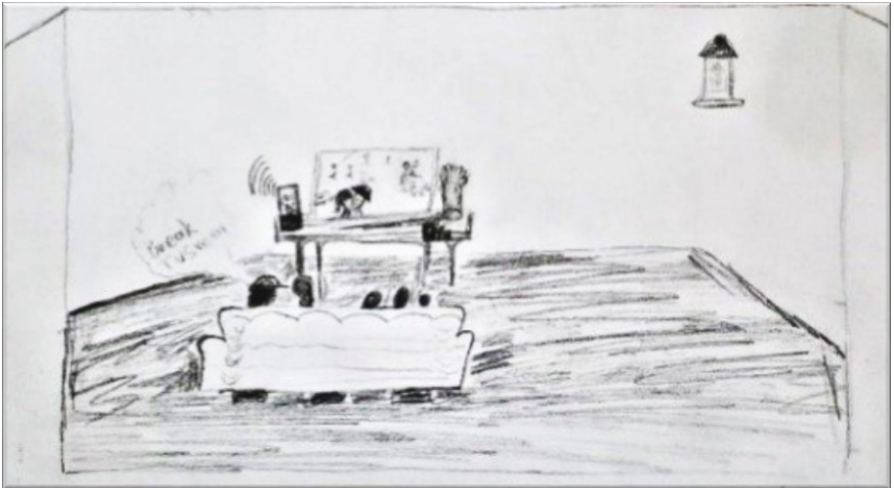
A very big river is near a herding family. A monk needs to cross the river, but the river is too wide to wade across. The monk can't swim. A horse is tied near the river. If he uses the horse, he could easily cross the river. However, he believes it is a sin to ride a horse so he waits ('Jam dbyang bkra shis).

འབྲོག་གླིང་ཞིག་གི་ཉེ་སར་གཙང་བོ་ཞིག་ཡོད། གྲྭ་པ་ཞིག་གཙང་བོ་དེར་བཞུལ་དགོས་མོད་ཚུ་ཆེ་བླགས་པས་བཞུལ་
མ་ཐུབ། གྲྭ་པ་དེ་ཚུ་རྒྱལ་མི་ཤེས་ཚུ་འགྲམ་དུ་རྟ་ཞིག་བཏགས་ཡོད། གལ་ཏེ་འོས་རྟ་ཞོན་ན་ཚུ་ལ་བཞུལ་སྟེ། ཡིན་ན་
ཡང་། འོས་རྟ་ཞོན་པ་ནི་སྤྲིག་པར་བཅིས་པས་མུ་མཐུད་དུ་སྐྱུག་དགོས་བྱུང་། (འཇམ་དབྱངས་བཀྲ་ཤིས།)



Two children and their parents are watching a movie when, suddenly, two lovers are shown kissing on the screen. The family members helplessly and silently say nothing. They have different thoughts. The father imagines breaking the TV screen. The mother thinks going to bed now is best, and the children think about running away ('Jam dbyang bkra shis).

བཟའ་མི་ཁྱིམ་གང་པོས་བརྟན་འཕྲིན་ལ་སྟ་བཞིན་པ་ལེ་སྐབས་སུ་བརྟན་འཕྲིན་ནང་གི་མི་སྣ་ཕོ་མོ་གཉིས་ཀྱིས་སྒྲོ་
བྱར་དུ་ལོ་བྱས་པས། ནང་མི་རྣམས་ཕན་ཚུན་ལ་ངོ་ཚ། བ་རྟན་གྱིས་བརྟན་འཕྲིན་གཙོག་འདོད་སྟེ། ཨ་མ་ངོ་ཚ་
ནས་མ་སྟོད་པས་ཉལ་དུ་འགོ་ཁུལ་བྱས། སྤུ་གུ་ཚོ་སྟོ་ཕྱིར་འགོ་འདོད་སྟེ། (འཇམ་དབྱངས་བཟང་ལོས།)



Visiting during Lo sar 'Tibetan New Year' before twelve midnight (Sgrol ma yag).

གནས་ལོ་གསར་ཆོས་ཀྱི་དགོང་མོའི་ཚུ་ཚོད་བཅུ་གཉིས་གོང་ལ་ལོ་ལྷུ་ལྷུ་བྱེད་པ། (སློལ་མ་ཡག)



Couples kissing in front of parents or elders (Sgrol ma yag).

ཕ་མའམ་ལོ་ལོ་ན་གྱི་མདུན་དུ་ལོ་བྱེད་པ། (སློལ་མ་ཡག)



A woman sitting cross-legged. (It's OK for nuns) (Sgrol ma yag).

བུད་མོ་ཅིག་སྒྲིལ་ཁུང་དུ་བསྐྱོད་པ། (སྒྲོལ་མ་ཡག་)



Menstrual leaks (Sgrol ma yag).

ཟླ་མཚན་ཕྱིར་བརློལ་པ། (སྒྲོལ་མ་ཡག་)



Make sure the bowls have no chipped, broken parts when you pour teas for guests (Sgrol ma yag).

མགོན་པོར་ར་འབྲེན་དུས་དེས་པར་དུ་གས་ཆག་མེད་པའི་དཀར་ཡོལ་དུ་འབྲེན་དགོས། (སྟོལ་མ་ཡག)



A white scarf should be clean when you give it to someone but it isn't (Sgrol ma yag).

ཕ་རོལ་པོར་ཁ་བཏགས་དག་གཙང་ཞིག་འབྲུལ་དགོས་མོད། འབྲུལ་སྐབས་ཁ་བཏགས་མི་གཙང་ངོ། (སྟོལ་མ་ཡག)



You give some food on a plate. They return the plate, but it is empty and not clean (Sgrol ma yag).

བྱིས་མཚོས་བཟང་པོ་དྲ་ཡིས་མི་ཁྱུག་བཟང་ཚང་བཟང་པོ་གསེར་གྱིས་མི་ཁྱུག་བྱིད་གྱིས་ཟ་མ་སྒྲེར་མའི་ནང་དུ་
བཞག་ནས་བྱིན། ཁོང་ཚོས་སྒྲེར་མ་སྒྲེར་བའི་གཙང་བཤྱིར་བྱིན། (སྒྲོལ་མ་ཡག)



LITERATURE

MOSH-K

Pad+ma rig 'dzin པདྨ་རིག་འཛིན།

At one o'clock in the morning, Mosh-K tossed and turned in bed. Mosh-K was her WeChat name. Her legal name was Mkha' mo. She preferred Mosh-K, a name she had claimed since falling in love with a guitarist in high school. Her job as a bread shop assistant meant she went to bed early. While at work she tried, unsuccessfully, not to use her smartphone.

She had gotten her job, thanks to a kind Chinese woman, and was very grateful to have steady work. "It's been five years in this city," she thought.

Sometimes she felt lost in crowds and lonely, especially, when she trudged through subway stations back to her rented room that featured a tiny wooden bed and a small desk, where she read and ate her meals. It was small, and she liked to keep things clean and tidy. Everything was in order. Countless washings had faded her clean blue sheet and purple quilt cover. Several old books, her favorite novels in high school, were carefully stacked on that small desk.

Strangers wore cold looks and passed by quickly. The thick smoggy air and hot weather made her homesick.

Mosh-K remembered lyrics of a song - "To miss the smoke of fresh, green rhodendron" - sung by a Tibetan woman forced to marry a Muslim man in Ka chu.

Mosh-K missed everything related to her homeland, no matter if it was positive or negative. She could smell the moist earth by the river, and fresh green grass on the meadow in late spring as she lay face down on the grassland, where small yellow flowers grew densely, facing the sun. Gradually, morning sunshine warmed her body. Listening to sheep grazing around her, she thought the grass must be the most delicious fresh grass the sheep had ever eaten. She tasted

†Pad+ma rig 'dzin. 2019. Mosh-K. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:365-367.

some, wanting to experience what she imagined the sheep felt, but it failed to meet her expectations.

She smiled.

But back in her room, the noise from outside made her uncomfortable. Wanting to sleep, she pulled her blanket over her head and tried to concentrate on her memories.

"What is the day today?"

"It is early in the fourth lunar month and time to dig *gro ma*¹ 'wild yams'."

Gro ma was her favorite food. She loved yogurt with *gro ma*. Her tongue was soaked in spurting fountains of saliva as she recalled this favorite.

At home, she had often followed her mother to dig *gro ma* in nearby areas when she was a child. She couldn't help much, so she wandered on the meadow, trying to identify birds by their chirps. Her mother told her larks began singing when spring was coming because they sang after warming their brains.

A month earlier, her mother had called. "Everything is going well," she lied, tears rolling down her cheeks.

A soft, acid substance choked her throat. She clutched the phone to her chest as a warm, soft voice called, "Mkha' mo, Mkha' mo... Take care for yourself. Whenever you return, I will always love you."

"I hate him, but I love him. This is my truth. I want to remove his odor from my soul after that Chinese woman stole him, but it's hard, hard. I hate my nose because it still registers his cinnamon smell..." Mosh-K thought.

Time flowed on without a pause, like her memories.

Unable to sleep.

Nearly two AM.

She checked her smartphone screen. No messages. "What are my high school classmates up to now?" she wondered.

Since she had vanished with the singer to the city, she had stopped communicating with her acquaintances.

¹ *Potentilla anserine* L.

"Perhaps, some are now doing their MA degrees?" she speculated, then played a love song on her phone, and tried to sleep again.

*... when the wheels of rumor start
friends and lovers flee, let it be;
my darling, will you live here with me?"*

TIBETAN TERMS

gro ma གྲོ་མ།

ka chu ཀ་ཅུ།

me tog ser chen མེ་ཏོག་ཟེར་ཆེན།

mkha' mo མཁ་མོ།

pad+ma rig 'dzin པད་མ་རིག་འཛིན།

su ru སུ་རུ།

VENEERED ELEGANCE

Skal bzang tshe brtan སྐལ་བཟང་ཚེ་བརྟན།

Lha mo twiddled her bright fingernails as she opened WeChat. Irritated and disoriented, she intended to delete every male friend, relative, stranger, homie, classmate, and teacher on her WeChat list. She was determined to untie these virtual relationships. But, after deleting one specific male friend, she decided that it was enough for the moment. She next accessed her photo albums, selecting what she was sure was her best selfie. Holding a selfie stick in her right hand, she posed in a Skal ba yar 'gro¹ scarlet summer robe, while revealing her right arm to display a black and white striped turtleneck. Silver and gold decorations adorned her from head to toe. The background was melancholic - a deserted land with grass turned gray and overcast.

She typed, "Freshening up to regain my elegance. Ain't no one gonna stop me!"

She intermittently checked her WeChat friend circle and soon received fifty-two likes from her friend list of 450. She was content.

Lha mo went to a public shower near her dormitory where a long wall separated the male and female shower rooms. She took a quick shower in a small white-tiled stall, warm torrents of water cascading on her 36-29-38 figure.

After drying her hair, and wiping her moist body with a long blue towel, she put on a purple skirt, red camisole, a black and white striped blouse, black and white Vans shoes, and a tight black leather jacket. She then scurried to her dorm room where she put her shampoo, body soap, and face wash into the top drawer of her closet. After that, she spent a half-hour drawing dark eyebrows, coloring her fingernails magenta, patting white powder on her tanned face, and then inserted her blue cosmetic contact lenses.

She was ready for action!

[†]Skal bzang tshe brtan. 2019. Veneered Elegance. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:368-370.

¹ Skal ba yar 'gro 'fortune increment' is a Tibetan clothes brand.

She went to a mall in the city center in a green-blue taxi while continuing to check the exponentially growing number of likes and comments. One commentator offered, "Terminated tragically in a second romance, be strong as you were the first time you left me."

She wondered why she had told every one of her secrets to a middle school male friend - her Number One - who had secretly visited her dormitory on and off during the last year of her stay in middle school.

Seven years had passed since she had graduated. From Lha mo's point of view, she and her secret visitor were not in love, but certainly curious about kissing, hugging, touching, and sex. The boy enjoyed the risk of being discovered by teachers.

After graduation, he had become a shepherd and had few chances to meet gorgeous schoolgirls. He enjoyed recalling his time with her in school and sporadically sent greetings.

Lha mo wanted to post a harsh reply, and typed, "Teachers noticed your intrusion into the girls' dorm room. The headmaster punished you. You had to strip and walk naked around the classroom for one minute. Insanely shameful!"

She went inside the mall and detected perfume wafting through the entire first floor. A fragrance wafting from a perfume store at the corner of the entrance immobilized her. She quickly pulled herself away and noticed a couple wearing identical clothes, and escalating down to the basement where clothes for males were on display. Lha mo automatically turned to a flight of stairs and walked up to the second floor. It was unsettling to go down to where she and Number Two had visited.

It was too miserable to excavate the past, recalling past shopping expeditions and periodic jokes that she and that man had shared.

On the second floor, she stepped into a shop, attracted by a black gown on the top right corner of a wardrobe. She vividly recalled a hotel room where she had watched *Wonder Woman* with him. He had mentioned that the actress would be perfect if attired in a black gown instead of a red one.

In the last four years in college, he had been chivalrous and faithful. He was tall and had a sharp nose, oval face, curly hair, and smelled of cologne. He perfectly resembled a star in a Korean movie.

"A black gown is perfect for a woman in deep agony over a man, who started dating another girl whom he had only known for three days. Despite this betrayal, I still have strong feelings for him," Lha mo mused while retreating from the mall.

Lha mo proceeded down an alley wearing the black gown, a pair of red boots, and tight-dark-blue jeans. Several teenage boys observed Lha mo and murmured among themselves. A big muscular lad approached Lha mo and asked for her WeChat account by clicking the QR code scanner in WeChat, wanting to add her as a friend.

Lha mo did not even acknowledge him with a look.

Among crowds of pedestrians, she was as flawless as she hoped. Even though a third encounter was yet uncertain, she was sure she would eventually encounter pure love.

TIBETAN TERMS

lha mo ལྷ་མོ།

skal bzang tshe brtan སྐལ་བཟང་ཚེ་བརྟན།

EXPELLING A DEMON

Skal bzang tshe brtan སྐལ་བཟང་ཙེ་བརྟན།

I heard this story from Bad ma thub brtan (b. 1977) and added material for the sake of clarity.

...

I, Bad ma thub brtan (b. 1977), am a *sngags 'chang* 'yogi practitioner', a disciple of Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje (1933-2009; FIG 1). This true story is about the sacred image pictured below (FIG 2) depicting Bla ma (center) and a sacred image (below Bla ma's image).

In 1986, the Mtsho sngon ge sar mgur glu 'gran bsdur, 'Mtsho sngong (Qinghai) Provincial Ge sar Dharma Song Competition' was held in Rta nag ma (Heimahe) County Town. Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje attended with his disciples to observe the competition. I was nine years old, and my name at that time was Shakya don 'grub. Father (Sngags 'chang gu ru, 1951-2016), was asked to meet Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje. Father and I both prostrated to Bla ma and presented *kha btags*. In return, he bestowed *khruś chu* 'pure water' and a protective image. Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje asked Father to send me to his monastery to learn Buddhist teachings and also gave me a new name, Pad+ma thub bstan dam chos rgya mtsho.

I was considered too young to go to the monastery until I was fourteen. Even at that time, I soon returned home because I was the youngest disciple in the monastery, and I was homesick.

When I was eighteen, Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje went to Mtsho sngon po (Qinghai Lake) for a ritual and urged me to return to the monastery with him as his soothsayer. I went with him and have stayed at the monastery since.

Lung sngon 'front of a valley' Monastery is situated as the name suggests. In the 1890s, the monastery was founded by Bla ma smon

†Skal bzang tshe brtan. 2019. Expelling a Demon. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:371-377.

lam bzang po (~1872-~1943), whose adherent, Pad ma rnam rgyal (*aka* Bla ma rgyab la, b. ~1933), is the current head of Lung skya.

Around twenty monks died for unknown reasons in the early years of Lung skya Monastery which, at that time, was a collection of black yak-hair tents. Lung skya Monastery had to move because of the dying monks and thus became a '*brog dgon* 'mobile monastery' that moved with the nomads to their pastures.

When Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje realized that the decreasing number of monks threatened the continuation of Lung skya Monastery, he asked Bla ma pad ma rnam rgyal for permission to resettle in the current location of Lung skya Monastery.

In the 1980s after the chaos of the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976) and after receiving permission from Bla ma pad ma rnam rgyal, Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje and his monks camped at the foot of a small hill near the valley, living in small black yak-hair tents while Bla ma Pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje lived in a large tent. Every night, camp dogs constantly barked. Horrifyingly, early every morning one monk was found dead in the camp. Even more frightening was that dogs barked in a circle during the daytime, seemingly surrounding something. The number of dead monks increased to seven. Every night, the dogs barked frenziedly. It seemed they were chasing something.

At the time of these deaths, Monk Gar dbang gnam lcags (b. 1971) was fourteen years old and about 1.80 meters tall. He had a small tent, and his feet stuck out of the tent when he slept.

One night, Gar dbang gnam lcags dreamed of entering the main tent temple in the daytime when a monk with a golden bow came riding a horse with a big eye on one of its buttocks and leading another horse.

One night, when everyone went to bed, the pack of dogs started barking. Suddenly, the pack of dogs chased something as they ran through his tent. At the same time, something stepped on his left foot that was sticking outside. When he examined his bruised left foot the next morning, he found a horse-hoof mark.

Gar dbang gnam lcags immediately consulted Bla ma who said, "Don't panic! Stay calm. No harm caused! No harm."

Three days later, Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje announced that a giant *gdon 'dre* 'demon' was responsible for the troubles as indicated by Gar dbang gnam lcags' dream of the bow-carrying monk, and his horse – the one with an extra eye on one of its buttocks. The *gdon 'dre* was a former monk who went astray during a period of meditation.

To defeat the demon, Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje needed Drag sngags glang pa, a deity encompassed by fire, and a manifestation of Bla ma, so he asked a *lha bzo* 'divine artisan' (A bu kar lo, b. 1948) to visit. Lha bzo a bu kar lo was famous locally and was Bla ma's former student. He was asked to paint a naked red-colored male deity riding a demon. The painting was also to feature a list of Bla ma's former incarnations. Lha bzo a bu kar lo followed these instructions and painted a single original image. Monks then asked carpenters to engrave the original image on wooden boards, which they used to print this holy image on square white scarves. Finally, the printed white scarves were attached to the doors of demon-bothered monk quarters, homes with madly barking dogs, and such unclean places where someone had died violently and thus was unable to enter the intermediate world, lingering on as an invisible ghost. Herders who napped in such places had fearful experiences and might have even gone insane.

I gave Snying thar rgyal's family and Uncle Tshe b+ha's family photos of the original image. Both families belong to Chu ring (Qurang) Hamlet.

Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje explained that the giant demon rode a horse, circumambulated the world three times a day, and periodically visited our monastery. Therefore, Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje suggested pasting the image in front of a tent or house when dogs barked furiously.

After that, nothing terrible happened, and the dogs quieted. Nowadays, many locals request a better quality, more durable holy image from Lung sngon Monastery. Many families have such holy images.

MONK GAR DBANG GNAM LCAGS' ENCOUNTER

In about 1996, Lung sngon Monastery had some adobe rooms. Gar dbang gnam lcags' small adobe quarter consisted of a room at the entrance and another inside room. One night, Gar dbang gnam lcags was ready to cook noodles in his inner room. The door of the outside room was fastened with a latch, and a wooden post had been pushed against the door tightly. The inside room was also latched.

After noticing some indistinct sounds from outside, Gar dbang gnam lcags heard the latch clanking, and then the wooden post moved away. He felt someone or something enter his residence. Under his dim kerosene lamp, he couldn't see very well, but he became more anxious when the door of his inside room opened. Gar dbang gnam lcags couldn't detect any visible beings. Terrified and not knowing if something was inside his room, he fearfully locked the entrance door and then locked his inside room door.

Out of nowhere, his inner door opened, and then the entrance door opened. He felt the invisible visitor leave. Gar dbang gnam lcags was now so terrified that he felt the hair on his head standing straight up and rushed to another monk's quarter where he stayed for two days.

No one died during this time, Gar dbang gnam lcags believed, because of the holy image he had placed with many images of Buddha and holy *bla ma* on a shelf in his inside room.

Though the demon still exists and may try to harm other sentient beings, as long as the holy image is present providing protection, no harm can come.

FIG 1. Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje (second from right with Gar dbang gnam lcags) on grassland in Rta bo (Dawu) County, Mgo log (Guoluo) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, ~2005, Bad ma thub brtan).



FIG 2. A prayer wheel on top of Bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje's image, and the holy image (Drag sngags glang pa) leaned against a scripture volume (inside a Hyundai car in Gser chen (Gonghe) County, Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, 2018, Bad ma thub brtan).



TIBETAN TERMS

a bu kar lo ཨ་བུ་ཀར་ལོ།
 pad ma thub brtan པད་མ་ཐུབ་བརྟན།
 bla ma བླ་མ།
 bla ma pad ma rnam rgyal བླ་མ་པད་མ་རྣམ་རྒྱལ།
 bla ma pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje བླ་མ་པདྨ་གཏུམ་དྲགས་རྡོ་རྗེ།
 bla ma rgyab bla བླ་མ་རྒྱལ་བླ།
 bla ma smon lam bzang po བླ་མ་སློན་ལམ་བཟང་པོ།
 chu ring རྩུ་རིང་།
 drag sngags glang pa དྲག་སྒྲགས་གླང་པ།
 gar dbang gnam lcags གར་དབང་གནམ་ལྷགས།
 gdon 'dre གདོན་འདྲེ།
 ge sar གེ་སར།
 gser chen གསེར་ཆེན།
 kha btags ཁ་བཏགས།
 khru chu ཁུ་ཆུ།
 lha bzo ལྷ་བཟོ།
 lha bzo a bu kar lo ལྷ་བཟོ་ཨ་བུ་ཀར་ལོ།
 lung skya ལུང་སྐྱ།
 lung sngon ལུང་སྒྲོན།
 mgo log མགོ་ལོག།
 mtsho lho མཚོ་ལྷོ།
 mtsho sngong མཚོ་སྒྲོན།
 mtsho sngon ge sar mgur glu 'gran bsdur མཚོ་སྒྲོན་གེ་སར་མགུར་གླུ་འགན་བཟུར།
 mtsho sngon po མཚོ་སྒྲོན་པོ།

pad ma rnam rgyal བད་མ་རྣམ་རྒྱལ།
 pad+ma gtum drags rdo rje བད་མ་གཏུམ་དྲགས་རྡོ་རྗེ།
 pad+ma thub bstan dam chos rgya mtsho བད་མ་ཐུབ་བསྟན་དམ་ཆོས་རྒྱ་མཚོ།
 rta bo རྟ་བོ།
 rta nag ma རྟ་ནག་མ།
 shakya don 'grub ཤཀྱ་དོན་འགྲུབ།
 skal bzang tshe brtan སྐལ་བཟང་ཚེ་བརྟན།
 sngags 'chang སྤགས་འཆང་།
 sngags 'chang gu ru སྤགས་འཆང་གུ་རུ།
 snying thar rgyal སྙིང་ཐར་རྒྱལ།
 tshe b+ha ཚེ་བ།

CHINESE TERMS

Dawu 大武
 Gonghe 共和
 Guoluo 果洛
 Hainan 海南
 Heimahe 黑马河
 Qinghai 青海
 Qurang 曲让

SATURDAY

Gu ru 'phrin las ཀུ་རུ་ཤྭ་རྩིན་ལས།

It's a cloudy, overcast Saturday, a time most university students enjoy, sleeping late to reduce study pressures, but I woke in the early morning from a nightmare: I was wearing handcuffs and in great pain. I had raped a schoolmate.

At the beginning of this new day, I had no desire to brush my teeth and wash my face.

I forgot to mention that Saturday is my favorite day, not because I can rest, but because I don't have to encounter my classmates in a noisy, cramped classroom. Saturday means I can avoid isolation and dehumanization. Only Saturday brings me a little joy.

Most of my schoolmates call me Weird Man, but my name is Han Han. I am a nearsighted, slender, unattached twenty-one-year-old who wears a pair of thick-lensed glasses. I walk with my head down and hold my hands behind me like an old man.

I found an interest when I was fifteen that troubles me. I have a strong tendency to invoke history with whoever I talk to. During the first semester, some students were interested in me, but afterward, they realized I'd tell them what they already knew and their interest quickly died.

People don't like to be friends with me because I act strangely. I once shaved a strip of hair from my forehead to the back of my neck. Students laughed at me and looked at me strangely. I hated their reaction but mostly ignored it. I do pretty much what I want and kept my new hairstyle. I am interested in a schoolmate but I'm sure she is embarrassed to see me and no longer replies to my messages. I sometimes ask myself, "What's the purpose of being different?" I hate myself for losing her.

†Gu ru 'phrin las. 2019. Saturday. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:378-382.

I sometimes have breakfast in the school diner with a feminine boy who lives next to my dorm room. We never go shopping together. He dresses fashionably and doesn't want to be seen with a bumpkin like me outside of the campus.

This Saturday morning, I go to his dorm room. He is asleep. Not wanting to wake him, I opt to have breakfast at a restaurant near my school gate.

I hate to go to the library on Saturday, so I retreat to my room, lie face down on my bed, and begin playing a game on my cell phone. Feeling bored after a while, I recall I haven't gone to the gym for a few days. Deciding it's better to be at the gym than playing games, I consider biking to the gym, which is not near my school. However, I never ride a bike on snowy and rainy days. It's dangerous. I don't want to injure myself, nor do I want to give someone a lot of money if I hit them after losing control of the bike.

I board a crowded bus and grip a strap handle near a seated young guy, who squints at me, loses interest, and continues to listen to music on his iPhone. At the next bus stop, an old man with a wrinkled face under white hair gets on the bus. The young guy gives him his seat. The young guy's fashionable clothes, a bunch of red tattoos on his neck, and dyed yellow hair made me think he is a gangster. Well, maybe he is, but he respects old people. My distaste melts into admiration.

Maybe you think I'm crazy, but I hate that old man who gave not so much as a smile in appreciation, or a "thank you" to the young man. Instead, he plopped down angrily and avoided looking at the young man. If I were the young guy, I'd strangle him. I don't want to see that old scum again.

I reach the gym, check-in, and walk into the locker room where some naked, middle-aged men have just finished showering. They are sitting on a couple of benches and smoking. I hate public smokers. I want to scold them for being impolite, but it's not courteous to scold elders. I take off my clothes and put on my gym clothes.

Of the few people in the gym, I only recognize a foreigner, who is often at the gym. I want to talk to him and practice my oral English. I forgot to tell you, my major is English, which is why I want to chat

with the foreigner, but I opt to run for an hour. I feel bored to death after fifteen minutes, so I do sit-ups until I sweat.

Most people in the gym are looking at their cell phones, so I take out my iPhone from a pocket in my shorts and watch *Game of Thrones*. After about fifteen minutes I think, "Silly! Why are you spending gym time watching a film?!"

I decide to shower and head to the locker room, but suddenly realize I've not spoken to the foreigner. I approach him and greet him. He returns my greeting, but I quickly discern he is not interested in chatting with me. I have a strong sense of dignity and say goodbye.

Back in the locker room, I take off all my clothes and unconsciously cover my penis with my towel. I don't know what drives me to behave this way. Maybe it's because I'm a virgin and easily embarrassed. I despise this action. I only shower when there are few people in the shower room but today some young men are showering happily. One sings loudly, and the others follow him. I usually hate loud human noises in public place, but I enjoy listening to these young men sing.

I turn on my shower and question why I'm not happy like others. I try to sing, but I can't. Maybe I'm afraid someone will shout at me to shut up! Anyway, I don't sing.

The happy guys finish showering and go into the locker room. I carefully observe them. I have no idea where they are from. One has long hair. The others have short hair. Two wear earrings. They dress differently. Probably, they are not from the same place or country, but they sang the same song. I imagine they must be from a peaceful, joyful place. I want to travel there, be as happy as they are, and sing what I failed to.

I walk out of the gym hoping to meet those joyful young men on my way back to school. I look in every direction, but I don't see them. I reach an intersection with no traffic light. People carefully cross because it's snowing. I reach the other side of the road and notice people circling a man lying on the street. I assume there has been a traffic accident. I go near the young man on the ground. He is wearing an old pair of jeans with a white-rope belt. Some older men say he was

not hit by a car. They say he has been lying here for almost an hour. No one dares to go very near him. I guess he is mentally deranged.

A man in his fifties goes near and speaks to him, but he doesn't respond. A man in the crowd shouts, "Don't touch him! You'll get in trouble!"

The man in his fifties doesn't touch him. Instead, he phones the police. After a bit, the man on the ground raises his head, takes a phone out of a pocket, and chats. I realize he is normal except for a lazy-eye. A police car soon zooms up and parks nearby. Two policemen approach and talk to the man on the ground. The man stands up.

I want to know what's wrong with the man, but I'm afraid the policemen will yell at me to stay away. The police tell the man to get into their car and then they drive away.

The man who called the police says, "He has no money to buy a bus ticket and go home. The police promised they'd take him to the bus station and buy him a ticket. His home is only three hours from here."

I thought, "That tricky guy got the police to drive him to the bus station and buy him a ticket! Wow!"

In the late evening, the snow stops. I'm on the street near my school. A mother holds her little boy's right hand. I guess he is about five-years-old. He holds a small red apple in his left hand. The boy runs from his mother when he sees a red tomato in the middle of the sidewalk near a garbage bin. "Don't pick it up!" his mother shouts and grabs the boy. As they walk around the red tomato, the boy looks back at the tomato. Maybe he thought it was an apple.

A young couple nears the tomato and stops. The girl kicks at it, but her boyfriend stops her. They resume walking. The boy looks at a garbage collector looking for things she can take to the local recycling center, like plastic bottles. The boyfriend rushes back to the tomato, picks it up, and puts it on top of a garbage bin. He returns to his girlfriend and occasionally glances back. I guess he's hoping the garbage collector will pick up the tomato. Instead, a woman clad in nice clothes puts the tomato in her leather bag. The garbage collector stares at the woman as she walks away and turns a corner.

I walk to a nearby vegetable market and buy a red tomato. The stall owner stares at me curiously, probably wondering why I buy only one. I walk back and put the tomato on top of the covered garbage bin and go to the other side of the street. I hope the garbage collector will pass by again. Some people pass the tomato. They see it but don't touch it. I wait for the garbage collector but then think I'm silly. She probably went home for supper.

I stand up and get ready to return to my school and then notice the nicely-dressed woman put the tomato in her bag. I shout at her, and she runs away.

As I walk back to my dorm room, I think, "Why did I shout and frighten her?!"

It snows again. The night turns chilly. Cold wind pierces my bones. I cover my head with my blanket. I think about Saturday and realize it hasn't been usual. Some of the people I encountered were very different. I smile and resolve to sleep, hoping nightmares will not torture me.

TIBETAN TERM

gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལས།

AN UNCLEAR BLOODLINE?

Gu ru 'phrin las ཀུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལགས།

Bkra shis was a good looking, Tibetan university student of twenty-five. Dressed fashionably, he was full of sexual desire and had a lot of fun with adorable girls of different ethnicities.

Lha mo felt Bkra shis loved her and decided to devote her life to him. They chatted gaily through WeChat voice calls for the first three months. Their relationship was not consummated.

One night, Lha mo unexpectedly announced she wanted to break up. Bkra shis burst into laughter and jumped up in exhilaration. It was the most joyful breakup he had ever experienced. He laughed crazily until, suddenly, an inexplicable feeling took hold of him. He ruminated over this strange feeling, grew tired, and slept. As he slept, he dreamed of Lha mo saying, "The feeling of falling in love is making me want to tell every single thing that was ever happened to me to my lover!"

Lha mo was the fifth, and youngest child of Tibetan herders who had no sons. Her mother gave up hope for a son after Lha mo's birth, reverently accepting that the Three Jewels had no mercy for her suffering from having no son.

Life can have hope! A suitor presented himself to the oldest daughter, who was ten years older than Lha mo. The mother assumed they would have grandsons and thus vanquish rumors of an unclear blood line that was used to explain why she had only daughters. As soon as she received the good news of her oldest daughter's pregnancy, the mother beseeched various deities and worshipped and prostrated to the Three Jewels early every morning.

The mother said to her family at breakfast, "I'm sure this time the Three Jewels will have mercy on our poor family. Last night, I

†Gu ru 'phrin las. 2019. An Unclear Bloodline? *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:383-387.

dreamed my oldest daughter gave birth to a son," which brought happiness to the family.

The months passed and, as the mother carded and spun yak hair at one side of their home door, Lha mo rotated a prayer wheel on the other side. Lha mo wanted to comfort her mother and sometimes tried to say something to alleviate her mother's obvious depression, but found nothing to say. Lha mo understood what a disappointment her oldest sister's infant daughter was to her mother.

Lha mo had insisted that her mother cut her hair like a boy's when she was six and it was time to enroll in a boarding primary school. At school, the students observed her strange behavior. She dressed like a boy and only fought boys. Few boys dared fight her. Sometimes, girls shouted and ran when she entered the female toilet, thinking a boy was about to attack them.

Over time, most students and even one of her teachers treated her like a boy. The teacher asked her to be the class monitor. Some of her boy classmates were unable to accept such female domination and were sure their parents and peers would disdain them for having a girl monitor, and wonder why a boy was not the class monitor. The boys protested to their teacher, claiming it was improper for Lha mo to be the monitor. This did not work. They were clever boys and they all agreed never to tell their parents that their monitor was a girl.

Lha mo hated school holidays.

One summer vacation, her uncle visited her home and urged her to act like a girl. He was embarrassed and uncomfortable when he heard locals rumoring that Lha mo must be insane for acting like a boy. Also, Lha mo's third and fourth unmarried sisters worried Lha mo would add to their family's notorious reputation for not having sons, and then no one would propose to them. They somehow hated her, but flattered, "Lha mo, you are pretty, and local young men are attracted by your hauntingly beautiful appearance. It's now time for you to act like a woman, catch a handsome boy, and marry him."

Lha mo knew they disdained her, but thought she should endure it. Otherwise, they would bicker, which would lead others to gossip and laugh at them.

Lha mo wanted to grow up more quickly when she saw local young guys on motorcycles, their parents and siblings behind them as they headed to community gatherings. She imagined the day when she would drive a motorcycle with her mother and her two unmarried sisters seated behind her.

Time created more pressure.

Lha mo was twenty-three. Her third and fourth sisters were still unmarried and her mother had been diagnosed with lung cancer. As her mother's illness worsened, she knew death would come soon. She asked Lha mo to be responsible for the family and urged her to marry as soon as possible. Lha mo considered marriage and sometimes worried that no one would marry her because of her masculine behavior.

The next year, her mother said something to Lha mo shortly before she stopped breathing.

Lha mo fell in love with her schoolmate, Bkra shis, who was from her community, in the first semester of her fourth year at college. She had met him at their school one cool night when stars were glimmering. Bkra shis was squatting under an aspen as a breeze blew his hair up from his forehead. His attractive appearance caught her attention. Unconsciously, she touched his hand and said, "Are you okay? May I escort you to the school clinic?"

Her warm hand refreshed him and somehow released him from the sorrow of breaking up with his latest girlfriend. A strange feeling pierced his heart. He lifted his head and beheld Lha mo's natural smile, plump face, ruddy cheeks, and dark eyes. A second later he said, "I'm fine. Nothing's wrong with me."

They chatted for a while, and then he stood up, stepped forward, but returned and looked at her again. He thought she was adorable and asked for her phone number.

He never forgot the feeling of Lha mo touching his hand and sharing companionship with him that night.

Over time, he learned that she was a virgin, which he at first did not believe. When she swore an oath that she was, he was convinced and was even more interested in her. Sleeping with a virgin would

make him more of a real man to his fellows. His friends admired his good looks but would think even more of him if he could claim he had slept with a virgin.

Two weeks later, Lha mo felt Bkra shis loved her and decided to marry him. She hesitated to tell him about her family background. "He will think my family is evil if I tell him I have five sisters, no brothers, and no living parents," she reasoned.

Eventually, she told him her story, hoping he would better understand her, and because she hoped he would then tell her about his family.

Bkra shis' father was very religious. Bkra shis knew his father would scold him if he told him of his relationship with Lha mo. He wanted to stop contacting her after he understood her family reality, but at the same time, he felt pity and did not want to hurt her. He reluctantly maintained the relationship, hoping she would lose interest and end it. They rarely met at school. While he was concerned he would be trapped if he accepted her virginity, he hoped to have fun with her one time.

She hesitated about having sex, especially after her friends confided their experiences. They had slept with their first lovers, who then disappeared or they had broken up. Her friends regretted what they'd done. She was convinced, however, that Bkra shis was kind and would not hurt her.

Bkra shis didn't tell his friends about Lha mo and their relationship until one night in their dorm room. Most burst into laughter when he said, "I heard Lha mo is a virgin!"

They all assumed Bkra shis was in love and began teasing, "Virgin! Great! You have a chance to do something you've never done - sleep with a virgin."

"You know, your brother is a real man and has slept with thirteen virgins. You should be like him!" one exclaimed.

They all laughed and continued to make fun of him.

One of his roommates, who was often jealous when Bkra shis made a new girlfriend, said, "You have fallen in love with a weird, muscular girl. Maybe she doesn't have a vagina."

Silence locked the room.

His roommate giggled and continued, "I heard her family has five daughters, no sons, and her mother never married. Don't you guys think this odd and ominous?"

Bkra shis kept his head down and said nothing.

Four months later, Lha mo was ready and called Bkra shis. She waited for him at the school sports field until eleven PM. She was deeply hurt when he didn't show and decided to break up with him.

She called him when she got to her dorm, expecting him to reject her announcement but he agreed.

His dream ended with Lha mo's mother saying, "Dear Lha mo, I know you acted like a boy to make me feel better. In my life, I have learned that there is nothing wrong with women. Women are as important as men. Be a real woman! ... Dear Lha mo, always remember that our family is not evil!"

He wiped away his sweat, lit a cigarette, and tried to get rid of the dream, but he couldn't "Women are as important as men. You should be a real woman, not a man! ... Dear Lha mo, you should always remember that our family is not evil!" stuck in his mind.

The next day, he called her many times. There was no answer.

He was in psychological turmoil.

TIBETAN TERMS

bkra shis བཀྲ་ཤིས།

gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལས།

lha mo ལྷ་མོ།

LOVE AT DREAM LAKE

Gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལགས།

It was a cool morning with light rain. Everything was so calm. Han Han sat in a back corner of the Village Café near a window, opened his computer, and tried to read *Animal Farm*. A bird unceasingly chirped in a tree near the window, distracting Han Han, who periodically sipped a cup of Espresso.

Han Han moved his gaze from his computer to the isolated bird. As a gentle breeze made the tree sway, the bird gripped the twig it was perched on even more tightly.

"What a lonely bird. No one understands its life, despite its desperation," Han Han thought.

Han Han was eager to incarnate as a bird and immediately fly next to the bird outside the window to share companionship. He carefully concentrated on the bird, hoping it would feel someone was conscious of it.

A young waitress came to refill Han Han's cup. Han Han thanked her and gazed at the tree again. The bird was gone. Han Han had expected to listen again to the bird, but unfortunately, that was not possible. Han Han sipped his coffee and sighed.

The waitress took a pack of cigarettes from her fashionable jeans, lit one and, handed another to a young waiter, who put the cigarette behind one ear and said, "Thanks."

"Today, he's alone again. Where is Fei Fei? Probably they broke up," the waitress said.

The waiter replied, "I don't think they were romantically involved. They often came for breakfast as ordinary friends."

The young waitress said, "You're right. Han Han never paid for Fei Fei."

†Gu ru 'phrin las. 2019. Love at Dream Lake. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:388-395.

"Did you notice Han Han has been unhappy since Fei Fei no longer comes with him?" the young waiter murmured.

Han Han was the sole customer and could hear each note of the café's melancholy music. The waitress and waiter's conversation disturbed Han Han, who groaned and left.

Han Han had habitually gone to the library with Fei Fei until she had not replied to his messages and phone calls, disappearing from his life.

Han Han stood outside near the café door and debated whether to go to the library or visit the old cobbler. Finally, he decided to visit the old man. He liked to talk to him when he was lonely.

The old cobbler occupied a place near the main gate of Han Han's university and had a big smile for every student. The students all liked him and thought he was a happy old man. Only Han Han knew he was not as happy as many thought. He and the old man shared their loneliness and felt better when they chatted.

The old cobbler was repairing a red sport shoe clamped between his knees. When he noticed Han Han approaching, a big smile spread across his wrinkled face.

The old man paused and told Han Han to sit on the small wooden stool next to him. He often asked customers to sit here. He tugged at glue stuck to his cracked index finger, took a small pipe from his yellow jacket pocket, lit it, gave a few puffs, handed the pipe to Han Han, and invited, "Would you like to try?"

Han Han took the pipe and said forlornly, "Why not?"

Immediately deducing something was amiss, the cobbler asked, "What's wrong with you? Are you okay?"

Not wanting his old friend to worry, Han Han replied, "I'm fine."

The old man stared at Han Han and said, "It's great if you are fine. I won't worry about you. You're a real man and can deal with anything!"

Han Han thought, "He's right. I am a real man!" and felt better.

Han Han liked to visit the old man because he often said this. Han Han wanted to keep on chatting, but he left when he noticed another red sport shoe near the cobbler.

The old man was puzzled by Han Han's abrupt departure. He puffed his pipe several times and resumed fixing the red shoe. Han Han looked back at the old man before entering the school gate. He was busy on the shoe and puffed strongly as smoke swirled through his white hair and vanished. Han Han was attracted by this image of the old man and paused, and then entered the school gate, hoping the old man would have a good day.

Han Han had met Fei Fei three months earlier in the school library. Short and, plump, she often wore a black skirt in summer. Over time, he realized Fei Fei had no friends and ate in the school's cafeteria after other students had finished their meals and left. Han Han imagined she did not want others to laugh at her in the cafeteria, so he approached her and struck up a conversation. They maintained contact and became more intimate. Fei Fei eventually confided that sometimes she wanted to end her life, which touched Han Han. They then grew closer.

Once, Fei Fei phoned Han Han. They met outside and went to the school sports field, chatting joyfully as they circled the field. Han Han recalled Fei Fei had shown interest in a pair of red sport shoes. Knowing she did not want to spend her parents' money, he challenged, "Let's compete!"

Fei Fei smiled and said, "What kind of competition?"

Han Han replied, "Running. I'll buy something you really like if you win. You can take me to the Village Café and pay for coffee if I win."

Fei Fei was sure she would win and said, "Deal!"

Fei Fei ran slowly in front of Han Han, turned, and urged, "Han Han! Run quickly. You're a man! Catch up with me!"

Han Han was delighted to hear this and, slowed down, wanting to hear it again. He pretended not to have heard clearly and said, "What did you say? Please say it more loudly."

Fei Fei said loudly, "You're a man! Catch up with me."

Han Han had a warm feeling when he heard this repeated.

A bit later, Han Han lay on the ground, defeated, and gazed at the blue sky. He smiled when Fei Fei's encouragement re-echoed in his mind. He gazed at her as she lay next to him, hoping stars would appear before Fei Fei wanted to leave the field.

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In the field alone, Han Han strolled around the track, listening to music. He recalled having made the same circuit with Fei Fei and suffered from that memory. He paused and looked around. A boy sitting under a tree near the field entrance came into view. He walked over to the boy, who seemed unhappy. He was wearing earphones and was listening to something. Han Han said, "Hello. Are you a foreigner?"

The boy answered, "I'm not a foreigner. I'm a Tibetan."

Han Han said, "I'm Han Han, but others don't call me Han Han."

The boy said, "I'm Bkra shis. Call me Ka Ka. What do others call you?"

Han Han hesitated and then said, "They call me Sissy."

Ka Ka looked at Han Han's double-eyelids and flawless face, and exclaimed, "No! You are handsome and tall. Maybe others are jealous of your good looks. You're not a sissy. You're a real man. Don't care what others say about you."

Han Han felt good and said, "Thank you!"

Ka Ka gazed at Han Han, whose good looks had captured his attention.

•••

Bao Bao, Han Han's roommate, was on the train from Chengdu to Xi'an and happened to sit next to Fang Fang. They chatted till Bao Bao disembarked at Xi'an Train Station. Fang Fang was heading on to Xining City where she studied, but before they parted, she asked for Bao Bao's WeChat contact.

Bao Bao had a girlfriend and was afraid she would know about it if he often chatted with Fang Fang, who sent him messages every

night. She continued, even when he did not reply. Bao Bao then decided to introduce her to Han Han.

Fang Fang called Han Han several times, but he did not answer. She then sent him messages through WeChat. Han Han randomly replied. He wanted to keep chatting with her to make them both happier, but he did not want to be trapped in a relationship and marry her, knowing this is what she wanted. Initially, he was interested. They had regularly chatted for at least two hours, and he enjoyed it. Over time, Fang Fang began to bicker with Han Han and complain, "You're interested in others," and so on.

Han Han wanted to avoid quarrels.

Han Han recalled visiting a neighbor with his parents on the second day of the New Year. They sat around a table and chatted, and periodically laughed loudly. Han Han was so embarrassed that his face turned crimson when he noticed his parents did not talk to each other. His father, a successful businessman, owned two large shopping malls. His mother was a government officer. Locals thought his parents were a model couple with a happy family. Han Han suffered because his parents did not talk to each other at home and even slept in different bedrooms.

One night, Ka Ka called Han Han, who soon walked into Ka Ka's room and chatted joyfully and loudly with Ka Ka. Suddenly, some boys rushed out of their rooms, thinking a woman was in the dorm. They imagined her to be beautiful woman and were eager to see her. Disappointed to find it was Han Han, they whispered to each other and reentered their rooms.

Han Han resented the students making fun of him, but he never showed anger to the students, hoping for at least acceptance.

The next day, Han Han was sleeping in his English class. His teacher noticed and shouted, "Han Han! What the heck's wrong with you? What did you do last night?"

Han Han jerked up his head and said quietly, "I did nothing."

His teacher did not hear what he said clearly, thought he had said something disrespectful, and shouted again, "Sissy! This is not your home. Go stand at the back of the classroom!"

All his classmates laughed as he trudged to the back of the classroom.

After class, Han Han stayed in his seat as his classmates left for lunch. Han Han pondered, stood, and headed to a classroom window. He put his left foot on the window sill and pulled himself up with his hands. His phone rang as he started to lift his right foot. It was Ka Ka. Han Han answered, but said little. Finally, he agreed to meet Ka Ka at Happy Bar.

Later, Ka Ka, took Han Han to Happy Bar almost every Friday night. Han Han got drunk for the first time in his life with Ka Ka in Happy Bar. He enjoyed the feeling. Drunkenness helped him forget his troubles. He was happy to drink with Ka Ka. Once he even found himself in a room in the Simple Love Hotel with Ka Ka. He was still drunk and had no memory of what had happened that night.

Han Han entered Happy Bar. The odor of cigarettes and alcohol filled the air. He inhaled the smell and looked around for Ka Ka. Many young people were dancing crazily and drinking. Someone asked him to sit with them, but he ignored this and kept searching for Ka Ka. Eventually, he found him at the back of the bar. Ka Ka was alone with two bottles of beer. Two glasses sat on the table.

Ka Ka slowly filled the glasses with beer when he saw Han Han. They smiled at each other and chatted. They finished two bottles and ordered five more.

Han Han noticed a young woman, sitting with a boy, holding his hand, and smiling at him. She seemed very happy. He looked at her carefully and realized it was Fei Fei. Han Han refilled his glass and approached Fei Fei, who was embarrassed. Han Han drunkenly asked, "Why didn't your reply to my messages?"

Fei Fei said nothing but held up her glass to Han Han who looked at her boyfriend and laughed. After several toasts, he returned to his table.

Han Han ordered five more beers. Ka Ka urged him to stop, but he did not. He drank two more bottles and dizzily could no longer control his drunken movements. Ka Ka sat next to Han Han and asked, "Are you drunk?"

Han Han loudly said, "No."

Ka Ka persuaded, "Great! Stop here! Please don't get drunk!"

Han Han put his hand on Ka Ka's shoulder and said, "I'm not a pussy. I'm a real man. What do you think, Ka Ka?"

Ka Ka held Han Han's hand and said, "You're a real man!"

Ka Ka wanted to say more, but Han Han's laughter interrupted him. It was the first time Ka Ka had heard Han Han laugh.

Fei Fei noticed Ka Ka was holding Han Han's hand and was happy someone was kind to him. Gripping her boyfriend's hand, they left the bar.

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It was a rainy autumn day. After the rain stopped, Han Han and Ka Ka were sitting under the tree where they had first met. Ka Ka leaned against the tree as Han Han lay on his back, with his head in Ka Ka's lap. They were listening to the same music, sharing one set of earphones. A gentle breeze made the leaves tremble, sending some flitting through the air around Ka Ka and Han Han. Han Han looked at the leaves sailing in the air. One finally lit on Han Han's chest. Han Han picked up the leaf, sniffed it, spun it between his thumb and index finger, and offered it to Ka Ka.

Ka Ka sniffed it and put it in his shirt pocket.

Ka Ka showed a picture of Dream Lake to Han Han on his phone. In the picture, a young couple sat on a white yak near the shore of a blue, boundless lake. The woman stretched her hands into the air, holding a red scarf behind the man. The red scarf fluttered in the air as birds flew overhead.

Han Han could hear the lapping of the lake water and the birds' chirps. He could feel warm water touching his feet as he held Ka Ka's hand and walked into the lake.

TIBETAN TERMS

bkra shis བརྒ་ཤིས།

gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལས།

CHINESE TERMS

Fei Fei 菲菲

Han Han 韩韩

Ka Ka 卡卡

NO ESCAPE

Gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལག་།

Lha mo was a Tibetan herdsman of thirty, mother of two children, and a filial daughter. Nevertheless, she rejected persuasion from her mother, Bde skyid, and others who were kind to her, to divorce her irresponsible, cruel husband. No one understood why Lha mo refused to divorce her heartless husband until a government clerk met Lha mo.

Lha mo was born into a rich family with, seemingly, a good future. She enjoyed a happy childhood with her humorous, affable father and thought she was the luckiest girl in the world.

Time passed.

One overcast winter day, three men with rifles across their backs rode to Lha mo's family's tent. Lha mo noticed bloodstains on their boots and sheepskin robes when they neared the family tent, leading another horse that carried a something large wrapped in black fabric. Blood trickled down the horse's belly.

Bde skyid came out of the tent when their family's watchdog began barking furiously. She assumed it was her husband, who had gone to join a battle over grassland a few days earlier. Bde skyid fainted when she realized her husband was not among the three riders, and his horse was carrying his corpse.

The next day, Lha mo stared at her father's corpse wrapped in white cloth and placed on the right side of the tent. She pointed and asked, "Mother, what's that?"

No answer.

Lha mo wondered why her mother did not respond, and why tears ran down her cheeks. She went near the corpse and reached out to touch it, but her mother quickly took Lha mo in her arms and went out of the tent.

†Gu ru 'phrin las. 2019. No Escape. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:396-402.

Later, Lha mo dropped out of junior high school to marry Bkra shis. Lha mo was her mother's only, beloved child, and did not oppose her decision.

Bkra shis got up early every morning and drove the family's yaks out to graze after breakfast.

One hot summer day, Lha mo and her mother washed their hair and clothes in a stream. A neighbor woman came and joined them. After they finished washing their hair, they began chatting. The neighbor asked, "Where's Bka shis?"

"He's herding," Bde skyid said proudly.

"Is he kind to you?" asked the neighbor.

"Yes, he is very kind to me and Lha mo. He takes care of us," said Bde skyid. "He never asks us to herd the yaks."

The neighbor paused for a second and said, "I heard he is unfilial, a gambler, and that his family expelled him from their home."

Bde skyid was startled and said, "No! He's a good person and never gambles. Maybe you confused him with someone else."

Lha mo's face turned red when she heard this. She pretended she had heard nothing and continued washing clothes.

Bde skyid interrupted their conversation when she saw Bkra shis descending a nearby mountain to come home for lunch and ran to the tent without saying goodbye to the neighbor. The neighbor gazed at Bde skyid's back as she was entering the tent. A bit later, smoke swirled into the air from the black yak-hair tent.

Five years later, Lha mo had a son and a daughter. Lha mo loved and spoiled them, but they resented her, which made her unhappy.

One night, Lha mo noticed one yak was missing. She entered the tent and scolded Bkra shis, who was having a bowl of beef noodles, "A yak is missing. You didn't herd the yaks very well recently. Go find it!"

The boy said to Lha mo, "Father needs to rest. He's hungry and has to eat supper."

The girl added, "He's right. You never herd yaks! You should search for the missing yak."

Bkra shis put the bowl of noodles down and headed to the tent door. His son grabbed his sleeve and said, "Father, it's getting dark. Wolves will attack you! Don't go look for the yak."

Bkra shis kissed the boy's forehead and said, "It's okay. Your father is a big man. Wolves are afraid of me!"

The daughter was holding a bowl of noodles and standing next to her brother. Her father did not kiss her, so she dropped her bowl of noodles down, gripped the lower part of her father's sheepskin robe, and wailed, "Father, don't go! If I lose my father... if wolves eat you, I won't have a father!"

Bkra shis held her in his arms, kissed her several times, and said, "You know your father is brave and not afraid of wolves. I'll kill the wolves if they attack me!"

His children were still unconvinced, so he gave them his cell phone and told them to watch movies. They smiled and jumped into the air when he handed over the phone.

A few hours later, the watchdog began barking. Bde skyid asked, "Lha mo, go check. Maybe it's Bkra shis."

Lha mo said, "It's dark. I'm afraid to go outside alone."

Bde skyid told her grandchildren to go out with their mother, but they refused.

"Wolves will eat your mother if you don't go with her," Bde skyid said.

They ignored this and continued watching a cartoon on the cell phone. Lha mo picked up a rope and wanted to beat her children, but paused, and then left the tent, angry at her children for not accompanying her.

September. Locals were busy talking about the price of selling yaks. Some local young people sold yaks, bought new cars, and aimlessly drove their cars back and forth in the community.

Bde skyid agreed with Bkra shis that he could drive their family's twenty yaks to the county town with his peers, who were also selling their families' yaks.

The next day, Lha mo's maternal uncle visited and persuaded Bde skyid privately not to allow Bkra shis to sell the yaks with his peers.

Bde skyid was angry with her brother for believing that Bkra shis would gamble with the money earned from selling the yaks. Unable to change her mind, Bde skyid's brother left.

Lha mo's neighbor slaughtered a yak and gave a chunk of meat to Lha mo's family. Lha mo cut the meat in half and cooked beef noodles. She wrapped the other half in a plastic bag and put it in a pot.

Three days later, Bde skyid smelled something rotten and found the bag of meat. When she saw worms wiggling inside, she told Lha mo to feed the meat to the watchdog.

Lha mo wanted to explain that she had kept it for Bkra shis, who had left home five days earlier. She hesitated and decided not to argue with her mother and walked outside.

A few days later, Lha mo's cousin, Ban lo, drove a motorcycle to the township town and returned home the next day. Lha mo rushed out of the tent when she heard a motorcycle, stopped her cousin near her tent, and asked, "Did you phone Bkra shis?"

Ban lo unwrapped a black scarf covering his mouth and replied, "I called him. He said he was in Shanghai."

"Impossible! He doesn't speak Chinese. He's never been to a Chinese city!" Lha mo exclaimed.

"He was with his friends. Some of them can speak a little Chinese. I talked to a man with Bkra shis. They seemed happy to travel with Bkra shis, who promised to pay for everything," Ban lo confided.

That night over supper, Lha mo kept her head down. Her mother looked at her and said, "It's your fault. He'll spend all the money."

Lha mo kept her head down and said nothing.

"Your deceased father would have introduced you to a good man, but you didn't listen," said Bde skyid.

Lha mo began sobbing.

"Foolish girl! It's too late to cry. Divorce him when he returns!" said Bde skyid.

The next day, Lha mo was herding yaks on a mountain with Mdzes po, who asked, "Is Bkra shis back?"

Lha mo hesitated and replied, "No, he'll return soon, I guess."

"Well, I heard he was in a city. I told you he's not a good person, but you didn't believe me. I'm sure he'll return when he's out of money," Mdzes po lectured.

Lha mo could not believe her husband was in Shanghai, recalling that he had promised to buy her a coral necklace after selling the yaks.

The next gloomy day, Bde skyid was ill in bed, so Lha mo cooked beef soup and used a small spoon to feed her mother. After Bde skyid had a few spoons of soup and slept, tears filled Lha mo's beautiful eyes as she looked at her mother's pale face.

Lha mo poured a bowl of soup for each of her children and tried to have some soup. She had no appetite, so she left the tent to drive the yaks back.

The yaks were scattered in the valley. Dark clouds tumbled in a sky of thunder. She looked at the sky periodically while driving the yaks back home. Suddenly it began raining heavily as lightning flashed and thunder boomed. She was afraid but realizing her children were frightened by thunder and lightning, she walked as fast as she could.

As she crossed a muddy slope, she slipped in the mud, staining her clothes. She was soon completely soaked and water dripped from her robe. She felt cold. Her robe became heavy and she could not walk quickly.

When Lha mo approached the family tent, she saw her son standing at the tent door, crying. Believing something bad had happened, she trotted to the tent, went inside, knelt next to her mother, and called her name.

No answer.

She left the tent, crouched near the tent door, moaned, and clawed the ground. Thunder roared furiously, and lightning lit up the sky. Lha mo ignored these fearful events and continued grieving in the heavy rain.

When locals came to offer condolences, Lha mo was embarrassed when they asked about Bkra shis. Sometimes she thought her mother and relatives were right, and she should divorce. "Maybe life will be better if I live with my children without him," she thought.

Lha mo waited for twenty days. There was no news about Bkra shis. It seemed he had disappeared from her life.

Two months later, the community leader, Bkra lo, came to Lha mo's tent and said that the local government would divide a sum of government money among community members at his home the next day.

Lha mo rode a horse to Bkra lo's home the next morning. Locals chatted near Bkra lo's tent. Lha mo was the only woman who had come to collect the money. She was embarrassed and startled to see Bkra shis.

That night, the children happily sat on Bkra shis' lap, wrapped their arms around his neck, and kissed him. Lha mo looked at them with teary eyes.

The next day, Lha mo milked the yaks and gazed at Bkra shis, who got on his motorcycle and left without any goodbye.

At noon, the township government leader and a female government clerk visited Lha mo. The leader was Chinese and could not speak Tibetan. The clerk was Lha mo's relative.

The clerk asked, "Sister, how much money did your family get this time?"

"My family received 1,376 RMB," replied Lha mo.

The clerk translated what Lha mo said to the leader, who nodded and said nothing.

Lha mo offered milk tea.

The unmarried clerk had rejected many engagements, believing a single woman had freedom. She gave some candy to Lha mo's children, who smiled and ran out of the tent. The clerk watched them. After a while, the clerk chatted with Lha mo outside the tent, and then they left.

That night, the clerk could not sleep, thinking about what Lha mo said, "I know it's better to divorce, but my children love him. They need him."

The clerk rolled over in her bed. She admired Lha mo. "What a great mother. She can endure male domination and is so devoted to her children!" she thought.

She sighed, turned off the lamp on a small table near her bed, and covered her head with a blanket. Still unable to sleep, she recalled Lha mo, asking why she did not marry. She had replied, "I don't want to marry a person who will spend all the money I earn, not be responsible for our family, and who will dominate his wife."

She thought for a long time, but no perfect solution came to her. "Maybe Lha mo is right. Life works its own way, not the way we expect," she decided.

...

A sunny morning, five years later, the clerk asked her two sons to dress well, walked to the garage, told the boys to sit in the back to avoid a quarrel over who would ride in front, and started the car.

She drove to Lha mo's home.

TIBETAN TERMS

ban lo བན་ལོ།

bde skyid བདེ་སྲིད།

bkra lo བར་ལོ།

bkra shis བར་ཤིས།

gu ru 'phrin las གུ་རུ་འཕྲིན་ལས།

lha mo ལྷ་མོ།

mdzes po མཛེས་པོ།

CHINESE TERM

Shanghai 上海

PREPARING CLOTHES FOR A BON TANTRIC PRACTITIONER'S AFTERLIFE

Klu thar rgyal ཀུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

In 2007, I experienced a funeral when I was attending junior middle school and visiting my aunt's home in Stong che (Dangche) Valley in Khri ka (Guide) County.

•••

After I had been spinning an old wooden-handled *ma Ni* prayer wheel for some time, a local visitor came and replaced me. I had been spinning it since arriving from my boarding junior middle school in the late afternoon. Clan members and fellow villagers wore sad expressions in a house silent except for the whirl of spinning prayer wheels, a monk's chant, the murmurs of other locals chanting *ma Ni*, and frequent sighs from the family.

That night, my aunt was busy in a room under dim light. She wore a sad expression and told me she was preparing clothes for her deceased father-in-law, a Bon tantric practitioner known for his healing powers, who often wore old clothes, and wrapped his head in a long red cloth. When I was a child, my front teeth had ached and moved visibly. My aunt noticed my swollen chin and took me to her father-in-law, who was going somewhere. He stopped, told me to open my mouth, and blew into my mouth several times after taking a deep breath. Drops of his saliva entered my mouth each time he blew. I felt cool, and to my surprise, I never had another toothache.

After a while, the local men formed a line from the room with the deceased to the yard gate. They tightly gripped each other's arms. Four clan members carried a coffin on a stretcher, moving with the coffin along the line of the local men. Clan women, including my aunt, screamed, "Father!!!" and rushed at the departing coffin, but they couldn't break through the line of men tightly gripping each other's

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. Preparing Clothes for a Bon Tantric Practitioner's Afterlife. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:403-404.

arms. They wailed more loudly behind the men. As the coffin carriers left the yard, all the men followed and closed the yard gate tightly behind them, so no women could come out. I and some male teenagers followed the coffin carriers.

Men took turns carrying the coffin. I also carried the coffin for a while. It was not as heavy as I had imagined. After about an hour of walking, we reached the gravesite in the middle of a mountain.

The grave was three meters deep, with a cavity in one side at the bottom of the grave. Some men lowered the coffin into the grave and carefully pushed it into the side cavity. An older man who had remained in the grave, placed a butter lamp in the cavity and loudly proclaimed, "Uncle Tantric Practitioner, don't be afraid. We have prepared clothes for you. Don't look back and keep going! Don't be distracted by evils! Don't worry about the family. We will chant and pray for you!"

After the man climbed out of the grave, my aunt's husband, who was the deceased's only son, stepped forward with a shovel, held his breath, and tossed three shovelfuls of soil on top of the coffin without looking at the coffin. Clan members joined him and after filling the grave within a few minutes, piled a mound of soil on top of the grave. After making three prostrations in front of the grave, we all headed back to the deceased's home.

I heard only the sounds of the men's steps.

TIBETAN TERMS

khri ka ཁྱི་ཀ་

klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ་

stong che སྟོང་ཇེ།

CHINESE TERMS

Dangche 当车

Guide 贵德

FAKE SHEEP

Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

In 2019, Nor bu decided to do business using WeChat after observing some of his neighbors getting richer. Someone with the moniker "Young Sheep Owner" replied soon after Nor bu posted his first message: "Hi, I have ten sheep."

"I want to see their front teeth and tails. Send me pictures!" Nor bu replied without a greeting.

A transaction was soon completed. Nor bu was satisfied and was more passionate about doing business with this new technology.

However, several months later, he noticed that his new sheep were rapidly weakening. Further investigation revealed some sheep lacked front teeth, and the few teeth the others had were broken or made of plastic. Nor bu realized he had been tricked.

TIBETAN TERMS

klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

nor bu འོ་རུ།

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. Fake Sheep. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:405.

A BALLOON

Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

As Sgrol ma walked home early in the morning from a hotel where she had spent the night with her boyfriend, she felt something smooth in her right shoe, but soon forgot about it.

Sgrol ma was soon sitting with her parents and her little brother in their tent in the summer pasture. Most of the time, she talked, and her parents listened. As she spoke, she suddenly felt the smooth object in her shoe again. Removing her shoe, she stuck her hand inside, and to her shock and embarrassment pulled out a condom. Realizing that her parents had no idea what it was, she calmly threw it into a garbage box next to her and dismissively declared, "Oh, it's just a balloon."

"A balloon!" Srgol ma's little brother cried happily as he grabbed it and put it to his mouth before his sister could stop him.

TIBETAN TERMS

klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།
sgol ma གློ་མ་མ།

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. A Balloon. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:406.

Blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

Don 'grub rgyal is thirty-three. He lies in bed. Vomit is sprinkled over the pink pillow cover and carpet. The stench fills every corner of the rooms. Tears mix with saliva and leak from his pale face. "I can feel you," he murmurs.

He slowly wipes his mouth, rolls on his back, and stares at the ceiling, where a moth ceaselessly flogs a light bulb.

"When did I start to hate?" he wonders.

He can't answer this question.

He loved his barren wife with all his heart. Every morning she had prepared fresh bread and tasty tea, and cooked different dishes for lunch and dinner. Now he lives alone in his store. He has instant noodles for supper, snacks for lunch, and avoids breakfast. He is unwilling to go home.

Bde skyid sgröl ma couldn't accept that smell in their home. They quarreled and fought, and she cursed her husband's ancestors. She finally left and returned to her parent's home.

•••

His mother was drunk in her bed as usual. He felt like puking when he neared her. He collected the bottles around Mtsho mo and cried out, "Why do you do this?"

"Oh, come here, dear son!"

He looked at her trembling hands and left.

Mtsho mo was fifty-eight. She and her husband had sold their livestock to run a shop in the Township Town and had sent their son to school. Later, her husband passed away, but nobody talked about how and why. After that, her illness grew more serious. A doctor gave her a bottle of barley liquor containing a white snake. She took this tonic when headaches came. Sometimes she almost dared to tell her son, but words never came.

†Blo bzang. 2019. Smell. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:407-408.

She was proud of her son, and after he graduated from college, she bought him a car using the family's resources, and also held a grand marriage celebration for him.

He turns, grips a new bottle of barley liquor, struggles to open it, and murmurs, "I can feel you."

TIBETAN TERMS

bde skyid sgrol ma བདེ་སྦྱིད་སྒྲོལ་མ།

blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

don 'grub rgyal དོན་འགྲུབ་རྒྱལ་།

CLEANSE EVIL FROM MY MIND

Chos skyong skyabs ཆོས་སྐྱོང་སྐུ་མཁའ་ལྔ་པ་

"I'm such a demon! I should not suspect A mchod. No! No! May the Three Jewels bless me, cleanse the evil from my mind, and remove my sins. Please bless me. I don't suspect A mchod, but it is so very strange," Don 'grub murmured in great consternation.

Don 'grub recalled what his father had said a year ago: "Don 'grub, my dear son, please come near. There's something you need to see before I die. Don't be sad for me. Please go to the shrine room and open the newest scripture cabinet. There's something in the top drawer rolled in a yellow cloth. Please bring it here. I can't walk very well. It was from my grandfather's father, when he walked to Lha sa. On the way, he met a group from Bla brang. A reincarnation *bla ma* in that group gave this to my grandfather's father and told him it would bring auspiciousness to our family. After that, nothing bad has happened to this family. We have kept it from my grandfather's father's time to now. When my father was dying, he gave it to me. Now it's your turn. After I pass away, you keep it safe. When you are in my situation, explain this to your son and give it to him."

Don 'grub's father's dying words remained crystal clear in Don 'grub's mind. He thought, "Should I tell my wife? I've been thinking about this all day."

Anyway, when he returned home from escorting A mchod to his monastery, his wife wasn't at home.

"Hm, may the Three Jewels bless me! Only A mchod was in the shrine room last night. Did he? No! No! I shouldn't suspect him, but I'm sure he saw it last night, and now it's gone."

His wife arrived, noticed Don 'grub murmuring to himself, and asked, "What are you mumbling about?"

"The *thang ka* is gone. Hm... hm... Did A... A... A mcho...?"

†Chos skyong skyabs. 2019. Cleanse Evil from My Mind. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:409-410.

"Oh, my *bla ma*! May the Three Jewels bless us!" she said.

TIBETAN TERMS

a mchod ཨ་མཚོད།

bla brang བླ་བར་།

bla ma བླ་མ།

chos skyong skyabs ཚོས་སྐྱོང་སྐྱལ་ས།

don 'grub དོན་འབྲུབ།

lha sa ལྷ་ས།

thang ka ཐང་ཀ།

EDUCATING A SON

Chos skyong skyabs ཇོ་སྐྱོང་སྐལ་བཟང་།

Rdo rje hadn't been able to sleep after watching Ken Robinson's TED talk.² It had shaken him and gone through his mind again and again.

From a traditional herding area, he had graduated from a university, met a woman from a traditional family, and two years later, they married and moved to the County Town. Rdo rje had majored in early childhood education while at university and hoped to work in this area, but the reality was such that he found a government job in an entirely different field.

Time passed. He became a father and wanted to do what was right for his son. Rdo rje was a very responsible father, carefully teaching his son how to read, greet and show respect to others, and so on. He also wanted to ensure his son received an excellent education and be the top student in his class. He sent his son to kindergarten when he was four-years-old and then to primary school. His son's marks were good and he was the top student in his class. Rdo rje was very pleased. To reinforce his son's study, he sent him to a monastery to study Tibetan during the summer and winter holidays. Sometimes, he also sent his son to training centers to learn English and Chinese. By grade five, the boy could recite many things he had learned in school and the monasteries.

The boy's mother was very traditional. The son had learned many things from her. Many people liked the boy because he was very obedient. He never thought independently because he had been taught to listen and obey others and imitate those the elders around him praised.

Eventually, he attended high school and was a top student. Rdo rje was very proud of his remarkable son. He then thought about how he might send him abroad and wondered what major his son should

[†]Chos skyong skyabs. 2019. Educating a Son. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:411-412.

² <https://bit.ly/35XD2iZ>, accessed 17 January 2020.

choose. Aware that the world was rapidly changing, he was at a loss, thinking about the future job market. He was troubled by ideas and discussion surrounding AI (Artificial Intelligence), biotech, and infotech.

The TED talk had been about how education kills human creativity. Rdo rje now questioned everything he had thought was the best way to educate his son. Perhaps he had not prepared him for a future that would require critical thinking, creativity, and adaptivity.

TIBETAN TERMS

chos skyong skyabs མོས་སྤྱོད་སྤྱོད་པས།

rdo rje རྡོ་རྗེ།

LETHAL IMAGINATION

Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Father sent me to a primary school in a farming area in Khri ka after I finished first grade in the primary school in my home community - a herding area. On my first day at the new primary school, Bkra g.yang impressed me with his humorous behavior, which made everyone laugh. He was very friendly, so I didn't feel lonely nor like I was a stranger. I learned that he had not been promoted to the next grade, which is how we became classmates.

Bkra g.yang and others from nearby often went home in the evening, and when they returned to school the next day, they regularly brought fruit and baked bread in their school bags for lunch. They shared this food with those of us who were from distant herding areas and slept in the school overnight. Bkra g.yang often had apples, pears, home-made baked bread, and cooked ears of corn, which he shared with us almost every day. Sometimes, the shoulder strap of his school bag broke because the contents were so heavy.

As winter approached, the local children brought their toys to school. Those of us who boarded at the school repeatedly asked to play with these toys. Boys brought wooden tops and lashed them with a whip, which gave off sharp, loud sounds as the tops spun faster and for a longer time on the ground. The students had made most of the toys themselves. Bkra g.yang's toys were always the best. He had toys that most of us had never seen before. Even if there was only a short, five-minute break between classes, Bkra g.yang would rush outside the classroom and engage the students in very energetic play. He liked to imitate what he had learned from watching TV the previous night at home.

The problem was that he often failed examinations. Sometimes he even got a zero. The teachers scolded, "Are you going to take 'eggs'

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. Lethal Imagination. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:413-414

home again?" or "How are you going to eat your special 'egg'? With one chopstick or a pair of chopsticks?"

The next year, he was again not promoted to the next grade. While we were in the third grade, he was still a student in the second grade. Both his parents and teachers had agreed to this. It was common for students to repeat a grade. I noticed that, as before, Bkra g.yang was surrounded by classmates during breaks, was still humorous, and continued to bring toys from home.

When I was about to graduate from junior middle school in the same large school complex seven years later, Bkra g.yang was in the fifth grade of primary school. He was a monitor, and many of his classmates called him, "Father." Bkra g.yang's parents and teachers agreed that Bkra g.yang should repeat grades, noticing that he made slight progress as measured by his school marks when he repeated the same grade.

While I was attending senior middle school in Khri ka County Town a year later, I learned that Bkra g.yang had dropped out of school, and was doing construction work with the local men. By this time, he was about nineteen years old.

A year later, I heard what had happened to him. He had been driving to the local temple on his family's motorcycle. A village woman irrigating a field had seen Bkra g.yang speeding on the expressway. Bkra g.yang noticed the woman and just at that moment, saw a truck in front of him. He squatted on his motorcycle while it was speeding, jumped off, and hugged a nearby tree, a maneuver many had seen on TV.

The doctor said that his liver had exploded from the impact. He died that afternoon.

TIBETAN TERMS

bkra g.yang བཀྲ་གཡམ་དེ།

klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

GULLIBLE COMPASSION

Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Nor mtsho moved the flap of her tent to one side and walked outside. Her right hand gripped the handle of a wooden bucket with a bit of water in the bottom. From the front of her sash hung a milk hook that looked very old. The silver in the hook made it attractive. It suited her daily robe. She walked to where the milk yaks and *mdzo mo* 'female yak-cow hybrids' were kept, next to her tent. She released a tethered calf, which rushed to the yaks, found its mother, and started enthusiastically nursing while swinging its tail from side to side.

It was late afternoon. Nor mtsho gazed around. Neighboring children were driving their family's yaks back to the camp from the mountains. After no more than a minute, Nor mtsho pulled the calf back and tied it again with a rope. She hung her milk-bucket on the milk-hook in front of her, bent forward a bit, and washed her hands with water that she emptied from the milk bucket. Next, she squatted on the left side of the *mdzo mo* the calf had just nursed. She leaned her head against the *mdzo mo* and began milking into the bucket while softly singing a milking song that only she and the *mdzo mo* could hear.

Hearing the revs of an engine Nor mtsho paused, wondering who it might be. She stood and saw her neighbor with a white-capped man behind him on his motorcycle. Neighbors were planning to sell some of their yaks. Nor mtsho's family had discussed selling some old yaks, including the *mdzo mo* that she was now busy with. She had been milking it for more than ten years.

Nor mtsho's family had to sell some of the yaks to repay a bank loan and its interest. Years ago, many locals borrowed money from the bank. Seeing such a great opportunity, her husband also borrowed 10,000 RMB and signed a contract in Chinese, which he didn't

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. Gullible Compassion. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:415-416.

understand. He didn't care since it didn't stop him from borrowing money.

Years passed, and he did not repay the loan. He had forgotten all about it. However, two years ago, the local bank and government informed the family they now needed to pay more than 20,000 RMB because the loan interest had increased over the years. Last year, some local officers came and warned the family that they would drive away half of her family's yaks if they didn't pay all the money by winter.

The neighbor came to Nor mtsho's tent with the buyer as she was about to milk the last yak. The neighbor said he had sold eight yaks for a good price. The merchant offered prices higher than Nor mtsho expected for eleven of her yaks, including the old *mdzo mo*. She refused to sell because she knew the yaks and *mdzo mo* would be slaughtered.

The next day, a younger, hatless buyer came. He promised to milk, not slaughter, the *mdzo mo* and other milk yaks for a while. Believing him, Nor mtsho decided to sell him the same yaks even though he offered a very low price.

When the young, hatless merchant was about to drive the *mdzo mo* and other old milk yaks away, Nor mtsho pulled out some of their hair to remember their contribution to her family over the years. That night, she dreamed of milking the *mdzo mo* and the other, older milk yaks. She felt better recalling the buyer's assurance he would feed them well because they would be milked, not slaughtered.

A few more days passed. At mid-morning, Nor mtsho observed the older, hatted buyer seated by the younger hatless man, who was driving a big truck full of yaks. She soon learned that the pair were a father and son team and that she had been tricked.

TIBETAN TERMS

klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

mdzo mo མཛོ་མོ།

nor mtsho རོར་མཚོ།

WARM BLOOD, BLUE SKY

Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

On Nyi ma's third birthday, one of his family's goats gave birth to a lovely white kid. His father saw this as an auspicious omen, excitedly declared that the white kid'e would never be killed, and hung an amulet around its neck. Nyi ma didn't understand all this, but he knew he could play with the white kid. He shared food with the kid, so the kid often followed him.

Nyi ma's mother had died when he was only two-years-old. The white kid's nanny was milked and that was the milk Nyi ma drank. As Nyi ma had no siblings the kid became his faithful playmate and companion.

One day, Nyi ma slept while he was herding his family's sheep and goats in the mountains, and afterwards, often slept as he tended his family's goats. Considering this unusual, his father consulted a monk-diviner, who claimed that Nyi ma was in great danger. A mountain deity had taken his spirit and to save Nyi ma, the family should sacrifice the living white goat on the mountain top where Nyi ma often slept. He concluded by adding that this had to be done by the father but Nyi ma's presence was necessary.

Nyi ma was reluctant as was his father knowing how Nyi ma felt about the goat, but they had no choice. The kid was now a very old goat that followed Nyi ma, as usual, to the mountaintop. Nyi ma kept his head down as they climbed to the mountaintop. Nyi ma's father patted his shoulder, and said, "Maybe it's best now that the goat is very old and has lost its teeth. Its hooves are also worn out! It won't need to suffer from hunger before its natural death."

Nyi ma sped up, leaving his father behind. It was clear he wasn't convinced. His father tried to catch up and panting, called out, "Nyi ma! Nyi ma!"

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. Warm Blood, Blue Sky. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:417-418.

Nyi ma didn't reply, just kept climbing to the mountaintop. Once they reached the top, they lit an incense offering at the altar to the mountain deity. Dangling prayer flags fluttered energetically. Nyi ma turned his back to his father, who was busy slaughtering the goat and flinging its warm blood into the blue sky with his blood-covered hand while praying throughout the process.

Before long, Nyi ma's father felt something was wrong - something was missing. Nyi ma had disappeared. The father rushed to the edge of the cliff near the incense altar. "Nyi ma, Nyi ma!!" he shouted. When he saw Nyi ma's body at the foot of the cliff, his desperate screams echoing from mountain to mountain.

TIBETAN TERMS

klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

nyi ma ཉི་མ།

SUGAR

Blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

She died two years ago. Every time she told my sugar story, she ended it with loud laughter. At that time, I didn't understand the humor in the story. Now, there is no more laughter.

...

I played with Brother, Rdo rje, and other friends on the ice from morning to afternoon. When we realized that we needed to go home, our shoes and trousers were wet. We were cold and hungry. Just the two of us were in the house. Pieces of bread and some dumplings were in the pot and still warm. We ate it all.

We both knew that Mother kept a little white sugar for the New Year. If Brother and I obeyed her, she gave each of us one spoonful of white sugar as a reward. "Bso pa, should we eat some sugar?" said Brother, quietly with a smile.

I agreed, so we took sugar out of a wooden box Mother had put on a high shelf. "Don't tell Mother. If she knows that we are eating sugar, she'll kill us," said Brother.

After eating the sugar, we went to Uncle's family, where Grandmother, Aunt Bkra lo, and Mother were separating yak hair.

"Where have you been? Have you had lunch?" asked Mother loudly.

"We ate all of the food in the pot, but we didn't eat any sugar," I replied.

Brother turned and stared at me. Mother looked at me and turned to look at Brother.

"Our naughty boys ate all my sugar!" cried Mother angrily.

"We didn't eat sugar," said Brother confidently.

Mother stood up.

"Did you eat all of the sugar?" asked Grandmother with a smile.

"No, we just ate a little," I replied quickly.

†Blo bzang. 2019. Sugar. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:419-420.

They all laughed.

From that time, this story became her "funny story" to share with others. She told it countless time, her laugh ringing out as clear as a bell when she ended with "And then he said, 'We ate just a little.'"

I long to hear that laughter again.

TIBETAN TERMS

blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

bkra lo བཀྲ་ལོ།

rdo rje རྡོ་རྗེ།

BEST FRIEND

Blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

Don 'grub sits on the floor of a hotel room, waiting...

...

Blo bzang takes Don 'grub to Guangzhou to help him sell caterpillar fungus. Don 'grub and Blo bzang were childhood playmates and classmates in primary school and middle school. Don 'grub failed the high school entrance examination, so he went home to do business. His caterpillar fungus business proved successful.

Blo bzang was a student in the International Business College in Guangzhou, where he majored in finance. Don 'grub admired Blo bzang.

9:30 AM. The train station. "Don 'grub, come quickly, we can't miss the train!"

"Okay. Is a train more comfortable than a car?"

"Is this your first time to take a train?"

"Yes."

Thirty-three hours later: "Wow! I've never seen such crowds before!" exclaimed Don 'grub.

They walk through the train station. Don 'grub looks right, left, and behind, and then walks closer to Blo bzang.

Blo bzang stops a taxi, and they get in. It takes an hour to reach Dezheng South Road. Don 'grub is uncomfortable and gets a headache in the car.

"When do we get there?" asks Don 'grub.

"Soon!"

They book a hotel at a corner of Dezheng South Road.

"Thank you for bringing me to such a great place! I never imagined that I could come to such a large, beautiful city."

"Tomorrow, we'll sell your caterpillar fungus. Be sure it's in the bag," said Blo bzang.

†Blo bzang. 2019. Best Friend. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:421-422.

The next morning, Don 'grub and Blo bzang sell the caterpillar fungus, get a good price, and spend the night in a grand hotel that charges 500 RMB a night! Don 'grub enjoys the room and sleeps well.

Don 'grub wakes up around ten AM. Blo bzang is gone. Don 'grub waits hour after hour.

TIBETAN TERMS

blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

don 'grub དོན་འགྲུབ།

CHINESE TERMS

Dezheng South Road, Dezheng nanlu 德政南路
Guangzhou 广州

'Jam dbyangs skyabs འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐྱེའམ།

It was now lunchtime. Sgrol ma sat resting with her head against her back-basket in the yak enclosure about twenty steps from their yak-hair tent.

"Mother, I'm hungry!" Sgrol ma's only child complained. She was five-years-old.

"I'll soon finish collecting dung. Wait a bit," Sgrol ma said.

"I can't wait. I'm so hungry," Sgrol ma's daughter whimpered and started sobbing.

"Bitch! My daughter's hungry. What the fuck are you doing there?" Sgrol ma's husband shouted from where he lay in bed.

Sgrol ma rushed to the tent, put some tamarisk twigs in the yellow-soil hearth, added dry yak dung, and used a match to light the tamarisk. Not much smoke passed through the rusty stovepipe that was several years old. The tent soon filled with smoke.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" Sgrol ma's husband shouted while coughing.

Sgrol ma said nothing, just opened the tent flap and tried to fan the smoke out.

"Are you deaf?" Sgrol ma's husband demanded.

Sgrol ma did not reply, not knowing what to say. She poured boiled milk in a baby's bottle and used her unwashed left hand to give it to her daughter.

"Idiot! Did you break your right hand? What's wrong with your right hand? Nasty! You also didn't wash your hands. Is the river dry?" her husband bellowed.

Sgrol ma was accustomed to such abuse and kept quiet, further enraging her husband, who grabbed one of his shoes by the bed and threw it at her. Sgrol ma dodged it. Further enraged, her husband got

†Jam dbyangs skyabs. 2019. A New Life. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:423-424.

out of bed, picked up the shoe's mate and beat Sgrol ma - hard. There was nobody in the tent to stop him. It was not the first time.

Sgrol ma accepted these beatings as did many local women.

Despite the pain, Sgrol ma did not cry. Instead, she fantasized about all the days and years ahead, hoping for a long life. Sgrol ma imagined one day being a nun and felt ecstatic, hoping for that day with a new sense of eventual freedom.

...

The next morning, Sgrol ma finished work. She was glad her husband had not beaten her.

Unbeknown to her, her husband had silently died in bed. His daughter rode his neck and demanded, "Wake up, Father! I'm hungry. My *me*¹ 'bottle' is empty," she complained.

There was no answer.

When she entered the tent and realized her husband was dead Sgrol ma sobbed, but then, a few minutes later, her heartbeat was fast, and she felt very warm. She grew joyful.

People try very hard to look as others think they should look, so Sgrol ma lamented very loudly because she knew her daughter was closely observing her. As she lamented, she recalled that her husband had slaughtered countless yaks and sheep.

Anyway, a new life awaited Sgrol ma.

TIBETAN TERMS

'jam dbyangs skyabs འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐྱུང་སྔ་

me me མེ་མེ།

rwa nu རྩ་ལུ།

sgrol ma སྐྱོལ་མ།

¹ Young children refer to *rwa nu* as *me me* 'baby bottle'.

BEST BROTHERS

Klu thar rgyal ཀླ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Nor Idan and G.yang kho are brothers, and also were playmates and herdmates. Nor Idan is older than G.yang kho. They grew up, married, and lived separately in two households, but they were still neighbors.

Years later, Nor Idan's family had a son. Also, in accordance with government policy, the two brothers divided and fenced their pastures into two sections. Their life became more difficult because they needed to herd their livestock very carefully. Otherwise, their yaks easily broke through the fences and grazed in the other family's pasture.

Time passed, and the two wives quarreled because G.yang kho's family didn't closely watch their yaks which broke through Nor Idan's fences and ate grass in his pasture.

The conflict between the two families grew. They talked less and visited each other less frequently.

Nor Idan blamed his wife for this, so she returned to her parents' home with her son and never returned. Nor Idan soon divorced her, thus losing his only son.

Later, Nor Idan married a young woman who gave birth to two girls.

Time passed. When goats were selling for a good price, Nor Idan bought some. Unfortunately, the goats broke through the fences and ate the barley in his younger brother's field. The conflict intensified. Nor Idan then decided to move to the other side of the mountain.

After about twenty years, Nor Idan's two daughters had married. Each now lived in her husband's home.

G.yang kho was busy celebrating his grandson's three-year-old birthday with plenty of food, many guests, lots of liquor, and melodious traditional songs. Meanwhile, Nor Idan was herding his few

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. Best Brothers. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:425-426.

yaks and sheep alone on the other side of the mountain. His hair was gray, and he used a walking stick. It seemed the world had forgotten him and his family.

TIBETAN TERMS

g.yang kho གཡང་ཁོ།

klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

nor ldan རོར་ལྷན།

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING

Klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

G.yang skyid went to fetch water and met two local women who were watering their livestock at the only water source in their winter pastures, which was shared by thirty families. The three women laughed loudly together, suggesting they were very close friends. After they exchanged gossip, G.yang skyid left with her plastic container full of water.

"Why does she fetch water alone? Doesn't she have neighbors?" the younger woman asked after G.yang skyid left.

"She doesn't feel alone. G.yang skyid likes talking to herself and enjoys her own jokes," the older woman said while watching G.yang skyid's diminishing back.

The young woman laughed, thinking the older woman must be joking.

"Oh! You are a new wife here. You don't understand, so let me explain. She once had a neighbor and a husband," the older woman said.

"What happened?" the younger woman asked curiously.

"I don't know, but many say she made the neighbor leave and drove her husband to his death," the older woman replied.

"How did she do that? She doesn't seem like that kind of woman," the young woman asked, puzzled.

"I heard that her neighbor's yaks ate barley in her family's field every year, but the neighbor wouldn't admit it, so the two neighbors stopped visiting each other. Conflict followed. You know, the most interesting thing was the two men in those families were brothers. Later, one brother built a house on the other side of the hill in their private pasture. The two families then lived separated by quite some distance."

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. A Bolt of Lightning. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:427-428.

"How did her husband die?" the younger woman asked.

"He was killed by a bolt of lightning one stormy night while out visiting a woman," the old woman explained.

"How awful! What terrible things did she do in a previous life?"

"That's what I say!"

TIBETAN TERMS

g.yang skyid གཡང་སྐྱིད།

klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

SAFE WITH MOTHER

'Jam dbyangs skyabs འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐལ་པ་

A ten-year-old girl clad in a clean sheepskin robe squatted by a tree. Nearby, soldiers were forcing men, women, and her mother down a footpath. Wounded locals moved painfully down the footpath as soldiers pushed them on. They were heading toward the foot of a forested mountain. The girl sat motionlessly, too tired to go any further. She had five bullet holes in her clean sheepskin robe, and her right lip had been shot. She sniffed and smelled gunpowder.

She wondered if her father would find her. It was just a dream. The soldiers had taken her father, but she did not know that. She patiently waited for him.

Suddenly, two soldiers carrying guns over their shoulders appeared and approached her. They put their guns on the ground near her.

She thought, "They are going to kill me."

One soldier took out a grey rope from his pack and uncoiled it. The soldiers used the rope to tie their gun muzzles and butts together to make a stretcher. They put the little girl on it and carried her. The little girl was surprised to find it was comfortable. She could not believe there were such soldiers in the world. She watched the back of the soldier in front of her and said nothing.

A while later, the little girl felt thirsty and a lot of pain. She asked the soldiers to stop so she could drink some water. They could not understand her because their languages were different. The little girl gestured, and eventually, the soldiers understood. They gave her a canteen of water. She drank some and felt better, though it smelled bad. She felt like her right leg no longer belonged to her.

She did not see her father.

When they reached the foot of the forested mountain, she saw

†'Jam dbyangs skyabs. 2019. Safe with Mother. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:429-430.

her mother with a group of peasants. She felt even more uncomfortable. She did not cry because she knew it would not help. She was afraid of the soldiers. Still, she hoped her mother would help her.

Her mother was not allowed to approach her daughter without permission from the soldiers who, with gestures and sounds, ordered her to carry her child.

The little girl was with her mother again. She felt safer, despite her injuries.

TIBETAN TERM

'jam dbyangs skyabs འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐྱེངས།

NINE RIVERS

Blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

A kilometer from Rkang tsha Village, nine different streams combine into Nine River which runs through a narrow valley and rolls into the Yellow River, eventually flowing into the ocean. Locals drink from streams but never fetch water from Nine River. Herders, however, drive their livestock there to drink water.

One sunny day, herders on a mountaintop watched a man in his sixties collecting stones and piling them up by the river.

"He seems not to be drinking these days," a herder observed.

"Well, forty-nine days haven't passed yet."

"Maybe he'll never drink again."

"Who knows? Last year he swore to A lags he would stop drinking, but soon he was drinking again."

"Do you remember last time? He was drunk and sprawled out naked in the middle of the road, stopping cars and trucks. His family members had a really hard time taking care of him."

"Now even his wife has left him."

Twenty days earlier, his wife had cooked supper as usual and asked her stepdaughter and her husband's oldest brother to join them. They had a good meal that night, but her husband appreciated none of this. The next morning, they couldn't find her. Villagers gathered to search.

"Did she have a serious disease?"

"She went to the County Hospital with her stepdaughter because of a bellyache. They returned with some medicine. It didn't seem serious.

"The day before she went missing, some villagers saw that she had visited the local monastery, and offered butter and money so the monks would chant for her missing son.

†Blo bzang. 2019. Nine Rivers. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:431-432.

"Five years earlier, her son's gambling mates had come to his home and taken most of the family's property - one hundred sheep and ten yaks. After that, she didn't know where her son was."

"How pathetic!"

"Did her stepdaughter know she planned to leave?"

"I don't know," said a herder who rarely spoke.

"Anyway, it's really sad, *oM ma Ni pad+me hU~M*."

The man finished building a stone pile by the river at the place where his wife had jumped into Nine River and drowned, and where villagers had pulled her corpse from the water.

He sat by the stone pile, watching Nine River flowing on its long journey to the ocean.

TIBETAN TERMS

blo bzang ལྷོ་བཟང་།

oM ma Ni pad+me hU~M ཨོཾ་མ་ཎི་པད་མེ་ཧུཾ་མ།

rkang tsha ཀང་ཇ།

IT DOESN'T MATTER

Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

The harsh weather and the heavy snow forced the herds woman to drive her livestock back to their enclosures earlier than usual. When she entered her home, she added dry sheep pellets to the stove and soon had a pot of bubbling meat. She often paused, listened, walked to the window, and looked outside anxiously for her husband, who had gone to the Township Town.

He was late.

After hearing the sound of a motorcycle, she looked out again and saw her husband, his head wrapped in her bright red scarf, speckled with snow. She opened the door and went outside to greet him.

"I'm freezing!" he exclaimed.

"Why are you so late?" she asked while helping him gather what he had brought back from town.

"I had a flat tire on my way home, but I was able to repair it," he explained.

"Sorry to hear that! How good you made it home anyway!" she said optimistically.

"A piece of glass! I hate those who throw bottles on the road! By the way, the old woman passed on."

"What? Who passed away?" she asked in confusion.

"The old woman with a bit of a mustache. She lived with her single daughter," he replied, walking into the house.

"Did she suffer a lot?" she asked curiously, following her husband.

"No, she died very quickly," he said, unfastening his robe.

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. It Doesn't Matter. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:433-434.

"How lucky! Locals were wrong in saying that she would surely suffer a lot before her death," his wife said as she removed steaming chunks of mutton from the pot and placed them on a platter.

"People will say anything!" her husband said and sat next to the stove, where he removed his shoes and warmed his cold feet so near the stove that they began to steam. "What cold weather! Anyway, she wasn't the only one! Some of her old colleagues died without suffering, too," he continued.

"But everyone believes it, including my father, who witnessed those women who were leaders in 1958 mistreating locals," she countered.

Her husband only said, "Please pour some soup in a bowl for me rather than arguing. I'm going to the funeral after supper."

"Is the funeral tonight?" his wife inquired.

"Yes, I would have missed it if I hadn't gone to town today. That's where I got the news," her husband replied.

She walked to the window, looked outside, and observed, "The snow might not let up tonight."

"It doesn't matter," her husband replied, chewing a piece of hot meat, "I have to go. At least I can help chant *ma Ni* if they've already found enough men to carry the corpse to the mountains."

TIBETAN TERM

klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

"NO DOUBT!"

Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།

Everybody knew he had only three months to live. Everybody, that is, except Chos skyong and his wife.

"I miss my livestock. I really want to go home," Chos skyong said to all his visitors.

They all understood. Chos skyong was a successful herdsman with hundreds of yaks and sheep.

Chos skyong had left home two months earlier and had just returned from the provincial capital for Lo sar 'Tibetan New Year', which he would spend with his wife in a rented apartment in the Township Town at the suggestion of his family and relatives. It would be warmer than in his house in the mountain pasture.

Locals often visit those who experience difficulties. Many came and gave cash to Chos skyong, who sat on a sofa and chatted, his clothes hanging on his body like a scarecrow. Most visitors didn't know how to start a conversation after registering his appearance. He smiled and tried to talk, but speaking required much effort.

His wife was happy that so many came and she energetically attended the visitors.

One inebriated visitor apologized for his late visit, presented one hundred RMB, and then talked about his current life with his son after his wife left them. "I only own a few sheep, but life is still sustainable," he concluded as he took an open bottle of clear liquor from his robe pouch. He took a swig, and thus encouraged said, "As long as a person survives, the property is nothing!"

Chos skyong agreed and repeated, "As long as a person survives, the property is nothing!"

It was not Chos skyong's first time to recite this mantra. He had said it three years earlier when his son, who was in his mid-twenties,

†Klu thar rgyal. 2019. "No Doubt!" *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:435-437.

had died in a car accident, leaving two little daughters. Chos skyong now had to struggle to make a living for his two granddaughters and their future. After their son passed away, Chos skyong and his wife worried about their own unpredictable deaths, concerned about their very young granddaughters.

"I asked our monastery to chant for your recovery. It seems to have worked. You look much better," another visitor said encouragingly a few hours later.

He nodded and said, "Definitely! No doubt!"

"Shall I ask them to do more chanting?" the visitor asked.

"No, thanks. My family's monk-diviner is coming soon!" he replied.

Three years earlier, he hadn't been able to figure out why misfortune had come to his family until his family's monk-diviner persuaded him that fate and death are not in our hands, an idea he had accepted.

A decade ago, a bellyache had pushed Chos skyong to consult his family's monk-diviner, who had suggested he consult the most famous Tibetan traditional doctor in the province. In the ten years after that consultation, he had taken medicine from three famous traditional doctors, and the medicine seemed to have worked.

However, two months earlier, Chos skyong's bellyache had become more severe. His son-in-law, Skal bsang, the only literate person in Chos skyong's family, accompanied him to the provincial hospital. Though he had a college degree, Skal bsang had been unable to find a job.

After Chos skyong's son's death, his daughter-in-law had soon returned to her parents' home, leaving the two children with their grandparents. Chos skyong's daughter and Skal bsang decided to move to Chos skyong's home from Skal bsang's parents' home. At that time, Chos skyong owned many yaks and sheep. Locals were jealous, and consequently, various rumors circulated about Skal bsang.

The provincial hospital doctor said Chos skyong had only three months to live and nothing could be done to change that.

Skal bsang phoned Chos skyong's close relatives. After discussion, they decided to keep this a secret from Chos skyong and his wife.

TIBETAN TERMS

chos skyong ཚོས་སྤྱོད་།

klu thar rgyal ལྷ་ཐར་རྒྱལ་།

skal bsang སྐལ་བཟང་།

"THIS IS NOT WHAT I WANT"

Chos skyong skyabs ཙོང་སྐྱེང་སྐྱམ་པ་

The old wood-frame windows constantly vibrate on windy evenings. Accompanied by the wind whistling outside, the listener is serenaded by sounds that might be imagined as coming from musical instruments. I mostly ignored this symphony after moving into this house.

When did I become like this? Sometimes I drift away for a few minutes, just gazing somewhere, unable to concentrate on my surroundings.

How long do these fragmented thoughts linger?

The house gets darker and darker. Frigid winters here on the Plateau, create extreme challenges for the herdsman and their livestock.

Time to drive the livestock into their enclosure and tie them. I know I should get up and help her, but I don't want to move. The fire is dying in the metal stove, and the house gets steadily colder. I should add some yak dung, but I don't want to move.

Local villagers believe I have a chronic disease. Maybe they are right, but it's not biological. Something has got hold of my spirit.

She finishes tying the yaks, enters the house, looks at me, and says, "I thought you were sleeping!"

I don't reply.

As she came inside, I just lay on the bed, looking at the ceiling. I don't remember when, but I put a cigarette in my mouth and lit it. It is nearly finished. I don't remember inhaling. Ashes litter my collar.

"What's wrong with you? Are you ill? What do you want for dinner?" she asks.

I do not dislike her, but I can't think of anything worth saying. I continue lying on my back, looking at the ceiling with an open mouth.

Time passes.

†Chos skyong skyabs. 2019. "This is Not What I Want." *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:438-440.

Something is moving on my right cheek. I investigate and discover it is a tear.

"You don't look good. You should visit a *bla ma* tomorrow morning," she suggests. "He'll divine. Maybe he'll need to chant in our home. Should we go consult him tonight?"

I don't reply.

She finishes cooking and says, "Noodles. Here you go," and offers me a bowl.

"Did you add salt?" I ask.

"Yes! I'll add more if you like," she replies.

After supper, the room is silent. I hear our hearts beat. She says a lot. I don't reply. Suddenly I want to say something, but I won't listen to her answer.

In bed, she shows sexual desire.

"This not what I want in my world," I say.

She thinks I mean a sexual relationship.

She misunderstands.

I don't clarify.

After I speak, I realize I have spoken.

"What?" she says.

"No!" I say.

After a few minutes, I say something again, and again realize I have spoken.

"This is not a good place to live. This is not what I want," I say.

"This is not a good place to live. This is not what I want.' What do you mean?" she asks.

I give a long sigh and say nothing.

"I'm just a herdsman," I say after a long pause.

Later, she moves very near me, puts her left hand on my neck, and gently rubs my chest. I am on my back to her left. She skillfully kisses my neck and nuzzles my ear.

I silently move her hand away and turn.

Later, I lie on my back. She puts her right leg across my legs. Her right hand slowly moves down my chest ...

TIBETAN TERMS

bla ma བླ་མ།

chos skyong skyabs ཆོས་སྟོང་སྐལ་བཟང་།

BROKEN PROMISE

'Jam dbyangs skyabs འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐལ་བཟང་།

Don grub is thirty years old. Divorced four times, he is now married to his fifth wife. Just after this last marriage, his father warned, "Don't divorce again. If you do, don't come back home. Never, ever."

Horseraces are popular in Don grub's home community. Locals are obsessed with horseraces and spend a great deal of time talking about this horse and that horse, horse prices, horserace awards, fodder, and the age of horses and their generations.

Don grub dreamed of buying a great racehorse. He had a horse he had bought for 20,000 RMB. It was now getting old and did not run as fast as before. His friends said things like, "Your racehorse is like a donkey now. Why don't you buy another one?"

"I don't have enough money," Don grub replied tiredly.

...

Mulling over what his friends said, Don grub eventually decided to pay 70,000 RMB for a racehorse. The seller was Stobs ldan, his wife's relative.

Stobs ldan said, "You know I didn't sell my racehorse to others, though some offered to pay a much higher price than you. I believe you will pay on time and your wife is my relative."

"True! Thanks so much. I appreciate your kindness! I'll never forget you," Don grub gushed.

"Bring the money tomorrow morning," Stobs ldan said seriously.

"OK! No problem!" Don grub replied enthusiastically.

...

Don grub's delight lasted until he got home and announced, "I have to give 70,000 RMB to Stobs ldan tomorrow morning."

†Jam dbyangs skyabs. 2019. Broken Promise. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:441-443.

"What? Are you mad? Seventy thousand RMB?" Bde skyid, his wife, said in disbelief.

Bde skyid was three years older than Don grub and knew little about racehorses. She didn't like horseraces, which she never attended. She said it was impossible to earn money that way. This led to quarrels.

"Calm down. You know Stobs ldan's racehorse won many competitions. Just last year he earned 20,000 RMB and three motorcycles," Don grub said impatiently.

"I don't know, and I don't care. Go back and get Stobs ldan to agree you don't have to pay," Bde skyid urged.

Knowing he shouldn't anger his wife, and to avoid further argument, Don grub left the house and went to the nearby home of his wife's brother, Byams pa, who had a good relationship with Stobs ldan. "Please tell him I really can't buy his racehorse. To compensate for breaking my promise, I'll give him the racehorse that cost me 20,000 RMB," Don grub said pitifully.

"OK! I'll talk to him," Byams pa said confidently.

...

"Don grub requests that you release him from his promise to buy your racehorse," Byams pa said.

"Impossible. He promised! Many buyers have come offering to purchase my racehorse. Some have offered a much higher price than Don grub. However, he begged me, so I sold it to him at a low price because he's my good friend," Stobs ldan said.

Byams pa left, phoned Don grub, and reported everything.

...

Don grub plodded to a hut near their house where yak-dung was stored. He held a drop of dirty, smelly rain in his left hand that was seeping through the roof and muttered, "Useless, meaningless," while shaking his head back and forth.

Don grub entered the hut without anyone seeing. He slung a rope over a roof-pole spattered with falling drops of filthy water.

...

At seven PM, the fire in Bde skyid's stove was nearly out. Bde skyid poured what little yak-dung remained in a yellow plastic bag into the

stove. She then sloshed to the hut to fetch more dung, muttering, "Such a useless husband! Why did I marry him?"

She angrily shoved aside a piece of dirt-spotted yellow plastic that covered the entrance to the hut and came face-to-face with Don grub hanging from a creaking roof pole.

Bde skyid screamed and jumped back outside.

The piece of discolored, dirt-spotted yellow plastic flapped back and forth from the force of her exit, but then slowly steadied and hung heavily amid droplets of muddy, smelly water percolating through the roof.

TIBETAN TERMS

'jam dbyangs skyabs འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐྱམས།

bde skyid བདེ་སྦྱིད།

byams pa བྱམས་པ།

don grub དོན་གྲུབ།

stobs ldan སྟོབས་ལྡན།

CONCEIVABLE INCONCEIVABLES

Chos skong skyabs ཆོས་སྐྱོང་སྐྱམ་བོ།

Please don't snore. Please. Please. Please! Let me enjoy myself. Today, I can't feel it. Have I lost my feeling? Yes! Right! Cup, bottle, cigarette, what else? Key?

Street lamps blur beside the road.

Did I light a cigarette? What am I doing sitting on top of a building gazing down at this city? I can't see very well anymore. Who else is up late, waiting for tomorrow?

When I was a child, I dreamed of returning home and being a teacher. Great! My family supported me.

College. Another dream. Finished college. No jobs.

I spent three months writing a business plan. I had a car accident in Gansu with a Chinese woman who is fifteen years older than me. An investor, she took a chance on my business.

Four years passed. Everything changed. Business was good. It benefited local people. I was very glad about that. Later, I followed my investor and moved the business to Shenzhen. Business got even better.

A big party followed last year's annual meeting with our employees. The next morning, I found myself in bed with my investor. Oh well, I had a nice time with her. We met at least once a week.

This city becomes quiet. I light another cigarette and inhale deeply. A minute later, I flick it away. My heart pounds. I gaze into the dark distance toward my far-away home.

Three months pass. My investor tells a story that shocks me. She has been in two failed marriages. "I didn't get pregnant. The doctor said the problem was me. Anyway, now I'm pregnant. It's yours."

†Chos skong skyabs. 2019. Conceivable Inconceivables. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:444-445.

Incredible. I don't know how to deal with this. My parents are very traditional. My local girlfriend is waiting for me. I pick up my bottle. It's so light.

Empty.

TIBETAN TERM

chos skong skyabs ཆོས་སྤྱོད་སྤྱད་སྤྱད་སྤྱད་

CHINESE TERM

Shenzhen 深圳

A STITCH IN TIME

Rdo rje dpal 'byor རོ་རྒྱལ་པོ་ཡོན་པོ་

When I was seven, I lived with my parents in my community's farming section. It was harvest time, and most of the villagers were busy. However, my family had finished reaping wheat from our fields two days earlier. Locals customarily take turns helping each other harvest, but I played with other kids. I was about one meter tall, had short curly hair, a round face, red cheeks, a light-colored face, dark eyes with double eyelids, and thick eyebrows. I wore a suit my mother had made, a cap with a red star above the visor, and handmade sheepskin shoes. Everyone thought I was a boy. I was mischievous, outgoing, often laughed, but I was also short-tempered.

On this particular morning, while I was somewhere between asleep and awake, I struggled to wake up and was only vaguely aware of my parents chatting with each other. Mother called me to get up. She had put barley flour and milk tea with butter in my bowl and also had prepared steamed buns. Steam was still drifting over the buns, fresh out of the pot. "I made your favorite bread this morning," she called out as she went into the courtyard to churn milk.

After breakfast, I went into my family's small garden to play with a Barbie doll. Sensing that someone was approaching me, I glanced up. It was my Aunt Ste be, who was holding a sickle. I was so excited I hugged her. She then suggested, "I'm going to your uncle's field to help harvest. Do you want to go with me? It's interesting in the fields."

I was pleased to hear that, but I was afraid Mother would not give permission. Finally, with Aunt's persuasion, Mother agreed and cautioned, "Don't be naughty!"

I promised her I'd be obedient and happily left. When we passed through the gate of my home, I saw my neighbor driving his

†Rdo rje dpal 'byor. 2019. A Stitch in Time. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:446-449.

single-axle walking tractor hitched to a trailer in circles on a threshing ground covered with rapeseed. His son, Lhu rig, was sitting on the trailer, obviously enjoying himself. I wanted to join Lhu rig on the trailer and play with him. I thought it would be fun. So I told Aunt I didn't want to go to my uncle's field anymore. She then spoke to my neighbor, who agreed I could stay. I climbed onto the trailer where Lhu rig and I played joyfully.

We were having a nice time when suddenly I felt a piercing pain in my right hand that had got caught between an electric pole and the tractor for just a second. I panicked when I saw my hand was bleeding. I cried loudly and yelled, but my neighbor didn't hear. Lhu rig was quiet and didn't move, nor offer to help. Maybe he was shocked by all the blood. I was suffering badly. My hand had almost been cut into two parts between my middle and ring fingers. There was a lot of blood. I was frightened, but I had no idea what to do. Again I shouted and then cried as the pain worsened. I shook. I couldn't stand it. My neighbor still hadn't noticed anything. The tractor was very noisy. I angrily stood up in the trailer and went where he was seated. I wanted to stretch my hand out in front of him, but I didn't. Instead I continued shouting and crying and then jumped off the trailer.

I heard Mother calling me. She came quickly and was shocked. "What's wrong with your hand?" she asked repeatedly.

At last, the neighbor stopped driving and stared at me.

"What did you do to my daughter's hand?" Mother demanded again and again. He didn't say a single word. Mom then took me home and wrapped my hand in cloth. As Father was absent, and there was no local clinic, Mother called Aunt's husband and asked him to take us to the clinic in Bya mdo Township by motorcycle. It was fifteen kilometers away, and I was in severe pain.

Once we arrived, two women doctors examined my hand and said something in Chinese that I didn't understand. Then, holding a needle, one approached me. I was terrified and cried. I tried to escape, but I couldn't. Two women held me down and injected me with an anesthetic to allow my wound to be sewn up without pain. I was not allowed to watch during the procedure. The anesthetic worked as I

didn't feel much pain. When I eventually saw my hand again it was wrapped in gauze. Mother stayed with me. I now realize how worried she must have been, but I didn't know nor care at the time.

When we got back home, Mother put a mat on the porch for me to sit on. She made noodles with mutton and fed me. Tears flowed from my eyes. I ate a few noodles, and although Mother insisted I have more, I couldn't as I had no appetite.

Father suddenly arrived and was very anxious. I wept again. I felt so weak. After a short while, I saw Aunt coming, and began sobbing again. I couldn't control myself. My heart had melted.

The worst thing was that I then had to be put on an intravenous (IV) drip for three terrifying days. The next day, Father and I went to a larger township. Many patients had IVs in that clinic. Father was very familiar with the doctor, who was a monk. After Father had described my situation, a nurse brought a needle. Another needle! I was so afraid I scrambled under the bed. "My dear daughter, please come out! You won't suffer from pain. I'll buy your favorite snacks and toys after the injection," pleaded Father.

I felt a little better hearing that, but I was still afraid of the injection. Finally, I had the injection. We stayed in my Aunt's home in the township town for three days until the treatment ended.

Seven days later, my parents took me back to the clinic to have the stitches removed. Even my grandparents and one of my aunts came to the hospital to be with me. A female doctor led Father and me to a room where Father held me tightly in his arms as the stitches were taken out. In absolute terror, I screamed, "You are all merciless! Don't you have sympathy? Please don't do this to me."

Although I didn't feel much pain, I yelled again and again because I was terrified. Several months later, my wound had healed, but my little finger wouldn't move easily. Scars are still obvious.

This accident powerfully affected me. I became quite fragile and soft-hearted and easily wept when encountering any sentimental event. This is my most striking early childhood memory.

TIBETAN TERMS

bya mdo བྱ་མདོ།

klu rig ལུ་རིག་།

rdo rje dpal 'byor རོ་རྒྱལ་པོ་འབྱོར།

tshe b+he ཚེ་བེ།

BOOK REVIEWS

REVIEW: *FAITH AND EMPIRE: ART AND POLITICS IN TIBETAN BUDDHISM* BY KARL DEBRECZENY

Reviewed by Rob Linrothe (Northwestern University)



Karl Debreczeny (ed). 2019. *Faith and Empire: Art and Politics in Tibetan Buddhism*. New York: Rubin Museum of Art. 272pp. ISBN-10:0692194606 (hardcover 50.28USD).

The aims of the spectacular *Faith and Empire* exhibition at the Rubin Museum of Art¹ and its admirable catalog are "to reground Tibetan Buddhist art in its historical and global context and highlight a dynamic aspect of the tradition related to power, one that may run counter to popular perceptions, yet one that is critical to understanding this tradition's importance on the world stage" (19). Tibetan Buddhist art serves as "both an active agent and primary medium of government propaganda." While "faith was a path to legitimation and a means to power . . . rituals were potential weapons of war and . . . art a conduit" (19). The catalog's essays and the exhibition on which it is based were designed as a corrective to "romanticized projections born from colonial encounters" that tend to separate Buddhism from politics when in fact they have often been inseparable and symbiotic, particularly in Tibet (19). The catalog features Tibetan Buddhism's catalytic role in Tibet and at the courts of the Tangut, Mongol-Yuan, Ming, and Manchu-Qing in:

claiming power, both symbolic and literal. ... The objective here is not to suggest that the Mongolian, Chinese, or Manchu empires were idealized Buddhist kingdoms but rather that the deployment of religious rhetoric

[†]Rob Linrothe. 2019. Review: *Faith and Empire: Art and Politics in Tibetan Buddhism* by Karl Debreczeny. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:451-470.

¹ Full disclosure: Between 2004 and 2006 I was the inaugural curator at the Rubin Museum and in 2014, I curated an exhibition at Northwestern University's Block Museum of Art that traveled to the Rubin Museum as its second venue.

was central to their respective claims to legitimacy, with religious rituals being one of several means to establish and maintain power (48).

Karl Debreczeny, the organizing curator of the exhibition and the catalog's editor, has gathered the threads of a great deal of scholarship on the history, religion, and art of Tibetans, Tanguts, Mongols, and Manchus and designed a continuous narrative over the ten chapters of the catalog that he and eight other authors weave. The scope is sweeping and the pace rapid: from the seventh century to the nineteenth, from northern India to Mongolia, from Bihar to Beijing, in less than 275 pages. The exhibition was exhilarating, filled as it was with superb examples of painting, sculptures, books, metalwork, and textiles from varied collections.

The catalog is also generously outfitted with wonderful full-page illustrations, overall photographs, and satisfying details of works that were included in the exhibition, as well as others that were not. They are distributed within chapters written by some leading scholars of religious studies, political history, and art history, including American, Chinese, European, and Tibetan authors. To extend the "weaving" metaphor, in the catalog, the art is often submerged as the invisible underlying structure, the warp threads on which the historical and religious wefts are wrapped-cited but not always discussed. It is the price paid for interdisciplinary scholarship, and we can be grateful that non-art historians provide succinct and fascinating discussions of periods and movements that produced the featured art. Nevertheless, in a few of the essays, the warps rise to the surface and are illuminated, predictably, most often in the chapters by the three art historians (Debreczeny, Xie, and Chou).

Early on, themes are introduced that will be later elaborated in chapters. The introduction by Debreczeny, "Faith and Empire: An Overview" begins one of these topics, the "internationalism" of the Tibetan empire. Its holdings in Central Asia, especially at Dunhuang, and the images of Tibetan kings and notions of Buddhism's bestowal of "divine sanction" and "sacrosanct rulership" (24) are the most pertinent. Tantric teachings promoting "magical warfare," were

accepted early on and are here exemplified with the capsule biography of the twelfth century Lama Shang Tsöndru Drakpa, illustrated by a portrait sculpture from the Jacques Marchais Museum, an example of a work that is never discussed for its own sake. The Tangut Xia ("Xixia") kingdom is introduced as well as its prefiguring of Mongol engagement with Tibetan Buddhism. The Mongol-Yuan rulers, their Tibetan preceptors, and the role of Mahākāla as weaponized state protector are presented, and they all seem to reappear in most of the later chapters. The Nepalese artist Anige (1244-1306), one of three named artists to whom examples are attributed (with the late seventeenth- to early eighteenth-century Zhanabazar and the fifteenth-century Khyentsé Chenmo), is singled out for individual attention.

Here and in his chapter on Tibetan Buddhist art produced during the Ming Dynasty, Debreczeny gives admirable attention to book production and printing. Instead of isolating them into a separate category, the author integrates them into discussions of painting, sculpture, and architecture. A few ceramics and lacquers are also welcome additions in the Ming and Qing chapters, along with textiles which are featured in several of the essays.

Religious historian Ronald M Davidson provides a wide-ranging and learned discussion of early texts related to "Indic Roots of Political Imagery and *Imaginaire*." He addresses two different Indic models of Buddhist divine kingship, one found in a fragmented story of the *cakravartin* in Sanskrit and Tibetan (but not Chinese) versions of the *Lalitavistara*¹ and the other in diverse early sources on "the myth of "Mahāsammata, the lawgiver who represents a mythological

¹ Davidson relates the *Lalitavistara* discussion of the seven treasures of the *cakravartin* to two fifteenth-century Ming embroideries that depict them. Unfortunately, the description does not always match the images. There is clearly a kneeling official holding a tablet in the upper left in the detail on p. 55, and an armored warrior with a shield and sword at the bottom center. Instead, the textual description calls for a "citizen" and a "minister." The "minister" should relate to the official but Donaldson identifies the image of the warrior as minister and the image of the kneeling official as the "citizen." By Ming times - and even earlier - the seven treasures had evolved to including the "wise general" instead of a "citizen."

refurbishment of the old Indian republics' selection of their leaders" (57). Davidson then discusses "Tantric Buddhist Kingship" in the form of *vidhyādhara* and the elevation of wrathful deities before turning to Tibetan incorporations of Indic Buddhist ideas into Tibetan indigenous traditions of kingship. He insightfully compares the "Tibetan and Central Asian understanding of a military hero who also stands as the chief priest ... [a]s much shaman and magician as hero, warrior, and astute politician" (64), advisor to the Indian Buddhist monarch described as "son of the gods (*devaputra*) because he suppresses evil beings and follows the Dharma" (65).

Donaldson briefly considers the gradual Buddhicization of the Tibetan imperial legends beginning in the tenth or eleventh century. This segues nicely with Buddhologist Brandon Dotson's Chapter 3, "The Emanated Emperor and His Cosmopolitan Contradictions." Dotson outlines the "centuries-long process" by which the three kings of seventh to ninth century imperial Tibet were transformed into Buddhist kings and emanations of Bodhisattvas and Buddhas, "one of the central founding myths of Tibetan Buddhism" (72). This equation, in turn, helps justify depictions of Buddhas wearing Tibetan-style royal robes and boots, such as the Pritzker Vairocana (Fig 3.4). Dotson also delineates the early Tibetan kings' "Central Eurasian cosmopolitanism" by staging the royal hunt as "a spectacular form of royal theater." The gilt silver rhytons and beakers enjoyed at the Tibetan court were "gifts from foreign dignitaries [or] the work of Sogdian, Persian, Chinese, Turk, or Tibetan artisans employed by the Tibetan court" (76). Three such vessels, possibly eighth century, from the Cleveland Museum of Art, were featured in the exhibition and the catalog and related by Dotson to banqueting scenes described in the *Old Tibetan Chronicle*.

The period between the ninth century collapse of the Tibetan Puryal Dynasty and the use of Tibetan Buddhism and its art at the Tangut Xia court in the twelfth century is a gap that might have been filled with a chapter relating to the formation of the so-called Purang-Guge Kingdom in the western Himalayas. The latter's royal lamas, such as Yeshe Ö, were devoted patrons who were involved in founding

important temples in Tholing and Tabo. Admittedly, there has been considerable work done on this area, including by the Rubin Museum, but the absence in this context highlights the emphasis in this exhibition and catalog on Central Tibet and its connections with Tanguts, Mongols, and Manchus to the north and east.

The prominent Chinese scholar of Tibetan and Tibet-related Chinese art, Xie Jisheng, contributed a chapter to the catalog, ably translated by Michelle McCoy. The bulk of the chapter provides extended treatments of four works in the exhibition, two of them textiles (an issue addressed below).¹ In the first section of the chapter, Xie reviews a history of the Tangut kingdom (1038-1226), precariously posed between northeast Tibet and northwest China (its capital in what is now Ningxia Hui Autonomous Region), and its Buddhist relations with Central Tibet. Xie reiterates his theory - still intriguing, still controversial - that Dunhuang Cave 465 is from the Tangut period of control over the Dunhuang region rather than the Mongol Yuan period as usually assumed.² Xie makes clear that despite the interaction at different levels - artistic, technical, iconographic, and doctrinal - Tangut art "followed its own developmental path" (88).

The inclusion of a chapter, shortened, edited, and translated into English by a learned Tibetan is admirable for its own sake. "Tibetan Buddhism and Art in the Mongol Empire According to Tibetan Sources," the fifth chapter, is by the deputy director and chief curator of a private museum in Chengdu, Tsangwang Gendun Tenpa.

¹ The use of long-rejected term "Dhyāni" Buddha as it appears on pages 94 and 96 in the translation by Zhu Runxiao of Xie Jisheng's entry on the Cleveland's *kesi* (Fig 4.7) calls out for correction. Certain unsupported, questionable iconographic classifications are also made, such as identifying the blue Vighnāntaka, the central figure in the Cleveland *kesi*, as Trailokyavijaya (who, to my knowledge, is not, "interchangeable" with Acala as the text states). Also mistaken is the statement that he tramples Parvatī and Gaṇeśa [97]. While the Hindu Gaṇeśa (who is missing one tusk) is arguably closely related to the Buddhist Vināyaka (usually, as here, with two complete tusks) and is often confused with him, the figure identified as Parvatī is unmistakably Maheśvara. Whether the error derives from the translations or the Chinese original is not indicated.

² For an extended treatment of this argument, see Xie Jisheng (2004:38-45).

He trained as a painter, not a historian, and takes a decidedly textual approach, as the title of the chapter indicates. The occasional lapses from a critical historian's perspective are the price we pay for a welcome distinctive diversity of approaches.¹ In this case, as in other chapters, the works of art are mainly illustrations, not the focus of discussion. Gedun Tenpa does offer specific suggestions for the year in which both the Tibet Museum's Acala and the Met's Vajrabhairava *maṇḍala kesi* were made, based on their Tibetan inscriptions (1210 and 1329, respectively) and the catalog follows that dating in the illustrations' captions, though neither were included in the exhibition.

More than a third of the catalog is devoted to the Chinese Ming and the Manchu Qing dynasties' patronage of Tibetan Buddhism and its art both at home in those dynasties' capitals "for internal court use and as part of complex diplomatic exchanges with Tibetan hierarchs, a projection of what we might today call soft power" (125). Debreczeny's chapter on the Ming is a fresh survey of the principal media undergoing extraordinary refinement in this period, including metalwork; silk embroidery and *kesi* tapestry; painting; porcelain; and book illustration, production, and printing. The "jeweler's precision in ornamentation" (131) of the metalwork has long been recognized,² but the inclusion of the Cernuschi's major work (ht. 136 cm) from Qutansi in Qinghai Province was itself worth the price of admission to the exhibition for fortunate viewers in New York.

Some confusion about textiles (discussed below) creeps into the discussion of the Hevajra silk *embroidery*, the "cover lot," which was also featured prominently in the exhibition. It is not an example of a *woven* silk thangka as is stated (131) though Debreczeny's extensive treatment of the inscription on the back reveals that it was a paradigmatic example of textiles produced in China used as

¹ For example, an anecdote transmitted in a seventeenth-century Tibetan text is accepted as evidence that the Tangut kings provided gifts of weavings to Sakya Monastery in Tibet in the twelfth century (106). Some surprising assertions are passed along as factual such as the claim of an eighteenth-century author that Chinghiz Khan arrived in Tibet in 1206 and ruled it (106).

² See for example, Watt and Leidy (2005).

inducements and rewards for Tibetan religious leaders to travel to China. Debreczeny demonstrates that this exquisite work was made, inscribed, and offered to Shākya Yeshé (d. 1435), most likely at some point after the first of two trips to Nanjing and Beijing in 1415 and 1434, respectively. He also clarifies the origin of the famous *kesi* portrait of Shākya Yeshé in the Tibetan Museum of Lhasa (not in the exhibition) as commissioned in a commercial *kesi* workshop in China by two of the latter's disciples, not an imperially ordered gift as is usually presumed (131-134).

Next, the eminent historian of Tibet and Tibetan literature, Per K Sørensen, offers a conceptual framework for a number of important images of the Fifth Dalai Lama and his prior births. His essay, "Rise of the Dalai Lamas: Political Inheritance through Reincarnation," examines how the ideology of the Dalai Lamas as religious and political rulers tapped into the special relationship conceived between Avalokiteśvara and Tibet, the legends of the founder of the Tibetan dynasty, Songtsen Gampo (ca. 605-649), as well as a growing list of celebrated religious forerunners. The narrative of one coveted sculptural image, the "original" sandalwood Phakpa Lokeśvara (illustrated with a later [distant] "copy" in the exhibition) concisely demonstrates the exhibition's central theme, how "the precious icon became enmeshed in politics" (162), military conflicts, "national" significance and legitimacy, and the decisive role of Mongols in Central Tibet in the seventeenth century.

Bryan J Cuevas' contribution, "The Politics of Magical Warfare," is key for illuminating the central concept of the exhibition. Again, while not dealing specifically with the objects that appear in the chapter, this work by a specialist in Buddhism and Tibetan religion, convincingly explicates the ritual function of themes and genres in Tibetan art that tend to be singled out mainly for their striking aesthetic interest. These include *maṇḍala*, black thangkas, hybrid (theriomorphic) themes (e.g., snake-bodied Rāhula with a human torso, raven-headed and raven-winged Mahākala, buffalo-headed Yama, Yamāri, and Vajrabhairava), the flayed skins of "enemies" pinned by triangular daggers, and the like. So many of the most

intriguing and striking Tibetan works of art are not (merely?) frothy expressions of unconscious fears. They represent aspects of "magical warcraft," employed by a number of the paragons of Buddhism (including Lama Shang and the Fifth Dalai Lama) to destroy very real armies attacking them, or threatening to do so. Cuevas nicely joins an analysis of how "ritualized acts that manipulate hidden links or bonds of macro-and microcosmic correspondences" (172) with translated accounts of the practitioners themselves describing the rituals, their results, and their failures. This is the "dark side," as it were, of Tibetan Buddhism and its art, one at odds with the idealized views of "non-violent" Buddhists and Tibetans, though just as deeply rooted in the historical record. Neither the ethics of this violence nor the audacious rationalization of killing as "liberation" are explored here, but plenty of examples of the regional, clan, ethnic, and sectarian rivalries that provoked the ritualized violence are provided.

Chapter Nine is mainly devoted to the well-studied biographies, activities, and artistic productions of the eighteenth-century Qianlong-era (r. 1736-1795) Qing emperor¹ and his Tibetan Buddhist preceptor Changkya Rolpai Dorjé (1717-1886). Portraits of both abound, and the emperor's, in particular, are both wide-spread (including in monasteries in Central Tibet), and varied.² Because of the connection established in the early Qing period between "Manchu" and "Mañjuśrī," many of the portraits of the Qianlong Emperor depict him with the attributes of the latter but in Tibetan monastic robes, and surrounded by deities and teachers. Wen-shing Chou, an art historian specializing in Tibeto-Chinese art who teaches at Hunter College, competently discusses the "triumvirate at the center of the Buddhist empire," that is, the emperor, his preceptor, and the Sixth Panchen Lama who died of smallpox on his ill-fated visit to Beijing at the invitation of the emperor to celebrate the latter's seventieth birthday.

¹ In the catalog, "Qianlong" is used as the emperor's personal name; the same is occasionally true of "Yongle" in the chapter on the Ming. Properly, these are era names, but for non-specialist audiences, they are increasingly used as if otherwise.

² They are well illustrated in the catalog, but none could be included in the exhibition.

Chou explores the "layering of identities," "playful interchangeability," and "imaginaries" in the production of a purported copy of the Panchen Lama's Tashilhunpo Monastery in the Manchu imperial preserve north of Beijing, in Chengde, in anticipation of the Panchen Lama's visit. Also discussed are memorial shrines prepared afterward, and other related works, including a hollow dry lacquer sculpture, a carved lacquer butter lamp, porcelains, and paintings included in the exhibition. These were produced at the Manchu Qing court with mixed inspiration, one stream of which was certainly Tibetan Buddhist artistic motifs, themes, and conventions.

The final chapter spans the seventeenth to the twenty-first centuries and touches on the most varied and extreme forms of Mongol-Tibetan relations. Unexpected stops along the way include Muslim communities in the Qing, the quasi-Christian Taiping Rebellion, Agvan Dorzhiev (1854-1938)-the Thirteenth Dalai Lama's emissary to the Russian Tsar Nicholas II-the White Russian painter Nicholas Roerich (1874-1947), a "Buddha from Space" carved from iron meteorite, and a proposed 177-foot tall Maitreya sculpture in Mongolia, based on a Zanabazar sculpture included in the exhibition. In this final chapter, as dizzying and exhilarating as the exhibition itself, Maitreya and the utopian Buddhist hidden kingdom of Shambhala are the connecting threads. The distinguished historian, Johan Elverskog, is the guide for this final tour-de-force.

The significance of this catalog's contribution to the study of Tibetan Buddhist art lies in its welding of perspectives, genres, disciplines, and regions. Fairly original in this integration of diversity, it avoids the danger of the superficiality of the "survey." In its embrace of this mode in the catalog, it necessarily rejected the traditional format of assessing each work of art with a roughly equivalent degree of scrutiny and explication. As already indicated, the selection of individual examples was superb, but the unusual combination of very high quality and rare examples in an overview format required regrettable neglect of analysis of the details of theme and style of each work. In what follows, inspired by the opportunity to examine in person one of the works in the exhibition, I attempt to offer a mild

critique not of what was done but of a lost opportunity, making legible the costs of choosing one method of documentation over another. Again, what was accomplished in the exhibition and the catalog was original and valuable. What was not done in the catalog, calls out for reconsideration.

However, before getting to that, there is a minor assertion repeatedly appearing in several of the scholarly chapters that calls for reconsideration. In various chapters, it is suggested that early *kesi* with Tibetan Buddhist themes, including one found at Khara Khoto, were produced in the Tangut Xia territory. Already in the introduction, *kesi*, misleadingly translated as "cut silk," is described as "a technique developed in Central Asia and adopted by the Tangut court for the making of Tibetan Buddhist icons" (28). In Chapter Four, on the Buddhist art of the Tangut Xia, we are told that the Tanguts adopted and incorporated the "skills and technologies [of 'Chinese *kesi* textile art'] to create *thangkas*" and then after the dynasty's destruction by the Mongols, "*kesi* *thangka* techniques were transmitted to the Mongol Yuan" (88). Repeated in the fifth chapter, Tsangwang Gendun Tenpa also asserts that the "workmanship" of Acala and the Lama Shang *kesi*, both in the Tibet Museum in Lhasa, are Tangut (105).¹

Note that in these three cases, it is not a matter of the design, but the "technique," the "skills and technologies," or the "workmanship," implying the Tanguts were making these in the Tangut Xia kingdom by and for Tanguts. Where is the *corpus delecti* for this - the evidence for this claim that Tanguts were operating the looms in their territory, instead of sending designs to Chinese weavers in such long-standing centers as Hangzhou for execution, as it seems most likely to me? The only citation for the identification of this group of *kesi* as being produced in the Tangut kingdom is in the introduction, where, in note 34, the catalog for "the groundbreaking exhibition *When Silk Was Gold*" is cited (49). However, as the authors of that catalog acknowledge:

¹ As Debreczeny rightly notes, Gendun Tenpa's dating of these weavings and the attribution to the Tangut kingdom is not universally recognized (49n34).

production of *kesi* in the Tangut Xia ... has been inferred from a passage in a Tangut document relating to official workshops in the Tiansheng reign (1149-1169) of Emperor Renzong. This passage, however, is concerned with both silk weaving and wool weaving and is not explicit in reference to *kesi*. Far more compelling evidence for the production of *kesi* seems to be provided by actual examples, some woven with pearls, that are of great technical expertise and are closely related stylistically and iconographically to Tangut art.¹

If the only real evidence for the Tangut provenance of these weavings is their resemblance to Tangut paintings in style and iconography, that is not sufficient when dealing with a media that was inherently transmedial. It is a familiar characteristic of *kesi* that it reproduces paintings and calligraphic scrolls with such fidelity that the woven product appears to be a brushed painting or scroll. Given a sufficiently detailed cartoon, Song and Yuan weavers could reproduce Song album leaves, bird-and-flower paintings, ink landscapes, and poems by Northern Song calligraphers,² or for that matter, wrathful deities of Tibetan Tantric Buddhism.

Wardwell and Watt (1997) also refer to a close material relationship between several of the so-called "*kesi* thangka" in terms of a shared distinctive "tangle of long weft threads and by the lengthy ends of numerous broken and replaced warps that cover the reverse side."³ This suggests that they originated from the same workshop. Yet they acknowledge that some members of the group with Tibetan-style designs do not share those characteristics and that the Met's Yuan Dynasty Vajrabhairava maṇḍala, featured in the Gedun Tenpa chapter

¹ Watt and Wardwell (1997:60).

² See Tunstall (2015), who writes that *kesi* literally means "weft-woven silk" using discontinuous wefts (24). The weaving technique creates the effect of vertical gaps between colors described by another term in use, "slit-tapestry weaving" (not that slits are cut into the fabric). A Song account claims that it takes a whole year to make enough for a woman's robe (34) which, even if exaggerated, suggests a very labor-intensive craft. At any rate, "cut silk" as a translation is unsatisfactory.

³ Watt and Wardwell (1997:60).

of *Faith and Empire*, is finished in the same way. It is difficult to accept that a commission executed more than one hundred years after the destruction of the Tangut Xia Kingdom was produced in a Tangut-run workshop, instead of one of the many operated in Hangzhou or Suzhou and the Bureau for Imperial Manufacture under tight Mongol control. Accordingly, the technical data do not unequivocally support a Tangut Xia production zone, any more than the designs demonstrate an origin at looms within the Tangut kingdom.

Such fine *kesi* required a tremendous amount of the finest silk thread for both warp and weft. Weaving is just the final step in a complex process, from hatching silkworm eggs, reeling raw silk from the cocoons; disentangling, smoothing and twisting (quilling) the silk yarn; and spooling the yarn produced by many households and gathering it to the specialized workshops capable of producing *kesi*. Where is the evidence for either the production of silk in or its importation to, the Xia Kingdom? The single passage from the Tangut Tiansheng regulations referred to above that has been used to support the supposition of weaving workshops at the Tangut court seeks to limit allowable waste and loss during transport and preparation of precious resources, suggesting shortages, not plentitude.¹ As Morris Rossabi in the same *When Silk Was Gold* catalog indicates, after 1004 the Song annually provided the Tanguts with 40,000 bolts of silk, and after the mid-eleventh century, with 153,000 bolts per year.² The Tibetans do not have a distinguished silk weaving industry or tradition - they certainly never produced *kesi* - what is the evidence for the Tanguts having one?

Of course, it is possible that without registering in the surviving historical record, Tangut weavers learned the techniques in eastern China, or that eastern Chinese weavers were induced to come work for the Tanguts, that the looms necessary to produce these ultra-fine weavings were built, and the silk was produced in the Tangut Xia Kingdom or imported at the necessary massive quantities. But until evidence is produced to securely demonstrate that, I find it premature

¹ Ibid, 62n16.

² Ibid, 10.

to assume that there were no commercial workshops in eastern China willing to take Tangut-and Tibetan-commissions for weavings in which they specialized, just as was done later in the century under the Ming, as Debreczeny has shown in relation to the *kesi* portrait of Shākya Yeshé in the Tibetan Museum of Lhasa.¹ Such was also the case as late as the early twentieth century when the well-known set of paintings of the Panchen Lamas with their preincarnations associated with Tashilunpo were woven as tapestries (not *kesi*) with both Tibetan and Chinese inscriptions in Hangzhou. Sets were sent to Geluk monasteries all over the Tibetan cultural sphere. Today, they are found as far west as at Kyi Gumpa in Spiti and Karsha Gumpa in Zangskar, where I have personally documented them in 2006 and 2018, respectively.

Several collections have been very generous in lending their treasures to the exhibition, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Musée des Arts Asiatiques-Guimet in Paris, the Asian Art Museum in San Francisco, the New York Public Library, along with a few private collections. A few select, rarely seen works were borrowed for the exhibition from the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria, the Harvard Art Museums, the Berkeley Art Museum of the University of California, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the Musée Cernuschi, Paris.

One work in particular, only on view in the exhibition for the first month or so because of its fragility and light-sensitivity, is the extraordinary painting from Dunhuang, the cave site in Gansu

¹ Francesca Bray has discussed the complex infrastructure in Hangzhou necessary to produce *kesi* during the Southern Song contemporary with the Tangut period and the early Yuan:

[T]he most valuable silk textiles were produced in state manufactures and increasingly in private urban workshops. ... And the state itself ran the manufactures that produced the most elaborate and valuable silks. These manufactures were run by officials and obtained their raw materials from the silk yarn or raw silk levied in taxes ... Wue Jingshi's handbook on loom construction ... prefaced 1264, describes the construction of various looms ... It makes clear the high cost of construction, the need for skilled maintenance, and the complexity of setting up the loom for weaving (1997:203).

Province of western China. Referred to as the "Deities of the Padmakula Maṇḍala," it is a painting on silk (Fig 3.6). It was recovered from the walled-up Cave 17 in the early twentieth-century and acquired by the Sinologist Paul Pelliot during his expedition of 1906-1908. Now in the Musée des Arts Asiatiques-Guimet, it is generally accepted as having been produced during the period when the Tibetan Puryal empire controlled Dunhuang (ca. 781-848), though the Tibetan impact in terms of religion and language lingered well beyond that. The painting's style and the iconography have prompted much discussion. On the one hand, I agree that it is an example of what Debreczeny calls in the catalog "Tibetan religious and aesthetic interests" (20]. Jane Casey Singer also suggested that it must be "tentatively associated with Tibet" and points to the informal, "irregular arrangement of figures," atypical of Tibetan painting in later centuries, though proposing stylistic parallels with the now destroyed paintings in the Jokhang.¹ Lila Russell-Smith concludes that the painting represents an "Indo-Kashmiri style and can, therefore, be securely linked to the Tibetan period."²

Michael Soymié (1924-2002), who wrote the astute entry for this painting in the French edition of the Guimet Dunhuang catalog notes that the "style of the painting is most worthy of attention," and points to the various hypotheses to explain the character of the painting, including India, Tibeto-Nepalese, Himalayan, or:

originating along the Silk Route. For our part, we have advanced the hypothesis of Indian art of the Pāla dynasty established in Bengal from the middle of the eighth century, under which Tantric Buddhism flourished ... The only thing certain is that this painting has a very marked foreign [i.e., non-Chinese] flavor, the origin of which is surely found in India, through whatever detours.³

¹ Singer (1994:111-112).

² Russell-Smith (2003:415), and also see Russell-Smith (2005:184).

³ Guimet (1995:vol 1:348-349), my translation.

It is not only the painting's style, or more precisely, the origins and appropriate nomenclature for certain of its aspects that is the subject of interesting debates. It was formerly referred to as "Maṇḍala of Amoghapāśa."¹ As Soymié rightly points out, however, the noose (*paśa*) alone is insufficient to identify it as Amoghapāśa.² He advocates for a modified version of Matsumoto Eiichi's 1937 suggestion that it represents a summary of the Lotus section of the Garbhadhātu maṇḍala; rather, he suggests, and several sources including the *Faith and Empire* catalog follow him on this, that it is more closely aligned with Yixing's commentary to the *Mahāvairocana Sūtra* (*MVS*) translated by Śubhakarasiṃha and Yixing. This corresponds fairly well, though not without anomalies, as Soymié acknowledges. We can be most confident that Tārā and four-armed Bhṛkūtī are paired female retinue figures at his shoulders, and that in the lower left corner Hayagrīva appears, with a horse-head emerging from his hair. Two more two-armed female figures are in the upper left and lower corners, diagonally opposite each other, and two more male bodhisattvas, one at the upper right corner, and one four-armed at bottom center. Both male bodhisattvas carry a long-stemmed lotus and may be alternate forms of Avalokiteśvara. Various identities have been offered for the four of them, including by Tanaka Kimiaki.³

What I have to add to the ongoing discourse about this fascinating painting are a few observations that specify the hybrid sources of the painting's details. I would first point out that, although the identity of the central figure as a form of Avalokiteśvara is not in doubt-especially given the seated Amitāyus in his crown, as specified in the *MVS*-there are a few oddities in his form. The most prominent is his color, which at present is a dark blue or black, with a light blue tinge to the hair visible at the hairline along the lower edge of his crown and his chignon behind the crown. I will return to this in a moment. To date, most attention has been given to the *paśa* 'noose' held in his second proper left hand. His main left hand, however, holds a stick

¹ Singer (1994:112), Stoddard (2008:7).

² Guimet (1995:349).

³ Guimet (1:349).

with three asymmetrical branches, each with a few leaves sprouting from the tip. Except for the leaves, the stick closely resembles the *tridaṇḍa* prescribed for the six-armed form of Avalokiteśvara found in Kashmir and the western Himalayas, Sugatiśaṃdārśana Lokeśvara. This may be one of at least two traits suggestive of Kashmir, though the *tridaṇḍa* is also, though rarely, represented in eastern Indian and Nepali art. In Zangskar, I recently encountered a painting of Sugatiśaṃdārśana Lokeśvara that, like this one, was dark blue, even black, instead of the prescribed skin like the color of a bright moon or conch. Is it possible, as I speculate was the case for the Zangskari painting,¹ that a silver pigment was used at Dunhuang and has tarnished to the point of turning black?

An additional feature that recalls some exposure to Kashmiri art is found in the highly unusual headdresses worn by Tārā and Bhṛkūtī. Their hair is enclosed within open mesh networks of golden cables that twine and curl around each other like tendrils. Intriguing comparisons are descriptions of Kashmiri court women wearing "long garlands formed by their hair-braids into which were [woven] golden Ketaka-leaf [ornaments] ... into the ends of their locks which were not veiled, were twined golden strings."² Although even more distant in date, they closely resemble the painted curling fretwork emerging from *makara*, *kīrtimukha*, and *kalaviṅka* on the walls of the Alchi Sumtsek.³ In the caption to a mural of an enthroned Buddha, Goepper refers to the "rich scroll-work crowning Amitābha's throne... [that] develops as an outgrowth of *kalaviṅka* tails."⁴ This intricate patterning appears above many of the painted figures on the walls of the Alchi Sumtsek. In the Guimet painting, the unusual headdresses seem to be inspired by certain lost sources that survive in later textual and visual forms of jeweled hair and goldsmith-like patterns.

Another trait reflecting a mixed origin, but not Kashmiri, is the asymmetrical earrings of the central figure. The one hanging from his

¹ Linrothe (2018).

² Stein (1900/2007:vol 1:340).

³ Goepper and Poncar (1996:frontispiece and top; 72).

⁴ Ibid, 42.

right earlobe is an elaborate *makara*, while the one on his left is shaped like a hollow barrel or reliquary. Two of the female retinue figures wear earrings nearly identical to the barrel-shaped one, and in most cases, all wear asymmetrical earrings. This and the toe-rings visible on some of the female figures are regularly found in elaborate eastern Indian sculptures from the eighth-century onward but are much less frequent in Kashmiri or western Himalayan art. Overall, in terms of the treatment of the figure, the shape of the eyes, and the type of clothes worn, much recalls eastern India, and with the exceptions mentioned above, almost nothing supporting an attribution to Kashmir.

Another aspect speaks strongly of an origin in eastern Indian religious art as transmitted to Tibet. It is almost invisible in most reproductions, including the one in the catalog. It was, however, clearly visible in the well-lit exhibition. The lower one/seventh of the painting, which appears like a darkened blur in reproductions, is actually finely detailed with a series of evenly placed offering objects on wavy-legged tripod stands. The latter alternate with other ritual objects. From left to right, the objects on tripod stands are: a conch shell, presumably filled with perfume; a brazier with a flame signifying *dīpa* 'lamp'; a wide dish with what appears to be foodstuffs; another bowl filled with flowers, and another conch on the far right. Between the conch on the left and the lamp is a vajra-handled *ghaṇṭā* 'bell' upright on a simple stand, while between the conch on the right and the bowl of flowers is a long handled, self-supporting incense burner. The objects, their stands, and placement, as well as their location at the bottom of the painting, closely follow the models of sculptures and paintings from the eighth to the twelfth century of eastern India, Bihar, Bengal, and Orissa. They appear in both Brahmanical and Buddhist themes, and reflect the long-standing ritual practices associated with images that have roots going back to *śruti* rituals of sacrifice, here implying the presence of both the sponsors and the *vajrācārya* performing *pratisthā* (Tib. *rab gnas*; consecration). In fact the objects align well with the ones that are named as appropriate to use (once the "receptacle" [painting, sculpture, book, *stūpa*, etc.] has been consecrated) within a text by the Tibetan Sakya Jetsün Dragpa

Gyaltsen (1147-1216) in which he explicitly follows patterns transmitted from India: *puṣpa* 'flowers', *dhūpa* 'incense', *dīpa* 'lamps' *gandha* 'perfumes', *naidya* 'foods', *ghaṇṭa* 'music'.¹

Thus, this extraordinary painting registers aspects in its thematics and visuals that trigger associations with two essential sources of Buddhist thought and art (eastern India and Kashmir) through the mediation of Tibetan Buddhists in the Chinese oases of the Dunhuang Mogao Caves. Despite the varied sources of inspiration, despite knowledge of aspects of distinct traditions, the artist has managed to create a work of surprising unity. Only a few small sections betray the fact that the artist is, most likely, neither eastern Indian, Kashmiri, or even Tibetan, but an accomplished artist who was attracted to incorporating aspects of those traditions, but who had a fundamentally linear training and approach in which he (?) worked. This painter of lines could work in the iron-wire line mode of perfectly unmodulated lines of even width - as in the body outlines or those marking the fleshy throats - and in modulated linework of precisely controlled waxing and waning width, as in the eyebrows. Most telling of all, however, is the loose brushwork of Hayagrīva's neighing horse-head. This is the work of a hand trained to wield a Chinese brush charged with ink, selecting the precise amount of pressure to emphasize the curve of the horse's jaw, mane, and flaring nostrils. No wonder this painting appeals to those who see eastern India, Nepal, Tibet, Kashmir, and Central Asia in it. None of the observations are wrong, though the underlying brushwork able to synthesize them is comfortably Chinese.

This granular level of observation, revealing both the distinct parts, their visual structure, and the synthesizing process, are really only visible from observation of the actual objects. In this case, I am very grateful to Debreczeny and the Rubin Museum for the chance to see this work and so many others. The catalog, as the record of the exhibition, does not try to present the results of such close looking, of which Debreczeny, in particular, is well equipped. Rather, the catalog uses the art to illustrate larger, functional patterns in the deployment

¹ Jetsün Dragpa Gyaltsen (2015:115).

of works of Tibetan and Tibetan-inspired art for different ritual, religious, political, and "magical warfare" ends. It is perhaps churlish or ungrateful to point out that this comes at the price of a lost opportunity when it succeeds so brilliantly in the aims it sets for itself.

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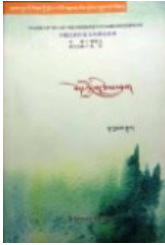
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REVIEW: *BELOVED TIBETAN CHILDREN* BY LHA BYAMS RGYAL

Reviewed by Kelsang Norbu (Skal bzang nor bu སྐལ་བཟང་རོན་བུ།

Gesang Nuobu 格桑诺布)



Lha byams rgyal ལྷ་བྱམས་རྒྱལ། 2012. *Bod kyi gces phrug* བོད་
 གྱིན་ཅེས་ཐུག་ [Beloved Tibetan Children]. Pe cing བེ་ཅིང་།
 [Beijing 北京]: Mi rigs dpe skrun khang མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྐྱུལ་ཁང་།
 [Minzu chubanshe] 民族出版社 [Nationalities Press].
 366pp. ISBN 978-7-105-12243-1/I (paperback 24RMB).

INTRODUCTION

Lha byams rgyal (b. 1977), a prolific contemporary Tibetan writer, attended his village primary school and later, the junior and senior middle schools in the Khri ka (Guide) county seat, where he studied both Tibetan and Chinese. He received his BA and MA degrees in Tibetan Literature from Zhongyang minzu daxue 'Central Nationalities University' in Beijing. Later in Chengdu at Xinan minzu daxue 'Southwest Nationalities University', he was awarded a PhD. Since 2006, he has worked in the Religious Studies Section of the Tibetology Center in Beijing. While Lha byams rgyal's official job is that of a researcher (he has several related publications),¹ he is best known to Tibetan readers as a dedicated native-language author.

Lha byams rgyal began publishing short stories and novels in the late 1990s. Much of his writing is collected in *Lam gyi nyi 'od*

[†]Kelsang Norbu (Skal bzang nor bu). 2019. Review: Lha byams rgyal's *Beloved Tibetan Children* by Lha byams rgyal. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:471-499.

¹ See Pad ma phag mo rta mgrin (2018:60-63) for a list of Lha byams rgyal's publications.

'*Sunlight on the Road*', a collection of twelve of his early short stories;¹ *Lha byams rgyal gyi sgrung 'bring phyogs bsgrigs 'Collection of Lha byams rgyal's Novellas'* (2016) that features three selections, one of which is *Sunlight on the Road*; *Gnyid du yur ba'i chu-sgrung thung phyogs bsgrigs 'The Sleeping Stream-Collection of Short Stories'* (2018); and *Nga yi kher rkyang dang khyed kyi rtsom rig - 'Bol rtsom phyogs bsgrigs 'My Loneliness and Your Literature - Prose Collection'* (2018), which features sixteen articles.

Lha byams rgyal has been recognized multiple times, including being awarded the *Sbrang char* Literature Award four times (2003, 2008, 2010, 2014). *Beloved Tibetan Children*, the author's first long novel, was first serialized in *Sbrang char* in 2011² and published as a book by the Nationalities Press in Beijing in 2012.³

The author has discussed his writings, how they reach readers, and his purpose in writing using Tibetan. For example, after the release of his most recent two books in 2018, he made the following remarks in an interview on the Tibetan Section of CNR (China National Radio):

Most of the short stories in this new collection [*The Sleeping Stream*] were not previously published. The Internet reaches more readers much faster

¹ One short story in this collection - *Mi la tsi tsi* (2010:106-123) - is inserted, with slight changes, as chapters 25-27 of the novel *Beloved Tibetan Children* (Lha byams rgyal 2012:132-146).

² "For nearly thirty years *Drangchar* ("A Light Rain") has been one of the premier Tibetan literary journals. Established in 1981, it was one of the first journals devoted to literature written in the Tibetan language. Over the years it has become an essential Tibetan language literary resource featuring influential Tibetan writers and poets, literary theory pieces, and artwork, and has inspired countless literary and artistic endeavors" (<https://bit.ly/33FD7YJ>, accessed 18 August 2019).

³ The novel was republished by the Library of Tibetan Works and Archives in (2014) and Tibet People's Press (2015); and translated into Japanese and published in Japan (2014). Lists of Lha byams rgyal's works, translations, and commentaries on his short stories are available in Pad ma phag mo rta mgrin (2018:59-66). A brief account of the writer's life, including information on literature awards he received and the translation of his first long novel, is given in Robin's endnote (Lhabyamgyal and Robin 2016:183).

than paper journals. The articles I put on websites are mostly short essays and prose, representing my reflections on culture. After writing dozens of Internet articles, I collected them in this book of prose [*My Loneliness and Your Literature*].

My short story, *Sunlight on the Road* [2010:1-34], is about life in Lha sa. As an A mdo writer, I try to use Lha sa dialect in this story to make it more realistic. As we [A mdo, Dbus gtsang, and Khams] share the same overall culture, it makes my writing in Lha sa dialect relatively easy. In my newly published book [*The Sleeping Stream*], I use the same characters featured in the previously published short story *Sunlight on the Road*, trying to record their changes after five or ten years. I also hope to write a third novel to continue writing about Dbus gtsang life. My novella, *Nga ni yar 'brog g.yu mtsho nang gi nyazhig yin 'I am a Fish in Yar 'brog Lake'* [2016:1-126], presents Dbus gtsang life with characters from Dbus gtsang, Khams, and A mdo. I try to write about such cross-regional life. Tibetans, no matter from Dbus gtsang, Kham, or A mdo, share the same background and traditions. As communication and travel between these regions become more frequent, writing about such mingled lives seems more true-to-life. I hope to write stories equally appreciated by readers from Dbus gtsang, Kham, and A mdo.

Literature functions to preserve a language, which is why I keep writing in Tibetan. Opportunities for Tibetan academic researchers to use their native language are dimming, and I notice that some of my colleagues, who majored in the Tibetan language at university, have not used their native language in writing for years. In this environment, I find it particularly important to write in my native language (CNR:2018).¹

In the same interview, the author comments on *Beloved Tibetan Children*:

Some people ask me if this is my autobiography. I say it is not. I thought about writing it for a long time. What does it tell? One person's life span is short, probably sixty or eighty years, but the wheel of history never stops

¹ All quotes from non-English sources are my translations, which I have condensed and edited for clarity.

as centuries pass by. What are we left with? The thirty or forty years of the 1980s, 1990s, 2000s, and 2010s have seen drastic changes in Tibetan regions. Such rapid change is rare in the entire history of Tibet. While it may not be appreciated now, readers will understand after one or two centuries, how we developed and changed directly from a society with little in the way of scientific technology, modern life, and modern information, to a society with these agencies. As I wrote in this novel, I remember my family owning a small radio, and later we bought a black-and-white TV set. Afterward, we gradually accessed more modern devices. Our society had no modern elements at all before that time. Amid such drastic changes in the larger society, what happens to individuals? Their experience growing up forms and changes their thoughts and cultural opinions – I wrote it with such thoughts. However, this is my first novel and may not be that successful. In my early life, I grew up in a small village in a rural area. Afterward, I have lived in this giant modern metropolis [Beijing]. My son is different. He started his life in this modern city. Given such a big difference between us, I wrote my opinions in the "Epilogue," describing my concerns about the environment where my son is growing up. Whether right or wrong, my life experience created my opinions. Anyway, I have this true feeling that earlier years with a simple life were joyful. Children were close to nature, and the nature of life belonged to oneself, but now it is completely different. I wrote this novel with such feelings (CNR:2018).

In another interview, the author has more to say about his first novel:

In terms of *Beloved Tibetan Children*, after hundreds or even thousands of years, its historical value will exceed its literary value because the social changes in Tibetan areas from the 1980s to the early twenty-first century are extraordinary and such a great leap forward in development is rare in all of human history. There is a huge difference between existence and nonexistence, and everything has been affected by these earth-shaking changes. When I was a child, my family did not have a television nor a sewing machine, but we had a radio. I described this in the first part of the novel, and only in the second part did I write about devices representing

modernity. Therefore, when I say its historical value, I tried to write how changes in material life influenced Tibetans' inner ideological culture. Writings on such changes are rare in Tibetan literature. While such changes can be presented more accurately through documentary films or reports, few are working on such. If history is left alone without such records, fewer and fewer people will know such changes ever occurred. My son, Bstan 'dzin 'brug grags, will not understand there was such a period in his father's private life and how changes in Tibetan society were tightly connected. His generation will not have such life experiences. In this sense, the importance of this novel is that with great patience, I attempt to reflect on one generation of Tibetans represented by four children with different life paths, the changes in their lives, and the influences of such changes on their fates, personalities, and lives. This should be a value of this novel, if it has any. I wrote this novel with such intentions (2018b:222-224).

THE STORY

This novel depicts the lives and changes experienced by ordinary people from Mar nang grong,¹ a rural Tibetan village, from the late twentieth to the early twenty-first centuries.² The story is told in the first person 'I' who remains unnamed. Other protagonists include Gsal sgron, Nyi ma don grub, and Thar 'phel.

The story begins with these children's lives during preschool. They play together, occasionally fight among themselves, listen to Ge sar epics and *mi la tsi tsi*³ stories told by Gsal sgron's grandfather, play house, and later attend the newly constructed village school together.

Changes occur inevitably. Children are eager to grow up and explore the outside world, wondering what lies at the end of the village

¹ Mar nang grong is a fictional place in A mdo and appears in other of the writer's works.

² I noticed a change in describing the time of the story in the first sentence of the novel. The *Sbrang char* version gives: "It is the winter of 1980 AD according to the human calendar" (Lha byams rgyal, 2011:5); and the 2012 book version gives "It is a snowy winter morning" (Lha byams rgyal, 2012:1).

³ According to Tibetan folklore, it is a spirit that harms children.

path leading outside the valley. Nyi ma don grub is chosen as the reincarnate *bla ma* of the village and taken to the village monastery. He becomes the religious leader of the community overnight. Thar 'phel's family also plans to send him to the monastery to become a monk but cancels this plan after the tragic drowning of his younger brother. Now the only son, Thar 'phel, has to take on the responsibilities of an adult man in the family, i.e., herding animals, marrying, and continuing the family line.

Meanwhile, Gsal sgron's grandfather and the narrator's father arrange two marriages. The narrator's elder sister, 'Brug skyid, is engaged to marry Gsal sgron's elder brother, 'Brug byams, and expected to live in her husband's home. In exchange, Gsal sgron is to marry the narrator and move to the latter's home. 'Brug skyid secretly dates Mi 'gyur, the new teacher at the village school. She protests the engagement and elopes with her lover, but all in vain, given the unshakable authority her father holds in this male-dominated society.

On the other hand, the engagement between Gsal sgron and the narrator seems to have been accepted by both parties. The young "couple" plays house together and get along well:

I said to Gsal sgron, "As you are my wife, please give me a piece of candy."

"Your family has a radio and bicycle, so I would like to become your wife," Gsal sgron responded (Lha byams rgyal 2012:169-170).

Time passes, and the narrator is thirteen years old. The teacher, Mi 'gyur, leaves the village to pursue a university degree. Nyi ma don grub, the reincarnate village *bla ma*, leaves for Sku 'bum Monastery to study Buddhism. In the village school, boys greatly outnumber girls who are kept at home to help farm and herd. Most boy classmates are sent to the village monastery by their parents to be monks. For these reasons, Gsal sgron, Thar 'phel, and the narrator are the only students in the first class of the village primary school to graduate. The local government and the village committee hold a special ceremony to mark this historic achievement.

The three children take middle school entrance exams. Gsal sgron and the narrator pass the exams and become the first villagers to enroll in the middle school at the county seat. Thar 'phel, depicted as a not-so-smart boy, fails the exams and herds for his family. The results are somehow within their expectations. The narrator's father sends his son and Gsal sgron to the county town in a cart pulled by their mule. It is the children's first time to leave the village. Part One concludes with: "When I look back, the valley, which I used to believe to be huge when we were in it, now looks so small when I gaze back from the top of the mountain pass" (Lha byams rgyal 2012:217).

Part Two begins more than twenty years after the narrator and Gsal sgron had left the village to attend middle school in the county seat, with the narrator now working in Beijing. While the narrator is in his office with nothing to do, waiting for snow to fall, he receives an unexpected phone call from Thar 'phel, now the village leader, asking him to write a formal grievance involving a pastureland dispute with neighboring Yar nang grong Village.

This prompts the narrator to recall the past. Seven years earlier, his father, the old village leader, died from cancer in great sorrow because he was unable to see his son. This was followed by the shocking news of Nyi ma don grub disappearing from the monastery. Devoted villagers sent men to search for him but to no avail.

Nyi ma don grub is the source of information for most of these past events, which he relates to the narrator when they meet in a five-star hotel many years after they last saw each other, at a time when the former was still the village reincarnate *bla ma*.

One early morning in the same year the narrator's father died, Nyi ma don grub left a note in his chamber and secretly left the monastery. After many difficulties, he reached 'Bras spungs Monastery in Lha sa, but was rejected because he lacked an ID card. He stayed in a hotel near the Potala Palace. Running low on money, and considering his monk's status an obstacle to earning a living, he removed his monk's robe for the first time and went outside. The hotel owner noticed his layman's clothing and asked, "Are you sure you want to step into worldly mud?" ["break your monk's vows and begin a lay life"].

That night, after Nyi ma don grub guiltily moved to another small hotel, a hotel attendant knocked on the door bringing hot water. After chatting this "hotel attendant" tried to seduce him. Unable to resist, Nyi ma don grub gave her one hundred RMB and broke his monk vows.

Through conversation with the young woman, he learned that she knew Gsal sgron. "Is she doing the same business?" Nyi ma don grub asked.

"Don't worry. My friend, Gsal sgron, wouldn't do such things," reassured the woman.

When he woke up the next morning, the visitor had gone, leaving a pile of cash next to the bed. When he asked the hotel owner, he learned that there was no such hotel attendant.

Nyi ma don grub opened a butter shop with the cash and learned a year later that the "hotel attendant" was Gsal sgron, who he then searched for unsuccessfully in bars.

The results of university entrance exams decide the future. The narrator enrolled in a university in the city while Gsal sgron, having failed the exam, ran away from home, finally ending up in Lha sa and later meeting Nyi ma don grub coincidentally in the hotel room. The different fates of the long-engaged pair have determined the impossibility of their ever becoming a couple.

One day, Nyi ma don grub recognized Gsal sgron when she came to buy butter. The two old acquaintances had a lot of catching up to do. In chatting about the past, Nyi ma don grub described how he broke his monk's vows. While both were aware of their hotel encounter, Gsal sgron denied being the mystery hotel attendant, avoiding further embarrassment.

Later, Nyi ma don grub went to Zi ling (Xining), a city not far from his home village on some antique business. Lacking the courage to visit his home, he dispatched his assistant to Mar nang grong to inform his devotees about his situation and look for antiques. The monks and villagers were excited to learn their respected *bla ma* was well after many years of disappearance.

The first antique the assistant purchased was a nine-eyed *gzi* bead¹ from the narrator's home. The narrator's father was ill, and the family badly needed cash, so they sold this family treasure for a mere fifty RMB. Later, Nyi ma don grub sold it for 500,000 RMB to a merchant.

Nyi ma don grub and his assistant also secretly visited the village and stole the bell in the school he once attended. The villagers and teachers were unaware of the value of the antique bell. Nyi ma don grub became wealthy through such unscrupulous activities.

After eight bitter years in Lha sa, Gsal sgron opened a bar in the city. Nyi ma don grub was a regular visitor. One night, after drinking together, a tipsy Gsal sgron leaned her head against his shoulder, sobbing:

Her feelings of warmth and coldness in a foreign land during the last eight years, her regrets and yearnings, her sorrows, her dreams, and all her dreams of love, all turned to tears, soaking Nyi ma don grub's shoulder (Lha byams rgyal 2012:326).

Meanwhile, the narrator, who was from the same village but now lived in Lha sa, experienced similar homesickness. He frequently quarreled with his wife, an ethnic Tibetan who grew up in the city, does not speak Tibetan, had no interest in the countryside, and had a materialistic worldview very different from the narrator's. This unhappiness made him weary, and he yearned for the countryside.

The dispute over pastureland between Mar nang grong and the neighboring village worsened and led to deadly conflict, with one death on each side.

The narrator phones Nyi ma don grub in Lha sa about the tragedy. Both have been thinking about doing something for their community and discuss returning home. The narrator asks Nyi ma don grub to encourage Gsal sgron also to come. After the phone call, the

¹ *Gzi* refers to etched agate beads with "eyes." For more, see Ebbinghouse and Winsten (1988).

narrator immediately purchases a plane ticket and takes a taxi to the airport.

The story ends.

STUDIES OF LHA BYAMS RGYAL'S WRITINGS

A growing corpus of studies¹ reflects Lha byams rgyal's popularity among readers. Based on the writer's earlier short stories, Bdud lha rgyal (2005), a dedicated reviewer of Tibetan language literature, praises the writer's skills in structure, atmosphere, and language.

Rin chen bkra shis' 2015 paper is the only formally published paper I have accessed dealing exclusively with *Beloved Tibetan Children*. While in general, commenting positively on the novel's structure, style, and language, he suggests that the author has not put much effort into character creation.

Pad ma phag mo rta mgrin's (2018) MA thesis focuses on Lha byams rgyal's literature. Applying various academic theories, its eight chapters provide information about the writer and attempt to analyze the writer's literature thoroughly. While the author's general comments are positive, he criticizes the limited use of literary language, character creation, the inadequate use of storytelling plots, and abrupt endings. Numerous quotations from literary theories and examples from Lha byams rgyal's writings attempt to substantiate these claims. Certain of his theoretical arguments are unconvincing; for instance, the author quotes several short phrases from the writer's works which he labels "grammatically loose and artistically empty" and explains this by lack of fluency in the literary language (49-50). As an example of abrupt endings, he writes:

At the end of *Lovely Tibetan Children*, as the writer [the narrator] participates in the story and leaves for home to demonstrate his attachment to his ethnicity, the vividness of the novel's characters in the

¹ See Pad ma phag mo rta mgrin (2018:64-66) for essays on Lha byams rgyal's writings.

novel are crippled and the possibility for extension of the atmosphere is impeded (53).

Chos skyong (2018), a long-term editor of *Sbrang char* and a close acquaintance of the writer, has positive views on the writer's overall skills, particularly in creating atmospheres, use of poetic language, and description of nature settings:

Lha byams rgyal's novels have unique characteristics, including his skill to create atmosphere. ... For instance, in *Beloved Tibetan Children*, when describing time, he uses intersecting periods, e.g., "several years later" or "several years before," to create circular story timelines that are all linked. In terms of substance, he repeatedly describes invisible things such as wind and sunlight that make the storylines adjustable in length or function as a pause¹ or to create poetic beauty. ... Secondly, his stories go beyond the current ordinary social phenomena and present two opposites such as the overt and hidden, noise and silence, and native place and the city, to explore a new inner world that has been and is being forgotten. He expresses anguish through mental contradictions such as yearning to grow up and hesitation to grow up, eagerness to return to the native place, but the impossibility of doing so, a willingness to be integrated into the city, but how this is impossible (55-58).

Most of Lha byams rgyal's stories feature two opposing locations – a rural home and the city, with an escape from home, helplessness in the new location, and returning home... Returning and yearning to return are implied throughout his writings (341).

However, Chos skyong gives the following "teasing" comments, demonstrating the reviewer's insightful reading of the author's works:

After Nyi ma don grub, Gsal sgron, and the narrator leave their native home, the vividness, attractiveness, and facticity featured in Part One are missing in Part Two. I teased the writer during chats by saying, "You seem

¹ In other words, the story can be complete without such descriptions of nature, but such writings add length and give readers a break from the flow of events.

to be deeply trapped in childhood and your native home place and never able to enter adulthood and the outside world." This is probably true. All his successful novels write about childhood life and the feelings of youth (344).

Rinchenkhar (2017) provides a detailed summary of the story, positive comments on the autobiographic writing style, and use of language (i.e., use of Dbus gtsang dialect by an A mdo writer). He comments on how the story resonates with his own life, "its descriptions of life and emotions closely resemble many aspects of my childhood" and "This is testimony to the authenticity the writer captured in his fiction" (83).

Françoise Robin translated Lha byams rgyal's short story *Blung la bcod pa 'Entrusted to the Wind'* (Lha byams rgyal 2010:35-54) to English (Lhabyamgyal 2016:178-183) and briefly introduces the author and his literary works in an endnote. Robin further analyses this short story in a separate article in the same journal (Robin 2016:116-127).

Virtanen discusses "modern Tibetan literature," using two Tibetan novels published in the 1990s that feature ordinary people's daily lives in Tibetan areas.¹ She discusses the characters of these two novels, applying James Phelan's theory of characters in terms of synthetic, mimetic, and thematic components. *Beloved Tibetan Children* is obviously within the category of "ordinary people's lives," yet only the name of its author appears in an article footnote.

¹ The two novels are Bkra shis dpal ldan's (b. 1962) *Phal pa'i khyim tshang gi skyid sdug 'The Life of an Ordinary Family'* (1992) and Stag 'bum rgyal's (b. 1966) *Lhing 'jags kyi rtswa thang 'The Silent Grassland'* (1999).

DISCUSSION

HOME

Lha byams rgyal's focus on natal home and childhood memories in an autobiographical style is a recurring theme. A series of anecdotes create a panoramic image of social and historical issues, e.g., childhood and education, monasteries and reincarnate *bla ma*, herding and farming livelihoods, pastureland disputes and resolutions, arranged marriage and women's fates, and more, presenting multiple perspectives.

Beloved Tibetan Children begins in the 1980s, a historical turning point for China as the government launched policies of "reform and opening up" after years of internal turmoil. Since that time, the entire nation has experienced unprecedented economic and social transformations. Mar nang grong, a rural Tibetan village in a remote mountain region, is enveloped in a whirlwind of dramatic social and economic changes.

Fundamental and universal changes affecting individuals, households, and the entire community are inevitable. A government-supported primary school is built in the village to provide children a modern education; the community monastery is reconstructed after a policy allowing expression of religious belief is implemented;¹ and private business is permitted (the narrator's father engages in lucrative livestock dealing).

These seemingly positive changes shake old traditions, creating such new challenges in the community as increased financial burdens on households because of religious expenses; a decreasing number of school children as more boys become monks in the monastery; and the new school teacher, who criticizes the practice of sending boys to the

¹ The Cultural Revolution (1966-1976) catastrophically impacted all aspects of life in China, including religion. In an attempt at correction, government at all levels strove to revive and implement freedom of religious belief, redressed unjust judgments imposed on religious personages, and reopened sites for religious activities (<https://bit.ly/323umGx>, accessed 7 September 2019).

monastery instead of keeping them in school, and is consequently seen by old villagers as an anti-religious foe. The narrator's father buys the first TV set in the village, and the narrator and his sisters ask villagers to pay who come to watch it. Not ready to accept such "capitalist" behavior, TV audience numbers dramatically drop.

A deadly disaster due to new changes is approaching. A pasture between Mar nang grong and its neighboring village, Yar nang grong, has no clear ownership. Children from both villages herd livestock on the land and enjoy various competitions. When the government later requires communities to divide pastureland among individual households and encourages fencing individual pastures,¹ Yar nang grong, a herding community, begins fencing the pastureland between the two villages. Mar nang grong considers this a provocation and petitions the local government to stop the fencing but receives no meaningful arbitration, which leads to conflict between the two communities.

Changes are emphasized through individual fates and futures, using the four protagonists, who witness and experience these historical changes. The children play, attend the village school, and grow up together. They are eager to grow up fast and dream about their future and the outside world. They might have had similar futures if it had been during the "old order" of their grandparents' or parents' time. However, it is a time of critical change with the introduction of new technologies such as radios, sewing machines, bicycles, televisions, and, more importantly, a state-supported school. This dramatically impacts the inhabitants of a closed society like Mar nang grong, particularly the younger generation, represented here by the four protagonists.

Other characters add color and new perspectives to the storyline. Gsal sgron's grandfather, Spo bo ral pa can 'Braided

¹ This extension of a policy allocating land to individual households was introduced in agricultural communities in the early 1980s. Rural reform, with output quotas fixed by household as a basic principle, initiated China's campaign of internal reform (<https://on.china.cn/2P9tsB5>, accessed 5 September 2019).

Grandpa',¹ an elder with religious authority in the village who is also a fortune teller, spins folktales and Ge sar epics to an appreciative audience at the village crossroads during leisure time. He is depicted as a defender of the old traditions. The narrator's father, the village leader, is a capable, open-minded man who uses the policy of "opening up" to make a fortune for the household by buying and selling livestock. He is the first villager to buy a radio, a bicycle, a sewing machine, and a television. With his effort and proposals to the local government, the village builds a new school and receives a young teacher. Later, the narrator's father supports the narrator in attending high school and university.

However, the limit of this open-mindedness is vividly presented through his own daughter's (the narrator's sister) tragic marriage that he and *Spo bo ral pa can* arrange. The narrator's sister's futile struggle and her mother's silent sympathy reveal the fate of women who are firmly controlled by others in this male-dominated society. The young teacher assigned to the village school, representing an educated slice of society, strives to awaken a new generation. As an increasing number of his boy students are sent to the monastery by their parents, competition between traditional monastic education and modern school education emerges.

The narrator's constant conflicts with his wife, who grew up in the city, and neither speaks Tibetan nor is interested in learning or respecting the culture or the environment in which the narrator grew up, vividly illustrate two contradictory Tibetan identities. Physically far from the terrestrial environment and ethnic culture that nurtured his values, the narrator's concern for the loss of identity extends to his son, who is growing up in the city. The extreme differences between the couple's values and worldviews create tragedy. The root of this misfortune is the narrator's dual identities. He attempts to integrate

¹ *Spo bo* 'grandfather'; *ral pa can* 'one with long braided hair'; a man with long hair on top of or around his head characterizes Snying ma sect practitioners. *Ral pa can* is also the name of the forty-first king of the Tibet Kingdom (Eighth Century).

into the life of the city where he physically dwells, which is at odds with the irresistible pull of his natal home.

Longing for home is a recurring agony for the writer. He not only writes of such torment in the story *Lo de la 'That Year'* (2016:127-219) but also in articles such as *Phyir log mi thub ba'i mi 'the Man Who Cannot Return'* (2018c). In the latter, he writes, "Those living outside [their natal home] surely wish that the lovely native home that exists in the heart would remain the same as it was when they left it." He adds, "Those who are away from their native homes may have a suppressed dream of returning. But the home that repeatedly appears in such dreams is a distant destination that is unattainable. This is a tragedy exiles face" (Lha byams rgyal 2018c).

CHARACTERIZATION

Rather than direct description, Lha byams rgyal skillfully uses events, dialogues, and nicknames to create vibrant characters, represent a changing world and values, and reflect a feature of emerging class divisions. For instance, the arrogance of the government worker, Secretary Wang, who visits the community to discuss the construction of the school, is depicted through smoking. Three different smoking styles are described: Spo bo ral pa can puffs his bronze-decorated pipe, the narrator's father carefully rolls tobacco in a strip of newspaper before smoking it. After this foreshadowing, we read: "Secretary Wang smokes a cigarette differently than the others. He took a cigarette from a small box, lit it with a match, and gently blew out the flame" (17).

Mi rkyang gcod pa 'Single Man Gcod pa', is poor and often mocked by villagers. When the village chooses the ruins of the previous village headman's home for the new school site, Gcod pa, who claims to be a descendant of the headman, reacts with outrage:

... When villagers of Mar nang grong gathered with pickaxes, shovels, and baskets at the ruins located in the upper location of the village that day, Mi rkyang gcod pa suddenly became furious and ran crazily among the people while arbitrarily cursing, with a face turning crimson.

"A *ha bo!*¹ A *ha bo!* When bullies have no limits, they urinate on the heads of the weak. A *ha bo!* Do you guys in this pathetic group have the slightest right to bully my Mar nang headman's lineage? A *ha bo!* When my ancestors are gone, resembling eagles that have taken flight, you'll start dirty deeds to destroy the nest of a little bird. I, the proletarian Gcod pa..." With his hands clasped behind his back, Mi rkyang gcod pa walked back and forth among the villagers, his buttocks visible now and again through the holes in his old pants (22-23).

In this unhappy exchange, the values and worldviews of the narrator's wife are presented as at odds with his:

Bstan 'dzin sgron me told me, "Why don't you change your personality?"

"How do I change it?" I asked.

"Why don't you do things wisely and act following others? If you're always stubborn, how could my father, no matter how capable, help promote you to a leadership position?"

"Position, position! Is that all you think about?"

"Others wish to have the background you have now. What a pity you have no desire to move forward! Is there anyone who does not want to have a position nowadays?" Bstan 'dzin sgron me said to me angrily while repeatedly changing TV channels (273-274).

Lha byams rgyal's fiction deals with Lha sa, bars, the city, Mar nang grong, characters leaving a rural home and attempting to assimilate into urban life, and the dilemma of yearning to return home and the impossibility of doing so.

These themes can be found in similar characters and scenes in the author's other works. *Kha bar sgug pa* 'Waiting for Snow' and *Grib gzigs khrod kyi mi tshe* 'Life in the Shadow' collected in the writer's first short story collection *Lam gyi nyi 'od* 'Sunlight on the Road' (2010), *Nya ni yar 'brog g.yu mtsho nang gi nya zhig yin* 'I'm a Fish

¹ An expression of desperation and hopelessness comparable to "Oh my god!"

in Yar'brog Lake', and *Lo de la* 'That Year' collected in *Collection of Lha byams rgyal's Medium-length Novels* feature the theme of young adult Tibetans leaving their rural homes for a life in an alien environment, which in most cases is Beijing, where the writer currently works.

These stories' protagonists are similar. For instance, Gsal sgron in *Beloved Tibetan Children* is an archetype of Gsal sgron in "I'm a Fish in Yar 'brog Lake," Gsal sgron in *Rma 'gram gyi ljon pa kher skyes* 'A Single Tree on the Riverbank' (Lha byams rgyal 2018a:143-189), Me tog pad ma in "Waiting for Snow," and Bkra shis and Chos sgron in "Life in the Shadow" are found in *Beloved Tibetan Children*, i.e., the narrator and his wife Stan 'dzin sgron me. A slight difference is:

"Now our young man, Bkra shis, has made good progress," his boss said. The stubborn 'I' who resists power and position in *Beloved Tibetan Children* eventually makes 'good progress' here. He learns to flatter his superiors! (Lha byams rgyal 2010:102).

LOVE, SEX, AND GENDER

Readers are interested in love and sex scenes beneath which lurk suffering, sacrifice, submission, rebellion, resignation, supplication, domination, and more. Lha byams rgyal's short stories and the novel under discussion, contain similar love plots, sex scenes, and comparable fates of female characters originally from the countryside but who have migrated to cities to fulfill their dreams. In most cases, female characters have sex with men to get what they want, either material or influence. Most of these women then experience tragedy.

In *Beloved Tibetan Children*, the sexual encounter between Gsal sgron and Nyi ma don grub occurs in a hotel room. In *Sunlight on the Road*, Lha mdzes, a countryside woman who does hourly work in Lha sa, loses her virginity to a bar boss after he gets her drunk. In *Sgrol ma'i rmi lam* 'Sgrol ma's Dreams' (2010:124-147), the protagonist, Sgrol ma, is in love with and dates a village man. After her mother dies, her stepfather surreptitiously adds drugs to her tea after dinner and

has sex with her, which her boyfriend witnesses one night. When pregnant, she commits suicide after discovering the shameful truth.

In *I am a Fish in Yar 'brog Lake*, Dpal lha, another young woman from the countryside, migrates to Beijing. She loves Sum pa, but his love is not reciprocated. After drinking too much, she has sex with Rnam grol, who is both her and Sum pa's friend. Later, she discovers that the nine-eyed *gzi* bead on a thread around her neck - a family treasure - has mysteriously become a fake one. Someone close to her must have replaced it without her knowledge. Wandering the streets in despair, she is struck by a car and killed.

In *That Year*, Gsal sgron becomes pregnant. Her lover then goes abroad and never returns. Humiliated by relatives and fellow villagers, she suffers terribly as a single mother until her son is identified as the reincarnation of a deceased *bla ma* in the community.

Beloved Tibetan Children and *That Year* feature similar sex scenes: sexual encounters between the protagonist Gsal sgron and her boyfriend (*That Year*) and Zla sgron and her future husband (*Beloved Tibetan Children*), both take place in open fields during the daytime and are observed from a distance through binoculars by men who have feelings for the women.

Lha byams rgyal discusses sex scenes in his novels during an interview:

Historically, Tibetans have had many taboos. Therefore, although there undoubtedly have been various oblique sexual affairs, people pretend as though they never happened, and there is little written about it. For instance, mentioning *la gzhas* and *brtse glu*¹ with undisguised salacious words in the presence of parents or siblings is taboo. It is different for Han Chinese and foreigners. A writer who grew up in a very conservative ethnic group must have cultural and psychological constraints and thus may try to avoid writing such direct erotic words. I tapped this topic a little bit in my writings as an experiment, as I think it is important to have elements of creativity and development in our literature. Tibetan novels cannot have

¹ *La gzhas* and *brtse glu* are synonyms for "love song." For more, see Kelsang Norbu (2015).

automatic development if we are too vigilant on cultural and psychological restrictions, which may undermine our capabilities. Therefore, we must attempt many trials. It turned out that such new experiments attract readers as we push little by little. Meanwhile, writing such content is sometimes also necessary for the plot (Lha byams rgyal 2018b:156-157).

FEMALE CHARACTERS

I now examine the author's female characters, using Gsal sgron (one of the four protagonists of *Beloved Tibetan Children*) and the narrator's wife, Bstan 'dzin sgron me, as examples. Compared to other female characters, such as the narrator's sister, 'Brug skyid, who readily chooses silence or surrender to male domination, Gsal sgron and Bstan 'dzin sgron me are depicted as tough female characters. By "tough," I refer to women exercising independence and agency in their lives, and less submissiveness. For example, the former leaves home for Lha sa to struggle for an independent new life and the latter's assertive interactions with her husband.

Gsal sgron leaves home after she fails the college entrance examination (which the narrator passes) and eventually reaches Lha sa, where hardship forces her into prostitution. Nyi ma don grub is the only person she trusts enough in this city far from her natal home to express her sorrow and sob on his shoulder. This line of events shows Gsal sgron's deep attachment to home, a theme the author emphasizes, but in a way that shows she still serves men.

Furthermore, each of Gsal sgron's childhood mates achieves "success" later in life, i.e., a village leader (Thar 'phel), a businessman (Nyi ma don grub), and a scholar (the narrator) in a city. The men talk about the past and present and make plans for the future. Yet Gsal sgron is not allowed even a slight chance by the author to express herself directly. Instead, Nyi ma don grub talks for her, interpreting her life in Lha sa entirely from a male perspective.

Why is there only one female among the four protagonists, and why do male secondary characters outnumber the female ones? Bstan

'dzin sgron me, the narrator's wife, was raised in a big city. This woman with strong materialistic values is contemptuous of her husband's rural background. To improve her and the family's status, she urges her husband to seek a job promotion with her father's support. She puts all her hope for the future on men - her husband and father. Why does she not strive to change her life? Does Lha byams rgyal's characterization of females reveal a belief in male superiority, or is he simply portraying reality? Analyses based on appropriate/inappropriate gender consciousness are almost absent in critiques of contemporary Tibetan literature.

To further illustrate the absence of gender consciousness in literary critiques, I examine Tshe ring rdo rje's (2014) review of a short story by Stag 'bum rgyal (2008). It is one of the very few reviews I have accessed that discusses the fate and characteristics of female characters. The reviewer reluctantly categorizes the protagonist, Sgrol ma skyid, "as a positive character," but criticizes her for visiting a male teacher to have an affair "like a stray dog" on the ground that such a plot is aberrant in pastoral Tibetan areas (93). He contends that men visiting women (dating) is standard social behavior in such locales, while women visiting men is unthinkable. He emphasizes that he has found "no other justification" for the novelist to write such an impossible scene other than the traditional antipathy between herders and farmers. He asserts that such a scene is "against true life" and is merely a literary depiction of reality. The reviewer does not see or refuses to see, the relentless struggle of a Tibetan woman confronting tradition and attempting to alter her fate.

The novel's open ending presents readers' space for imagining further development; however, the novel's abrupt conclusion has disappointed certain readers. Among the reviews I cited earlier, Chos skyong and Pad ma phag mo rta mgrin describe the ending as a shortcoming. As if realizing the abrupt ending, the author clarifies the theme in the "Epilogue":

Even today, I neither understand the special force that propels us to run forward with all our effort, nor do I comprehend for what purpose we run forward so earnestly (368).

The easygoing life described in detail and childhood mentalities presented in the novel's first part are treasures we are losing, and the haste, sense of loss, and helplessness of adult children (in the second part) resemble the contemporary epidemic diseases spreading among us.

I must also mention the idea of a native home. Nowadays, people are losing their native homes. My lovely son will neither have the concept of "native home," nor will he have it as a destination to return to. The reason is that my son was born in and will grow up in the city. A native home is not simply a geographic space; rather, it is the point from which we set off and, more importantly, a destination to which we can return (369).

CONCLUSION

This narrative is a genre of contemporary Tibetan novels characterizing the deleterious effects of the relentless march of modernization on traditional Tibetan culture, including family structures. The author raises questions of great magnitude: Are there any "successful" characters in this novel, ones that have managed to bridge the old and the new while retaining fundamental Tibetan values and carrying them forward into the brave new world? And if there are none, why? Will it always be the case that at least one generation must bridge tumultuous changes and, in doing so, be the victims - neither happy in the new and unable to return to the "old" that has already changed? Will their children be the beneficiaries?

In dealing with such issues, the author uses his literary talent to draw skillfully and thoughtfully upon his personal experiences in rural Tibetan areas to create a powerful narrative. The shattering of traditional rural life within the timeframe Lha byams rgyal specifies, ushers in historically significant social changes. This fundamental social alteration inevitably brings loss to and transformation in

cultural identity. The pain it engenders is expressed in the "Epilogue" that has resonated with many readers and generated considerable academic commentary.

The children featured in the novel, their experiences while growing up, and their different fates in life – chosen or not – are enmeshed in a visible, physical world of monumental tumultuous alterations. The individual characters' happiness and sorrow, ease and anxiety, desire and helplessness, faith and betrayal, and control and rebellion, which formulate the fabric of an invisible inner world, are skillfully particularized in the novel. At the time in which the novel begins, it had not been possible to imagine the impact of the acquisition of material wealth and an emerging class system based on educational attainment on individuals and an entire ethnicity. As a well-educated Tibetan elite, the author's agony over the loss of identity is immense. And as he makes clear, the value of this historical record exceeds all the novel's other values.

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Fictionalization of Art-Images of Female Characters in Stag 'bum rgyal's Short Story "Man rgya bha, 'Dog rgyal bha"] in Ban de mkhar བན་དེ་མཁར། (ed). *Stag 'bum rgyal gyi sgrung gtam la dpal pa ལྷག་པ་ལྷ་མ་རྒྱལ་གྱི་སྒྲུང་གཏམ་ལ་དབྱེད་པ།* [Studies of Stag 'bum rgyal's Novels]. Zi ling ཟི་ལིང། [Xining 西宁]: Mtsho snon mi rigs dpe skrun khang མཆོ་སྤྲོད་མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྐྱུན་ཁང། [Qinghai Nationalities Press], 87-100.

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TIBETAN TERMS

'bras spungs འབྲས་སྤྱུངས།

'brug byams འབྲུག་བྱམས།

a ha bo ཨ་ཏ་བོ།

a mdo ཨ་མདོ།

bdud lha rgyal བདུད་ལྷ་རྒྱལ།

bkra shis dpal ldan བརྒ་ཤིས་དཔལ་ལྷན།

bod kyi gces phrug བོད་ཀྱི་གཅེས་ཕུག།

brtse glu བརྟེ་གླུ།

bstan 'dzin sgron me བསྟན་འཛིན་སྒྲོན་མེ།

chos skyong ཆོས་སྤྱོད།

dbus gtsang དབུས་གཙང་།

ge sar གེ་སར།

gsal sgron གསལ་སྒྲོན།

gzi གཟི།
 khams ཁམས།
 la gzhas ལ་གཞས།
 lam gyi nyi 'od ལམ་གྱི་ཉི་འོད།
 lha byams rgyal ལྷ་བྱམས་རྒྱལ།
 lha mdzes ལྷ་མཛེས།
 lha sa ལྷ་ས།
 mar nang grong མར་ནང་གོང།
 mi 'gyur མི་འགྱུར།
 mi la tsi tsi མི་ལ་ཙི་ཙི།
 mi rigs dpe skrun khang མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྐྱུན་ཁང།
 mi rkyang gcod pa མི་རྒྱང་གཙོད་པ།
 nyi ma don grub ཉི་མ་དོན་གྲུབ།
 pad ma phag mo rta mgrin པད་མ་ཕག་མོ་རྟ་མགྲིན།
 pe cing པེ་ཅིང།
 rin chen bkra shis རིན་ཆེན་བརྟ་ཤིས།
 rin chen mkhar རིན་ཆེན་མཁར།
 rmi lam རྩི་ལམ།
 rnam grol རྣམ་གྲོལ།
 rta mgrin རྟ་མགྲིན།
 sbrang char སྤང་ཆར།
 sgrol ma skyid སྒྲོལ་མ་སྦྱིད།
 skal bzang nor bu སྐལ་བཟང་ནོར་བུ།
 spo bo ral pa can སྤོ་བོ་རལ་པ་ཅན།
 stag 'bum rgyal སྟག་འབུམ་རྒྱལ།
 sum pa སུམ་པ།

thar 'phel ཐར་ཤེལ།
tshe ring rdo rje ཚེ་རིང་རྡོ་རྗེ།
yar nang grong ཡར་ནང་གྲོང་།
zi ling ཟི་ལིང་།
zla sgron ལྷ་སྟོན།

CHINESE TERMS

Beijing 北京
Chengdu 成都
Gesang Nuobu 格桑诺布
Lasa 拉萨
Minzu chubanshe 民族出版社
Xinan minzu daxue 西南民族大学
Xining 西宁
Zhongyang minzu daxue 中央民族大学

REVIEW: *PAPER AIRPLANES* BY YAN YINGXIU

Reviewed by Li Xiuhai 李绣海



Yan Yingxiu 严英秀. 2011. *Zhi feiji* 纸飞机 [*Paper Airplanes*]. Zuoia chubanshe 作家出版社 [Writers Publishing House]. 460pp. ISBN 978-7-5063-5868-2 (Paperback 100RMB for five volumes of the *Shanyu wencong* 山语文丛 series).



Yan Yingxiu (Stephen F. Pomroy and Liu Zuqin, translators). 2016a. *Paper Airplanes*. Beijing: China Publishing Group Corp. & China Translation and Publishing House. 416pp. ISBN 978-7-5001-4341-3 (Paperback 43RMB).

INTRODUCTION

Yan Yingxiu (b. 1970), originally from Zhouqu ('Brug chu) County, Gannan (Kan lho) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Gansu Province, PR China, is a contemporary Tibetan writer who writes in Chinese. She has published more than one hundred poems and prose works under the pseudonym Di'er (Yan 2016a). Focused most recently on creative writing, she has published four collections of short stories and novellas, including *Zhi feiji* 'Paper Airplanes' (2011), *Yan Yingxiu's Fiction* (2014), *Fangfei xie* 'Fading Spring Flowers' (2016b), and *Yizhi hen anjing* 'Always Remaining Silent' (2018). In 2019, Yan published her

[†]Li Xiuhai. 2019. Review: *Paper Airplanes* by Yan Yingxiu. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:500-520.

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first collection of twenty-eight prose works, *Jiu lian heliu dou buneng dai ta huijia* 'Even Rivers Cannot Take Her Home'.

Her awards include the Gansu Yellow River Excellent Novel Award and the Gansu Dunhuang Literature and Arts Award. She is also listed as one of the Gansu Xiaoshuo ba jun¹ 'Eight Elite Novelists of Gansu Province' (Yan 2016a; Yan 2018).

As a literary critic whose essays exceed 500,000 Chinese characters (Yan 2016b), Yan has critiqued a wide range of female writers of different time periods within and outside China (Shao 2016). She currently serves as a professor of Chinese literature at Lanzhou University of Arts and Science, a board director of the Gansu Writers' Association, and a member of the China Writers' Association (Yan 2019).

Paper Airplanes consists of eight novellas and short stories with a title drawn from one of the stories. The other seven stories are *The Broken Jade*,² *Descend into Friends, Always Concede to Beauty, Endless Longing and Love in 1999*,³ *Individual Battlefield, Love Song in 1990*,⁴ and *A Rose of Bitterness*.

In the collection under review, Yan mostly writes about women in urban intellectual settings and their love affairs and family life, their pursuit of love's true meaning, traumas, struggles, and survival as the women mature spiritually and mentally. Her heroines have been categorized as *jingshen nüren* 'women who agonizingly pursue a metaphysical lifestyle' (Yan 2011; Li 2014),⁵ who are sentimental, persevere in their pursuits, and who are extreme in love affairs. They are also wanderers and losers at love, struggling to attain what love means to them (Ma 2014). Yan's fiction belongs to the genre of

¹ <https://bit.ly/306Mkqp>, 2 July 2019.

² The title is "The Crushed Jade" in Yan 2016a.

³ The title is "Endless Longing and Love (1999)" in Yan 2016a.

⁴ The title is "Love Song 1990" in Yan 2016a.

⁵ The term *jingshen nüren* was used by the writer in one of her short stories, and then borrowed by several critics to refer to the heroines and female characters who live a seemingly unrealistic life, indulging in desperate pursuit of love (mostly love affairs). They are so determined that unreal love is their ultimate pursuit in life.

metaphysical female Bildungsroman (Ye 2012:113) and has been described as extreme narratives (Hu 2016)¹ featuring individual spiritual growth (Shao 2016) and the development of educated female characters (Ye 2012).

THE STORIES

"Endless Longing and Love in 1999"

Yan utilizes the first-person in *Endless Longing and Love in 1999* to narrate stories of her friends in their good old days. This story serves as an introduction to themes Yan employs - women's friendship, love, career, family, devotion, trauma, struggle, and compromise - revealing personal failure and redemption (Hu 2016:5). It also serves as a manifesto for her view of men and women as two different "species" (Yan 2011:215). In one of the female character's words:

They [men] were ... like people from another world...we admired them crazily at first, then we were moved, then we fell in love. In the end we lost it entirely; not only the love, but also our confidence, passion, and creativity. Thus, we finally lost ourselves in lost love (Yan 2016a:228).

Li, a college student from a single-mother family, falls in love with Sang, her lecturer in a class on aesthetics. Sang has an attractive voice, uses poetic language, and Yan portrays him as a dedicated bookworm. In their relationship and life, Li works as an enthusiastic mother-like helper, caring for Sang. Dreaming of a chance to study in Austria, he focuses on learning German. He ends his relationship with

¹ The term "extreme narrative" was first used by Hu (2016) in an interview with the writer. In this context, "extreme narrative" refers to the writer's characterization of the heroines' personality and narration of their lives. The writer gives the heroines no other options, but to fall in love (affairs) without hesitation and even to give up their reputation, family, and career for unreal love. The heroines are characterized as people suffering from paranoia.

Li on the pretext of being a Buddhist convert. In the clutches of trauma and betrayal, Li marries a man who has admired her for years and lives a happy life.

Sang is an opportunist, a traitor, and hypocrite with a past that includes the 1989 college protests (the "June Fourth Incident"). He is accused of planning the young faculty's strikes while secretly informing on his colleagues to his superiors.

Ying, the story's narrator, also describes her close friends, Jianhua and Zhang. The former marries a handsome young surgeon but divorces. An extreme *jingshen nüren*, Zhang (Yan 2011:264-265), has countless admirers, and has an affair with Ba, a married man:

...I know Zhang well. She is a woman living in love. She does not care what sort of men she loves, but cares about the feeling of being loved in a relationship. Forever and ever, she is touched by herself, by her unreasoning passion of love, by her foolhardy courage of even dying for love, and by the pain of her lost love. Zhang's love stories never end, but her heroes are always obscure, like the monotonous and homologous cicada chirpings in summer. It is the fresh, flamboyant, and un-paralleled role that Zhang saves for herself.¹

Ying also utilizes the first-person narrative to reflect on her marriage and her husband, vividly portrayed as one of countless indifferent, apathetic married men (Yan 2016a:255). Ying enjoys articulating herself fully and delightfully, which serves as a platform for Yan's budding writing style to express the writer's loneliness and recollection of the writer's golden past (Yan 2016a:215).

Yan, the writer, considers *Endless Longing and Love in 1999* to be a prosaic recollection rather than fiction, a farewell to youth, and a ceremony marking her transition to spiritual maturity (Hu 2016). In short, this work generates the themes of Yan's fiction and is the beginning of her development of a metaphysical female coming-of-age. In almost all of her stories, she employs this genre in narrating tragic

¹ My translation based on Yan (2016a).

love stories featuring sincere, devoted women and their hypocritical, selfish men.

"Paper Airplanes"

When college sophomore, Yangzi, encounters the love of her life, her teacher, Jian Ning, she becomes a secret admirer and then sick with jealousy when she learns that he is married. When she visits him at home before her senior year ends, she meets Jian Ning; his wife, Xiao Bo; and their son. Her heart breaks when:

Her teacher and his wife gently threw multi-shaped paper airplanes back and forth. The airplanes flew toward their beloved with loving gazes. Across the narrow space the tiny airplanes were flying back and forth. Their son, giggling first at his Dad and then at his Mom, clapped his little hands together. His parents laughed in loving response.¹

Yangzi lives a soulless life after college graduation, continuing to secretly admire Jian Ning. After graduation, she works as a teacher; marries a surgeon, Ma Yanhai; resigns her teaching post; and moves back to the city where Jian Ning lives. After she moves back, she learns of Jian Ning's affair and her admiration and life completely collapse. With sympathy for Xiao Bo and resentment toward Jian Ning, she ends her lifelong infatuation by stabbing him to death during a long-anticipated, but impromptu kiss.

A theme in this story is the heroine's secret naïve admiration, along with sub-themes involving married life, marital fidelity, betrayal, and revenge. Conflicts and contrasts between Yangzi's simplicity and the world that confronts her create tension in the extreme narrative (Shao 2016). A college student with a gift for writing poetry, Yangzi is sensitive, creative, and quiet. Her secret admiration for Jian Ning is exemplified when she learns he is married and will soon have a son. She avoids Jian Ning's lectures, and lives in her own emotions, feeling

¹ My translation based on Yan (2016a).

sad and pitiful, and refusing to eat and communicate with those around her.

The theme is enhanced by tension between the heroine and her husband, Ma Yanhai, and her vice-principal, Wang Mohan. The heroine's unwavering admiration of Jian Ning continues as she projects other men's merits on him. The tension between women and men escalates as Jian Ning occupies her thoughts. She struggles while living with her husband, a man she does not love. In this nightmare, she lives for Jian Ning as "he existed in each breath and each flow of her thoughts" (Yan 2011:82).¹

With a son nearly three years old, Yangzi abruptly and without regrets resigns her job and moves back to the city where Jian Ning lives. While Yangzi is aware that those in her social circles are changing irreversibly, her love for Jian Ning remains the same. Once Yangzi learns of Jian Ning's affair with his doctoral student, she and Xiao Bo both wish him dead, a resentment that propels Yangzi to the climactic moment of the fatal sweet kiss:

She closed her eyes, smiling. Her smile makes her burst into tears. She doesn't know how people should express themselves in the throes of extreme happiness. She is a woman who has never been kissed. This is her first kiss. She has imagined this in thousands of postures, settings, and emotions. Now she is truly receiving the kiss she has longed for, which seems like 10,000 years. She allows herself to burst into a flood of tears. At this moment, the only thing she wants to forget is her hand.

Blood oozes and then floods from Jian Ning's belly. Flooding.

Yangzi does not let go of him - not letting his body fall. She can't hear his screams. They are the screams that tear her life apart. Neither can she see his last facial expression. She supports his collapsing body with hers. She does not allow his lips to separate from hers.

She wants the kiss to last and last.²

¹ My translation.

² My translation.

Yangzi's spiritual struggles and brutality align with what Yan states in an interview: "Paper Airplanes" represents her tendency for extreme narrative based on life stories she closely observes and carefully selects. The work is also an unveiling of human nature (Hu 2016). These efforts contribute to the development of a literary oeuvre with a heavily sentimental mood and narrative extremes.

"Descend into Friends"

The sentimental tone of agonizing women is depicted in "Descend into Friends." The heroine, Mei Qin, an emotional editor, becomes infatuated with the literary critic Professor Yu Huaiyang at a seminar. A failed marriage leads Mei to an affair with Yu, which she interprets as genuine love. Mei's first encounter with Yu at the seminar, his initial impression of her at a KTV (Karaoke TV) as well as their goodbye in a corridor, initiate a tragic love affair. Mei describes their encounter as a *déjà vu* reunion: "[They] were destined to know each other in a past life and reunite in this life"¹ (Yan 2011:118).

Stunned by Mei's dramatic reaction, Yu returns home and leaves Mei alone for three months, a time Yu feels equals three or even thirty years. Feeling her heart is anchored in Yu's harbor, Mei decides to divorce. This determination leads Yu to ignore Mei's affectionate text messages. Meanwhile, Mei considers the affair to be the completion of her life and fulfillment of her idea of love, an interpretation that collapses when she witnesses Yu flirting with a female journalist.

A tragic end comes via a nighttime radio talk show host, An Kang, Mei's husband, who hears his wife's stories about two cellphone gifts. One is for her true love, and the other is for her husband. The former turns out to be love in vain while the latter resembles a stranger or an acquaintance. Her deterministic summary serves as a manifesto: "Ultimately, I understand that a woman like me will be unable to

¹ My translation.

mature spiritually no matter my age. All is destined, indeed"¹ (Yan 2011:162-163).

"Individual Battlefield"

"Individual Battlefield"² features a woman haunted by her first love for twenty-one years, maintaining a twelve-year-old comatose marriage, and indulging in an illusory "perfect" love affair. Similar to "Descend into Friends," the story starts with a sense of a past-life encounter with the librarian-writer, Su Di, and a renowned writer, Tao Yibei, whose works Su has admired for five years. Thirty-nine-year-old Su falls madly in love with Tao, who fills her heart by simply addressing her as "child" and sending hopeful yet ambiguous text messages. Suddenly and unsurprisingly, Su is in (cyber) love. Yearning for Tao's messages becomes one of her life's priorities.

For a dozen years, Su has lived a family life with a stranger-like husband and has a ten-year-old son. Su reflects that "there may be another kind of love that I don't understand" (Yan 2016a:264) and continues (Yan 2011:295-296):

... as long as she pretends to have lived a happy life and avoids thinking about the twelve years that seem glamorous and peaceful, she has already decorated the wounds to look like flowers.³ The immeasurable darkness and painfulness have been the fertile soil to nurture the flowers.⁴

¹ My translation.

² The translators in the English version of *Individual Battlefield* did not follow the chapter division of the Chinese version, i.e., they combined Chapters 3 and 4 in the Chinese version into Chapter 3 in the English, nor does their translation capture the poetic beauty of Yan's flow of language, an observation that generally applies to their translation in the English version of this collection.

³ The writer analogizes her twelve years of lifeless marriage as wounds, and compares the married life she pretends to enjoy with flowers.

⁴ My translation.

Su's young love traces to twenty-one years earlier when she was a college sophomore from a comparatively wealthy family. She falls for Xiaonan, a brilliant, unfocused singer. At that time, a college diploma meant social privilege and success. Xiaonan's family's poverty translates into an irreconcilable relationship. Dramatically, Xiaonan's emotional love songs highlight Su's sensitivity. Qi Qin's¹ song "Kongbai 'Blank'" alludes to Su and Xiaonan's doomed love: "They parted without a word. ... First they departed in life and then in death" (Yan 2016a:274). Extreme sentimentality includes 271 letters to Su from Xiaonan, an unemployed singer, and cassette tapes, a hat, a scarf, and a skirt. These are lavish gifts for a jobless singer in the 1990s.² A sorrowful atmosphere is built with Xiaonan's younger sister's phone call, announcing Xiaonan's death from overwork and cancer. Xiaonan's last letter to Su reads: "Su Di, you're my [doomed destiny].³ I've envisioned our ending thousands of times but it was never like this. Fate is playing with us. It's [ridiculous]" (Yan 2016a:285). Three years later she marries, burns Xiaonan's letters, and bids farewell to "beautiful yet sorrowful love" (Yan 2016a:287).

Tao transforms her love loss into a tangible reality, rescuing herself from lifelessness. The affair ends with their last correspondence - Su to Tao:

I haven't written anything for a long time, but right now I just want to write about myself. I must confront my own life dilemma. The problem is I don't know why you seem to be the only answer to my dilemma. Is it a trap? Why is the answer either a problem or a trap? I want to write about a wandering singer who left sunshine and shadow. I want to write about my husband who is like a harbor waiting for me in the dark.⁴

¹ Chyi Chin (b. 1960) in Taiwan. For more, see <https://bit.ly/2NGy3zv> (accessed 9 July 2019).

² In the 1990s, only the people who had government jobs and state-held companies in China (at all levels) were regarded as having secure employment, or *tie fanwan* 'iron rice bowls'. Xiaonan does not belong to this category, thus he is considered 'jobless'.

³ The translators used "deadlock".

⁴ My translation based on Yan (2016a).

Tao responds: "... Don't take me as the subject of your narrative because you don't know me and I don't know you either..." (Yan 2016a:289).

Su and Tao's affair ends with Tao's indifferent responses, an indifference similar to that of Mei and Yu in "Descend into Friends." Love affairs lead the heroines to feel that they "had finally grown up [spiritually]" (Yan 2016a:287). Su left the passage, walking into warm sunshine after the *déjà vu* of encountering the wandering singer who refused to sing "Blank" but offered to sing Pu Shu's¹ song "Sheng ru xia hua 'Lifelike Summer Flowers'." This return from loss and love affairs to a life of bright sunshine enhances the plot.

Yan intentionally depicts Su as a *jingshen nüren* pursuing an unrealistic lifestyle, experiencing agony from love between two intellectuals, and a lifeless, loveless family life. Yan establishes the heroine's sentimentality through the one she loves, the doggedness of her pursuit, and her trauma and sadness.

"Love Song in 1990"

"Love Song in 1990" features several female teachers of different ages, portrayed as passionate, sentimental, or desperate when they confront various life choices.

Li Qing, a stubborn Chinese language teacher, is Sang Ping's warm-hearted friend. The story begins with Li and Sang being ordered to move to a less pleasant office. Li refuses and is left awkwardly alone after Sang moves out with other office colleagues. In the end, Sang helps her move to avoid this embarrassing dilemma. Flashbacks take the reader to Li's three-year entanglement with a poet who lived in a grassland in northwestern China before she is abandoned and humiliated. During those three years, Li's passion for composing poetry intensifies. After the relationship with the poet ends, she bids farewell to her young days at the age of thirty, an age marking independence and freedom.

¹ Born in 1971 in Nanjing, see <https://bit.ly/2JiObCU> (accessed 8 July 2019) for more.

The second heroine, Hu Chungui, makes the transition from a rural girl into a young, sophisticated woman with discriminating taste, ambition, and desire. Yan describes Hu's humble past and earned present, and her endless efforts and broken dreams. Hu's dramatic transformation leads to dating and marriage, fulfilling her urbane proclivities. Married to the son of a powerful city official, she relinquishes her youth. However, her transition to material richness, emotional emptiness, and hopelessness in marriage challenges Hu. Crueler still is an abortion in the second month of pregnancy.

Hu attributes her marital failure to her misfortune and dedicates her life to teaching, pretending to forget once-held dreams of love and of a man called "husband." Hu and her husband's plain life is full of sadness as a result of her material ambitions and her lack of passion for him. Hu's journey represents many Chinese women that trace to the 1990s and onwards, revealing their sacrifices and achievements.

The third heroine, Sang Ping, marries the orphan, Shi Ye, a desert researcher based in northwestern China. News of her wedding preparations accelerates the narration before her dream of love collapses with news of Shi's fatal illness. Nevertheless, Sang perseveres with dreams of love, despite Shi's hopeless condition. A letter Sang writes to Shi is filled with desperation, but also radiates hope. The interwoven accounts of Li Qing's wedding and Sang's hoped-for wedding reveal Sang's intense sentimentality. Sang's letter and recollections of Shi's hospitalization encapsulate miserable memories and unrealistic wishes. Stories of these heroines, if condensed into one life story, would represent Yan's take on women's physical and spiritual journey and life's tribulations.

"A Rose of Bitterness"

"A Rose of Bitterness" depicts a traumatized young woman's evolution. Yan also utilizes hypocritical, evil-minded men to illustrate how naïve, bright young women become mentally and spiritually troubled.

A note about the title "Kushui Meigui 'A Rose of Bitterness'" may help readers understand Yan's rhetoric before I investigate the heroine and her distress. Kushui is a small town with an average annual precipitation of 281 millimeters¹ located in China's northwest. Kushui is renowned for producing edible rose petals. The title implies a life of bitter struggle to readers familiar with the trope of the barren, arid town in northwestern China. Yet, hopes for a better future are deeply rooted in Northwesterners, exemplified by Xia Jinglei's struggles and ultimate success.

Yan chooses sexual harassment and violation of a young woman to empower and emphasize the narrative's bitter tone. Yan advances her narrative techniques, consolidating a tone of agony punctuated by Xia's traumas and rumors, from her peer's isolation to the old gatekeeper's spooky amatory stares and dirty talk, from rumors that the gatekeeper raped her to widespread gossip of sexual violations Xia suffers from workforce administrators. Yan deliberately depicts Xia as distressed by rumors, discrimination, bullying, humiliation, sexual harassment, and by the people around her from a young age.

The earliest marginalization results from a father afflicted with tuberculosis, which local townspeople considered a deadly, communicable disease. Yan utilizes an anecdote to illustrate this reaction: a boy bumps into Xia, causing his friend's panicked cries: "You're gonna die, Chubby! You bumped into that girl from a TB ghost family! You'll pass that damned disease to your dad, your mom, and your little sister! Your whole family's gonna die!"² (Yan 2011:368). This humiliating, discriminatory language pierces young Xia's heart. Her classmates mock her, throw paper wads at her, and even throw a pair of old shoes at her head during class. She is also the target of violent

¹ For more, see <https://bit.ly/2MEtYu4> (accessed 26 August 2019).

² My translation.

curses from her peers about her late elder brother, her family, her English teacher... Each event increasingly stresses Xia.

Yan creates an apex of tension between an innocent girl and the boy-dominated world with outrageous rumors of the old gatekeeper sexually violating Xia, who subsequently loses her reputation and Zhou Li's treasured friendship. The sad conversation between Xia and Zhou and Xia's monologues accentuate the bitterness of the heroine's growth and struggle as a teenager.

A contemporary Chinese saying goes: "*Quanli shi yiji chunyao* 'Power is an aphrodisiac,'" which Yan illustrates with the evil-minded Li Yuanchao and Liu Shengli. The former is a school director in charge of teaching affairs, and the latter is the principal. Li begins by threatening with rumors and offering gifts, including a cassette player and tapes. Liu, a man with absolute power in the rural school, sets traps by inviting her for a Chinese New Year dinner, giving her "welfare" money, threatening her, pretending to bend the rules to help her, and finally raping her. That nightmare violation destroys this young Chinese woman's belief in love and virginity. Yet, the worst is still to come. Li Yuanchao owns the accidentally-recorded tape of the principal raping Xia - she pushed the record button as the principal cornered her - threatens Xia and manages to violate her another ten times, promising to return the tape to Xia. Li, a more sophisticated man of conspiracy, becomes the new principal by reporting Xia and Liu's affair. Facing discrimination and humiliation, Xia is forced to return to the town where she grew up.

Yan continues depicting Xia's divergent appearance and deeds, which invites her colleagues' bitter resentment and jealous offenses. However, her first dramatic victory comes from defeating Yang Ke, a student in an English class. Yang offends Xia in front of all the students by murmuring about Xia's TB family and violation and curses her. With Xia's insistence, the school principal agrees that Xia should receive a public apology from Yang's father. Her successful revenge on the man's world does not reduce her sense of sorrow, which builds to a climax when she visits her brother's grave. Her soliloquy to her late brother serves as a reconciliation with the painful past and acceptance

of the present. Xia's transformation from a marginalized, broken young woman to a victorious optimist derives from her perseverance and is a testimony to a promising adulthood. She also wins the trust of those who had gossiped about her.

Surprisingly, the transformed Xia becomes involved in a painful but irresistible love affair with Lin Dong, the newly-arrived music teacher. As is now familiar in Yan's fiction, an initial *déjà vu* encounter and love affair are doomed. After falling deeply in love, Lin promises to divorce and plots his wife's suicide. Xia finally learns the truth and severs her relationship with Lin. The affair ends with Lin's hypocritical, outrageously insulting words after Xia's rejection. Yan writes that Xia would rather endure Li's and Liu's violations than hear Lin call her a whore and worse.

Xia's ultimate breakthrough is achieved by the resurrection of her childhood friendship with Zhou Li, and their suffering and pain since childhood. Xia and Zhou's statement of spiritual growth in a happy ending serves as the writer's manifesto of the female Bildungsroman. It is also the climax of a narrative sophistication as a young woman reconciles with the man-dominated world, as well as compromises with her troubled past.

Yan skillfully narrates the extreme circumstances of the heroine to increase the intense impact of Xia Jinglei's unending traumatization and humiliation, arousing the readers' sympathy.

"Always Concede to Beauty"

"Always Concede to Beauty" is a story of the Mona Lisa Beauty Center masseuses and their loves and struggles. Yan utilizes the third-person omniscient point of view to create female characters such as Ruo Ruo, Guo Jie (Ms. Guo), and the beauty center director, and their struggles with the cruel world of men including Sanlang, the hairdresser, and Zhao Ling, who sells fake air tickets.

Ruo, the leading heroine, was in love with Zhao but ended the relationship after learning that he sold fake air tickets online to make a living and make her happy. Ruo next falls in love with the hairdresser,

Sanlang, a man her colleagues consider lower-class. By chance, Ruo learns that Sanlang is having an affair with Ms. Guo, her regular customer. Ruo tries to keep her relationship with Sanlang a secret from Guo in order to keep her as a customer. Ruo and Guo eventually unveil their relationships with Sanlang and maintain their friendship.

This loosely written story is unconvincing, given the superficial, artificial depiction of the masseuses' interwoven relationships and the narrative of their struggles - love triangles, bitter comparisons among themselves, and self-denigration. Yan's lack of in-depth knowledge of masseuses may explain this.

However, Yan broadens her fictional world in turning her gaze from well-educated intellectuals who seek true but illusory love to immigrant masseuses who love men and sincerely guard their sisterhood. For example, Yan imparts a just heart to the beauty center director. Characters with such vocations are routinely minor characters in stories of this sort and negatively characterized. However, the serious, strict director of the beauty center volunteers to support one of her employees, Cuizi, whose younger sister, Jinzi, committed suicide because of threats from her employer while babysitting in Beijing. The director raises funds to help Cuizi in a lawsuit against Jinzi's employer. This portrayal is realistic in the sense that the director and the masseuses experience life's bitterness and hardships. However, the struggle between the marginalized and the mainstream, a battle between powerless women and the hegemonic man's world is not persuasive. While Yan's characters are depicted well, the tension in the story is weak as the surroundings and the behavior of the characters are overstated, while the characters' inner worlds and moods are understated.

"The Broken Jade"

Yan's experimental characterization of heroines from non-academic circles expands the horizon and vision of her fiction writing. "The Broken Jade" shows maturity in its exploration of social problems and tension.

Yan depicts Zheng Jie's two broken bracelets as coinciding with two disastrous incidents in her life, one when she was sixteen-years-old and the other when she had just turned forty. The story is set in the 1990s when China dramatically transformed from a planned economy to a socialist market economy, resulting in high unemployment. Zheng and her husband, Wang Zhiqiang, are victims of unemployment and desperately embrace their dreams out of despair.

Zheng, as a representative of nobody-ness in an era where others are blindly pursuing fortune, collapses from her dreams of achieving great beauty when she remembers the death of her beloved aunt and grandmother and the broken jade bracelet, which came to symbolize the tragedy.

The love story between Zheng's aunt and her boyfriend exemplifies Yan's extreme narrative of traumatized, abandoned women. Her aunt falls in love with a young man and financially supports his college education. After graduation, he is determined to work in the city and breaks up with Zheng's aunt, unable to accept a relationship between himself (a promising college graduate) and a jobless rural woman. Zheng's aunt is then so depressed that she commits suicide after Zheng's parents demand the graduate return the funds she gave him. This death is symbolized by the breaking of the jade bracelet treasured by the women in the family – Zheng's aunt, grandmother, and Zheng herself. The suicide leads to the death of Zheng's grandmother.

Zheng and her husband's struggles begin from the time of their romantic, optimistic love. They find employment and work hard. However, the good life they earned vanishes with the breaking of the jade bracelet that cost 78,320 RMB.¹

Shao (2016) comments that *The Broken Jade* is a narrative of the lower class. The theme is the despair ordinary people suffer from unexpected incidents that terminate their happy life. The heroine and other characters in *The Broken Jade* are more developed compared to other stories in this collection.

¹ Approximately 11,000USD.

CONCLUSION

Female characters in this volume are depicted as *jingshen nüren* (Yan 2011; Li 2014) with each story an extreme narrative (Hu 2016) of women's spiritual growth (Shao 2016), including struggles for a better life and perseverance in the pursuit of love. Li (2014) comments that love on the part of the *jingshen nüren* heroines and female characters is not the only purpose of their lives, but as long as they live, they will cling to it. Love serves as proof that they are alive. Li (2014) commented that Yan is like a surgeon using a scalpel to expose the scars and pain of traumatized love. All Yan's *jingshen nüren* heroines play an independent role in representing diverse yet traumatized love.

According to Yang (2016) the sentimentality of these stories is the result of the narrator's subjective emotional catharsis. The writer's voice is aggressive to the point that it claims the voice of most heroines, aided by an omniscient point of view. The catharsis just mentioned results in a stereotypical flatness of the female characters and plots involving female intellectuals.

Apart from female character development, Yan deliberately creates a high level of tension between the sexes. Nevertheless, Yan contends that women should not just struggle, rather, it makes greater sense to communicate and reconcile with men (Shao 2016). Yan (2007:92-93) states that "the reconciliation of women with men is not to compromise, ... but reach an agreement, complement one another, and finally to achieve coexistence and co-prosperity at higher and deeper levels." Yan's comments, however, do not coincide with most of her depictions of women whom men cruelly abandon, violate, and traumatize.

What is criticism and what is writing? In Hu's (2016) interview with the writer, the writer suggested that criticism is confronting others reasonably and "It is also easy to be correct. Writing, however, is to face oneself, specifically the imperfection of oneself" (Hu 2016:8).

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CHINESE TERMS

An Kang 安康

Beijing shifan daxue Zhuhai fenxiao fushu waiguoyu xuexiao 北京师范大学珠海分校附属外国语学校

Cuizi 翠子

Di'er 葩儿

Dunhuang 敦煌

Fangfei Xie 芳菲歇

Gannan 甘南

Gansu 甘肃

Gansu xiaoshuo ba jun 甘肃小说八骏

Guo Jie 郭姐

Hu Chungui 胡春桂

Jian Ning 剑宁

Jianhua 简画

jingshen nüren 精神女人

Jinzi 金子

Jiu lian heliu dou buneng dai ta huijia 就连河流都不能带她回家

Kongbai 空白

Kushui 苦水

Lanzhou 兰州

Li 栗

Li Qing 李清

Li Yuanchao 李援朝

Lin Dong 林冬

Liu Shengli 刘胜利

Liu Zuqin 刘组勤

Ma Yanhai 马岩海

Mei Qin 梅沁

Pu Shu 朴树

Qi Qin 齐秦

Quanli shi yiji chun Yao 权力是一剂春药

Ruo Ru 若若

Sang 桑

Sang Ping 桑平

Sanlang 三郎

Shanyu wencong 山语文从

Shi Ye 石野

Su Di 苏笛

Tao Yibei 陶一北

tie fanwan 铁饭碗

Wang Mohan 汪墨涵

Wang Zhiqiang 王志强

Xia Jinglei 夏京蕾

Xiao Bo 萧波

Xiaonan 晓楠

Xibei shifan daxue 西北师范大学

Yan Yingxiu 严英秀

Yang Ke 杨科

Yangzi 阳子

Ying 英

Yizhi hen anjing 一直很安静

Yu Huaiyang 于怀扬

Zhang 张

Zhao Ling 赵凌

Zheng Jie 郑洁

Zhou Li 周俐

Zhouqu 舟曲

Zhuhai 珠海

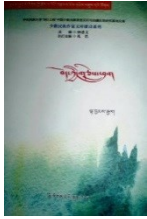
TIBETAN TERMS

'brug chu འབྲུག་ཆུ།

kan lho ཀན་ལྷོ།

REVIEW: *THE BELOVED CHILDREN OF TIBET*
BY LHA BYAMS RGYAL

Reviewed by Tshe dpal rgyal ཚེ་དཔལ་རྒྱལ། (Caihuajia 才华嘉 Qinghai Nationalities University 青海民族大学)



Lha byams rgyal ལྷ་བླ་མ་རྒྱལ། 2012. *Bod kyi gces phrug བོད་ཀྱི་གཅེས་ཕུག་གི་ཉི་མཱ་ཚེས་ཕྱུག་* [The Beloved Children of Tibet]. Pe cing བེ་ཅིང་།: Mi rigs dpe skrun khang མི་རིགས་དཔེ་སྐྱུར་ཁང་། [Nationalities Press]. 366pp. ISBN 978-7-105-12243-1/I (paperback 24RMB).

Rinchenkar (2017) reviewed this novel in a well-written, detailed essay. I approach the novel somewhat differently. First, I translate the title as *The Beloved Children of Tibet* rather than *Tibet's Beloved Child*. I use the plural form because the four children, including the narrator, are all the main characters. Second, the style and structure of my essay differs in that I focus on key plots and elements. Third, I emphasize change in the context of education, modernity, tradition, marriage, displacement, nostalgia, and "returning home."

Lha byams rgyal¹ was born in the late 1970s in Khri ka County (Guide), Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province. He received both BA and MA degrees from the Central Nationalities University in Beijing, and later he studied for a PhD with a focus on Tibetan Buddhism and culture at the Southwest Nationalities University in Chengdu. Working in the Department of Religious Studies at China's Tibetology Research Center, he is currently based in Beijing. While doing academic research, he writes poetry, essays, short stories, and novels. He has won the prestigious Sbrang char rtsom rig bya dga' (Light Rain Literature

[†]Tshe dpal rgyal (Caihuajia). 2019. Review: *The Beloved Children of Tibet* by Lha byams rgyal. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:521-531.

¹ <https://bit.ly/2N6vzKd>, accessed 10 June 2019.

Award) four times and is recognized as one of the most talented writers currently writing in Tibetan. His published works include *Lam gyi nyi 'od 'Sunshine on the Road'*, a collection of short stories; *Lha byams rgyal gyi sgrung 'bring phyogs bsgrigs 'Lha byams rygal's Novella Collection'*; *Bod kyi gces phrug 'The Beloved Children of Tibet'*; *A mdo kha skad 'Colloquial Amdo Tibetan'*; and *Nag mo khol gyi snyan ngag dus tshigs kun bsdus bod 'gyur ma 'Tibetan Version of Nag mo khol's Poetry Compendium: Four Seasons'*.

Published by the Beijing Nationalities Press in 2010, *The Beloved Children of Tibet* is his first novel. Written in the first person, the novel portrays the narrator and his three friends growing up in a mountainous, agro-pastoral Tibetan village and their lives as adults.

The novel has two sections that engage tradition and modernity, a confrontation common in modern Tibetan literature, starting from the 1980s (Virtanen 2008). Part One describes the narrator's childhood and elementary school years in the village. Part Two features urban environments and feelings of loss, displacement, struggle, and a longing to return home. The juxtaposition of past and present, rural and urban, and old and new in the novel powerfully conveys a sense of nostalgia.

The novel opens with a detailed description of a snowy winter morning in quiet, isolated Mar nang drong. The narrator enters the story as a six-year-old boy, who joyfully runs about. By happenstance, he etches the first letter of the Tibetan alphabet with his footprints in the snow. His father happens to be standing on the roof of their house, notices, and praises his ability to write a letter from the Tibetan alphabet. The boy summons his three childhood friends, and they end up arguing about the letter. Their raw reactions to the letter symbolizes their attitudes toward education and suggest their eventual life paths.

Having never seen letters of the Tibetan alphabet, Gsal sgron assumes that a letter is a toy. She and the narrator become the first two children in the village to finish elementary school and go on to middle school and high school. Eventually, Gsal sgron fails the college entrance exam and flees to Lha sa to become a sex worker and operate a bar.

Looking at the letter, Nyi ma don 'grub, who is later recognized as an incarnate *bla ma*, asks, "How do you know it is a letter?" After a short time in school, he drops out and goes to a monastery. Afterward, he abandons the monkhood, goes to Lha sa, and becomes a wealthy businessman.

Thar phel, a belligerent boy, smudges the letter, leading to a fight with the narrator. Thar phel finishes elementary school, but his poor grades mean that he is not eligible to enter middle school, so he herds sheep in the village. Eventually, he becomes the village leader and is involved in a violent grassland dispute with a neighboring pastoral village.

Early in the reform years of the early 1980s when the main characters were children, the government began building schools in rural Tibetan areas to promote modern education. New ideas and modern products began trickling into communities, shaking up old systems of thought. When the characters reach school-age, a school is built in the village. They attend and learn how to read, write, and count. Moreover, they are exposed to modern ideas. Their teacher, 'Gyur med, is progressive, forward-thinking, and the first person to bring the outside world to these children. They are fascinated, for example, when they study a text cautioning children to look both ways when crossing a street and first encounter the term, *mi 'grul lam* 'crosswalk'. They are clueless but full of curiosity. One day when they are playing by the river in the village, an airplane flies overhead, leading them to discuss their futures. They want to be pilots, doctors, and teachers. Nyi ma don 'grub even wants to become somebody like Lenin.

School education is thus depicted as a vehicle of change and provides the sole opportunity to leave the local area. Gsal sgron and the narrator go on to attend middle school in town. Their teacher encourages them to study hard, see the world beyond the village, and lambasts parents who take children out of school to send them to a monastery.

School and monastery are sharply contrasted. Soon after the school is built, Mar nang dgon pa, the local monastery, is also restored. School is the place for new modern ideas, while the monastery is

steeped in old religious ideas. As institutions, they both rely on children to grow. Unschooled villagers are generally supportive of the monastery as a spiritual refuge in times of life crises, such as death. Time-honored tradition dictates that if a family has more than one son, one must go to the monastery. When Nyi ma don 'grub stops coming to school, their teacher takes all his students to bring the boy back. At the village center, they run into the boy and his mother en route to the monastery. The ensuing argument between the teacher and Nyi ma don 'grub's mother illustrates that school and monastic education do not go hand in hand.

Representing the two sides, the narrator receives a modern education, while his friend, Nyi ma don 'grub, is trained by monastics to be an incarnate *bla ma*. Eventually, the narrator finds employment in a city and settles there. In contrast, Nyi ma don 'grub leaves the monastery and becomes a rich businessman dealing in antiques that he has conned from the villagers.

Modernity and tradition are pivotal in the story, and the young teacher and the old storyteller are a well-balanced contrast. In the old days, children and adults gathered in the village, talking to each other and listening to stories. The gray-haired old storyteller not only provides Ge sar episodes but also does divination under urgent circumstances. For example, when Thar 'phel's little brother goes missing, the old storyteller blames it on a *mi la tsi tsi*.¹ The teacher silently shakes his head in disbelief at that explanation. After television reaches the village, people huddle around it. The old village storyteller and his narratives no longer entertain. Furthermore, children begin acting out TV dramas focused on the Japanese presence in China in the first half of the twentieth century.

Other symbols of modernity - radios, TVs, bicycles, and sewing machines - are introduced. As a better-off family in the village, the narrator's family is the first to have them, and this creates a stir. As a child, the narrator is particularly intrigued by the radio that sits on their family altar. He wants to know about the whereabouts of the

¹ *Mi la tsi tsi* stories warn children not to go places alone. Skal bzang tshe brtan (2017) describes *mi la tsi tsi* as imps that trick and harm children.

speakers from the radio. His father, not knowing how to respond, likens them to deities.

Regarding the bike, the father does not know what to do with it, so he hangs it in the granary. A scene of the Pan chen bla ma on TV is particularly worth noting. The villagers, who have come to their home to watch TV, piously put their palms together in prayer and prostrate.

Reactions to these modern introductions illustrate confusion and uncertainty. Embracing modernity seems to create worry. Time is needed to adjust. Modernity and tradition do not necessarily clash because it is not a matter of choosing one over the other. For instance, people listen to traditional songs on the radio. The novel seems to support the idea that modern elements are useful while certain traditional elements are no longer relevant.

Arranged marriages illustrate challenges to old customs and beliefs. Despite the narrator's elder sister's protests, she is told to marry Gsal sgron's gold-toothed brother. Reciprocally, Gsal sgron is betrothed to the narrator, and a wedding is planned for when they reach the age of thirteen. In reality, the narrator's elder sister falls in love with the teacher. Their effort to evade traditional marriage fails when they elope and the girl's father and fiancé capture them.

The narrator uses "Sad kyis bcom pa'i me tog The Frost-bitten Flower," a well-known short story by Don grub rgyal (1953-1985),¹ to metaphorically describe his elder sister's fate. With schooling as an excuse, Gsal sgron manages to postpone and eventually escape her arranged marriage. Gsal sgron and the narrator's sister are well-chosen in the sense that one is educated and the other is not, suggesting that education emancipates girls from custom and tradition.

The author makes clear, too, that free love does not necessarily lead to a happy marriage, as the narrator's marriage to an urban Tibetan confirms. Constant conflict leads her to leave him. The narrator's wife grew up in the city with no knowledge of the Tibetan language, no sense of home, and little regard for Tibetan culture. None

¹ For more on Don grub rgyal, see <https://bit.ly/2Y4wOy7> (accessed 19 July 2019).

of his family members attended his wedding in the city nor has he visited his father after he became bedridden. In the city, which he dreamed about as a child in the village, he does not find happiness. Instead, the city is covered in smog, as if it was a machine with no human feeling. In the city, he cannot find a sense of belonging, yet he is not ready to go home.¹

The *bla ma*-turned-businessman is guilty because he betrayed his monastery and faithful followers. He is engaged in despicable acts, such as stealing the village school's old bell and selling it for a fortune.

Gsal sgron escapes the village and sells her body, a reality that tortures her. In short, these characters struggle with inner conflicts. As Nyi ma don 'grub puts it, "In reality, we all live wearing masks. Nobody knows who we truly are. Perhaps Buddha understands" (316).

In the essay *Phyir log mi thub pa'i mi*² 'Those Who Cannot Return', the author writes that Beijing is the present and the future, while home is the past, a distant place. The paradox is that in either place, he cannot find a sense of home.

Tibetans refer to home as *Gangs ljongs* 'the Land of Snow', and for those far from home, snow evokes strong nostalgia. The narrator's first recollection of the village begins with snow described in Part One. In Part Two, he sits in a city office, yearning for snow that would catapult him to his far-away home, a cradle of joy and happy memories. Nevertheless, he realizes that home is no longer what he imagines. It has been transformed by the rapid all-encompassing transformations sweeping the countryside (Virtanen 2008). The village is no longer simple, quiet, and untouched. Instead, TV antennas sprout throughout the village. Villagers no longer gather at the village center, basking in

¹ See 'Jam dbyangs skyabs (2019:258) for a poignant, similar observation:

My friends admire me because I am living in a big city. They think the trees are green in winter, there are many fancy cars, and many huge, tall buildings. What they think is not wrong, but they don't imagine the terrible pollution. When I first came to Xi'an City, I thought it was a great place to live. I dreamed that one day, all my family would move to Xi'an City. After several months in Xi'an City, I thought very differently.

² <https://bit.ly/2N6vzKd>, accessed 15 June 2019.

the sun and sharing stories and gossip as children listen and play. There are now only young children and elders in the village. The others are away in urban centers earning money.

Perhaps the characters are not ready to return for fear of disappointment and of shattering their memories which were nestled in a childhood blissfully unaware of the pain and complexities of adult life. In the narrator's words, the feeling of longing for home is like a kite string tethered to the earth. In the city, he enjoys traditional Tibetan songs that remind him of home and tell him that no matter how far he goes or how long he is gone, he will eventually return. Finally, after hearing about bloodshed stemming from a violent grassland dispute between their village and the neighboring village, they all decide to visit home together.

Washul (2018) discusses urban development in China's Tibetan areas and why it lags behind that of other, rural non-coastal areas. In describing educated Tibetans moving from rural areas in search of employment and business opportunities:

The importance and changing meanings of "home" (Tibetan *yul*) for Tibetans who have been educated in the state system cannot be overlooked. But what it means to return home has shifted with their experience of moving through the spatial scales of the state's administrative hierarchy (494).

While for someone studying or working in Beijing, home is Mtsho sngon, in the novel, home refers to their natal village and returning home simply means returning to their birthplace. As Washul notes, a livelihood based on agricultural or pastoral labor is not desirable for those who have received state-sponsored education, and this holds true for the narrator, Gsal sgron, and Nyi ma don 'grub. Commenting on how the narrator's father became rich through raising sheep, Nyi ma don 'grub says, "That's the old way of becoming rich" (312).

Washul comments:

Even the previous and current generations of farmers and nomads (the parents of educated Tibetan professionals and the siblings of professionals who did not complete school) view urban life, and the path to it via secular education, as a comfortable alternative to agricultural and pastoral lives that demand intensive labor and physical hardship (2018:506).

The narrator's father thinks differently. Before he passes away, he confides that it was a mistake to send his son away to school. He is unhappy that his only son has settled in the city and is no longer destined to inherit his property and continue traditional ways of life. In this novel, "home" is a particular topographical location and not a way of life. In contrast, Washul's excerpt (above) captures what most rural Tibetan parents believe.

In an interview,¹ the writer describes the novel as an attempt to capture simple rural life as he experienced it before the arrival of modernity and various outside influences. Now translated into Chinese, Japanese, and French, Lha byams rgyal states that he cares more about how Tibetans feel about his novel than he does about how many languages it has been translated into. He hopes that many years from now the novel's readers will be able to conjure a picture of what rural life once was.

The straightforward plot with adroitly intertwined subplots and well-developed characters strengthen the narrative. The language has a strong Amdo vernacular flavor, which may challenge some Tibetan readers, but it appealed to me. In terms of the narrative style, the writer uses his voice, adding to the story's believability.

This reviewer's life experiences resonate with the narrator's. Though memory is selective and often unreliable, *The Beloved Children of Tibet* provides readers insight into a vanished Tibetan way of life, imagined or experienced.

¹ <https://bit.ly/2O1VgMs>, accessed 15 June, 2019.

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TIBETAN TERMS

'gyur med འགྱུར་མེད།
 'jam dbyangs skyabs འཇམ་དབྱངས་སྐྱུངས།
 a mdo ཨ་མདོ།
 a mdo kha skad ཨ་མདོ་ཁ་སྐད།
 bla ma བླ་མ།
 bod kyi gces phrug བོད་ཀྱི་གཅེས་ཕུག
 don grub rgyal རོན་གྲུབ་རྒྱལ།
 gangs ljongs གངས་ལྗོངས།
 ge sar གེ་སར།
 gsal sgron གསལ་སྒོན།
 khri ka ཁྲི་ཀ།
 lam gyi nyi 'od ལམ་གྱི་ཉི་འོད།
 lha byams rgyal ལྷ་བྱམས་རྒྱལ།
 lha byams rgyal gyi sgrung 'bring phyogs bsgrigs ལྷ་བྱམས་རྒྱལ་གྱི་སྒྲུང་འབྲིང་
 ཕྱོགས་བསྒྲིགས།
 lha sa ལྷ་ས།
 mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྒོན།
 mar nang grong མར་ནང་གྲོང་།
 mar nang dgon pa མར་ནང་དགོན་པ།
 mi 'grul lam མི་འགྲུལ་ལམ།
 mi la tsi tsi མི་ལ་ཙི་ཙི།
 nag mo khol gyi snyan ngag dus tshigs kun bsdus bod 'gyur ma ནག་མོ་ཀོལ་གྱི་སྐྱེད་ཀྱི་སྒྲུང་འགྱུར་མ།
 མོ་ཁོལ་གྱི་སྐྱེད་ཀྱི་སྒྲུང་འགྱུར་མ།
 nyi ma don 'grub ཉི་མ་དོན་འགྲུབ།
 pan chen bla ma པན་ཅེན་བླ་མ།

sbrang char སྤང་ཆར།

sbrang char rtsom rig bya dga' སྤང་ཆར་རྩོམ་རིག་བྱ་དགའ་།

skal bzang tshe brtan སྐལ་བཟང་ཚེ་བརྟན།

thar 'phel ཐར་ཤེལ།

CHINESE TERMS

Beijing 北京

Chengdu 成都

Guide 贵德

Qinghai 青海

Xining 西宁

REVIEW: *JIE* BY CIREN LUOBU

Reviewed by 'Brug mo skyid འབྲུག་མོ་སྐལ་ལྷོ་མེད། (Zhoumaoji 周毛吉,
Qinghai Normal University 青海师范大学)



Ciren Luobu 次仁罗布. 2011. *Jie* 界 [*Realm*]. Lasa 拉萨: Xizang renmin chubanshe 西藏人民出版社 [Tibet People's Publishing House]. 210pp. ISBN 978-7-223-03197-4 (paperback 28RMB).



Ciren Luobu 次仁罗布 (Krysta Close and Dong Rui 董锐). 2015. *Realm*. Beijing 北京: Zhongyi chubanshe 中译出版社 [Chinese Translation Publishing House]. 356pp. ISBN 978-7-5001-4336-9 (paperback 35RMB)

INTRODUCTION

Ciren Luobu, *aka* Tshe ring nor bu, was born in Lhasa and graduated in 1981 from Tibet University with a major in Tibetan Literature. After graduation, he was assigned as a Tibetan teacher to the County Middle School in the Changdu Region on the east side of the Tibet Autonomous Region (TAR). In 1988, he returned to Lhasa to teach Tibetan in the Tibet Post School (Zhou 2019:4). In 1995, he started working in the editorial departments of the *Tibet Daily* and *Tibetan Literature*.

Currently, Ciren Luobu is Executive Chief Editor of *Tibetan Literature*, a member of the China Writers Association Committee, and Vice-Chair of the Tibet Writers Association. His awards include the 5th Lu Xun Literature Prize, the Gold Award of the 5th Qomulangma Literature Awards, the 5th Tibet New Century Literature Award, and the Best New Work in the 7th Literature Research Award of

[†]'Brug mo skyid (Zhoumaoji). 2019. Review: *Jie* by Ciren Luobu. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:532-542.

Contemporary National Minority Literature (Zhou 2019:4; Close and Dong 2015).

Ciren Luobu's career as a novelist began in 2005, when he was assigned to work in the editorial department of *Tibetan Literature* (Zhou 2019:4). He has authored a number of literary works including Chinese-language short stories such as *Jie 'Realm'* and *Fangsheng Yang 'The Liberated Sheep'* (He 2018:68). His first novel, *Jiyu Fengzhong*, was published in 2015 (Ciren Luobu 2015). His short story, *Shashou 'The Assassin'* was produced as a movie - *Zhuangsi Yizhi Yang 'Running Over a Sheep'* - by Wanma Caidan in 2018.

Jie, the book under review, is a collection of the fourteen short stories listed below:

- "Luozide Chuanfu 'A Nortse Boatman'"
- "Qiu Ye 'The Autumn Night'"
- "Fen 'Burning'"
- "Chen Wang 'The Mortal Coil'"
- "Qianfang Youren Dengta 'Someone Waiting for Her Ahead'"
- "Shashou 'The Assassin'"
- "Yuji 'Rainy Season'"
- "Jie 'Realm'"
- "Chuanshuo 'Legend'"
- "Deduo 'Dedub'"
- "Fangsheng Yang 'The Liberated Sheep'"
- "Amiriga 'A Bull from America'"
- "Shenshou 'Divine'"
- "Quguoshan Shang de Xue 'Snow of Mount Chogor'"

An English translation of this collection titled *Realm* was published in 2015.

As noted in other reviews (Liu 2018, Yang 2018, He 2014, Li Meiping 2017, Li Zunyun 2017, He 2018, Wei 2019), the accounts in *Jie* are grounded in the lives of ordinary Tibetan farmers, herders, monks, boatmen, and craftsmen. The stories typically feature monasteries, stupas, teahouses, and yak enclosures on the grasslands.

As claimed in an interview (Zhou 2019:5), the inclusion of geographical features has roots in Ciren Luobu's earlier experiences as a teacher in the Changdu Region in the area where the TAR meets the provinces of Sichuan, Qinghai, and Yunnan. This setting provided an opportunity to observe ordinary Tibetans. The characters in *Jie* are from lower social classes and depict their conflicts, values, and beliefs.

I now turn to an analysis of the stories in *Jie* through three broad themes: change and confusion, tradition and modernity, and grief and relief.

CHANGE AND CONFUSION

Change and confusion are two common themes among the fourteen stories. Change radiates from different forces. Some are external, and others are internal. The former derives from significant social events such as revolutions in the mid-1900s. These revolutions relate to Tibet's contemporary political system and social structure, as well as ordinary people's lives. For example, in "A Nortse Boatman", the daughter learns about city life from a Khams pa merchant and leaves her poorly-lit house with shabby furniture, and her boatman father. She opens a store in Lhasa and begins a comfortable, materially rich life. Also, in "Dedub," a conflict between the government advisory board and the monasteries results in monks using weapons instead of studying and chanting scripture.

Internal changes are reflections and reactions to exotic changes. In "A Bull from America," rapid economic development in Lhasa leads Gongbu to realize farming is not the only source of income, so he buys an imported bull from America, which requires him to take out loans. He plans to make money by using the American bull for breeding.

In "Snow of Mount Chogor," villagers refuse to plow for the coming spring after viewing an American disaster movie that leads them to believe that 2012 will be the end of the world.

Confronting and adjusting to change is not easy. Story characters are often lost when registering rapid change and do not

know what their next step should be. Some choose a new life and confront doubt and rejection. Others remain the same, but continuing change pushes them to make decisions. The Gesar storyteller, Yaerjie, in "Divine" illustrates this. Yaerjie moves to an institute in Lhasa to record his stories. No longer narrating to herders on the grassland or mountain residents, Yaerjie abandons his wandering life as a storyteller and begins a comfortable life with a salary and apartment in Lhasa. However, happiness does not accompany him. He often dreams he is back on the grassland, a homeless orphan, making a living by herding and telling Gesar stories for days and nights without pause.

In Lhasa, he suffers from severe physical illness and loss of memory of the Gesar episodes. He concludes that Gesar can only be told intuitively on the grassland to its people and other inhabitants, nevertheless, he opts to remain in the city.

In "Someone Waiting for Her Ahead," Xiagu and her tailor husband teach their daughter and son to be grateful and good-hearted. After her husband's death, Xiagu continues to be humble, helpful, and kind-hearted. Those around her refer to her as the warm-hearted, old lady Xiagu. Witnessing her children cheat, steal, go into debt, and violate the law in pursuit of material wealth fills her with fear and doubt. Questioning the values people hold in this new society, she feels lost and confused. The values and good qualities she and her husband valued and adhered to throughout their lives are not important to their children in this new society.

TRADITION AND MODERNITY

Tradition and modernity are also two important themes in this collection. The stories in *Jie* are set at different times in the twentieth century. Modernity is a growing force in Tibet, particularly in Lhasa, and many aspects of Tibetan culture are altering. In "Burning," Weise, a girl from an impoverished family, marries a man from a famous, wealthy family who is in love with her. Her in-laws, governed by notions of social hierarchy, treat her as a servant. A modern, educated,

financially independent woman, she refuses to endure such abuse and divorces. An unsuccessful marriage does not deprive Weise of enjoying freedom in the modern world, thanks to entertainment venues such as bars and modern devices such as telephones.

Similarly, Cita, the main character in "Autumn Night," also experiences dramatic changes when modernity arrives in this small town. Impoverished Cita's wife runs off with a truck driver. After earning money as a forest woodchopper, he opens a bar in the small town that becomes a success. His ambitions grow, and he expands his business to larger towns and cities. No longer a man destined to live in a small place, hopelessly entangled in poverty and sadness over his wife's betrayal and poverty; he is now rich and married to a bartender. He spends money carelessly in bars and among women. Cita's life fixed in tradition drastically alters as he takes advantage of opportunities brought by modernity. The man from a lower social class is changed by the power of money in the modern world.

GRIEF AND RELIEF

Grief and relief also characterize stories in "Realm." Grief is rooted in life, the struggle to survive, love, affection, salvation, and redemption. Ciren Luobu claims, "the protagonists in most of my works are imperfect and have difficult lives ... and what the readers see are images of poignancy and disintegration" (Xu 2015). Despite suffering and sorrow, characters pursue inner peace and relief from the Buddhist perspective of fate and karma. They wish to attain inner peace based on a belief in cause and effect, and impermanence.

In "A Nortse Boatman," an old boatman earns a living by transporting passengers across a rushing river. What he earns provides a dilapidated shelter and simple food for his daughter and himself. His daughter flees this life for a better existence in Lhasa, believing joy in this lifetime requires struggle, regardless of the cost. In contrast, the boatman is convinced that material happiness is short-lived, and detachment is life's only true meaning.

In "Rainy Season," Wangla witnesses the loss of his sons, Gelai and Gangzu; his wife, Panduo; and his father. A landslide sweeps away his house and his property. Alone in poverty and loneliness in the rainy season, he knows Buddha feels his suffering and is guiding him to leave sorrow behind.

"Burning" and "The Mortal Coil" illustrate grief and sorrow from love and affection. In "Burning," Weise searches for true love in relationships with man after man. In this quest, she divorces and leaves her son. Love she thought to be true and free is an illusion. Nevertheless, she does not end her search. Indifferent to how long love lasts or who gives it, she enjoys love without restriction, intent on quenching her desire.

In "The Mortal Coil," disabled Zhendui has relationships with four women, none of which prove permanent. These relationships are, in chronological order: Qiangba Lamu, a girl with a cleft lip - sweet but temporary; Daga, Qiangba Lamu's mother - grudging and distorted; Zela, a vagrant, mutually appreciative but destroyed by others; and a bartender who brought him the sense of family he yearned for, especially when she was pregnant, but then he died. Zhengdui could not have a long-lasting love in his life, but he knew he had felt love in this life. This belief generated his lack of fear when death came.

"The Liberated Sheep" demonstrates spiritual redemption based on a belief in karma and rebirth. A widower dreams his deceased wife is suffering and wandering aimlessly en route to her next incarnation. To speed her rebirth, the widower buys a sheep from a butcher and treats it as his deceased wife. He visits and worships at many temples, monasteries, and pilgrimage destinations. He also arranges for the sheep to contribute to a monastery construction project by placing sacks of mud and sand on the sheep's back for transport. This unpaid contribution lasts for about a month. Time passes, and his wife smiles in his dreams. The widower now finds he cannot leave the sheep as it symbolizes not only his wife's salvation but also his own.

Similarly, in "Realm," Cenla struggles to keep her son, Duopei, near her. Once convinced he would not leave the monastery and

become a layman, she offers him poisoned yogurt. To save his mother from her evilness, Duopei consumes it. Later, Cenla becomes blind and paraplegic but carves elegant and meaningful stones with the Six Sacred Syllables to atone for her sin near the stupa built for Duopei.

Aspects of traditional life among ordinary Tibetans at different times are portrayed in this collection via a range of themes. To many non-Tibetan reviewers, Ciren Luobu's novels reveal hardship and stratification of Tibetans in the old days and the happiness they enjoy in this new era as mentioned by Wei (2019) and Li Meiping (2017). As a native Tibetan reviewer, these short novels magnify only one aspect of the people. This might present non-Tibetan readers an incomplete understanding of Tibetan culture, particularly the life of ordinary Tibetans over time.

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The English translation - *Realm* - by Krysta Close and Dong Rui includes all the fourteen stories in *Jie*. Two points need to be made. First, the stories do not follow the sequence in the Chinese version, which is inconvenient for comparing the two versions. Second, the presentation of people and place names in the English version do not follow a common standard. For example, Gangzu, Dezhong, and Gelai are produced in Pinyin while Wangchuk (Wangjiu), Chogor (Quguo), Khandro Yeshe (Kanzhuo Yixi), and Shagu (Xiagu) appear in a non-Wylie Romanized form of Tibetan in the English version.

These minor criticisms aside, Ciren Luobu makes an innovative, valuable contribution to Tibetan modern literature in the Chinese language. His main characters are portrayed with distinctive personalities and experiences, providing readers vivid images of different people from varied social backgrounds. Landscape descriptions invoke depression, frustration, and loneliness, through heavy rain, empty roads, dark nights, and dim rooms. This serves to create an emotional attachment with the characters in their grief and struggle.

The author also employs a range of periods, e.g., before and into the era of chieftains, and beyond into modern times with phones and televisions, providing space for varying interpretations of ordinary Tibetans and their lifestyles.

I recommend *Jie* to readers with interests in Tibetan literature written in Chinese and those drawn to lives of ordinary Tibetans in dissimilar historical periods.

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CHINESE TERMS

Amiriga 阿米日嘎
 Cenla 岑啦
 Changdu 昌都
 Chen Wang 尘网
 Chuanshuo 传说
 Ciren Luobu 次仁罗布
 Cita 次塔
 Daga 达嘎
 Deduo 德剌
 Dezhong 德忠
 Duopei 多佩
 Fangsheng Yang 放生羊
 Fen 焚
 Gangzu 岗祖
 Gaxia 噶厦
 Gelai 格来
 Gongbu 贡布
 Jie 界
 Jiyu Fengzhong 祭语风中
 Kanzhuo Yixi 堪卓益西

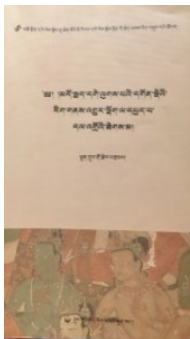
Luozi de Chuanfu 罗孜的船夫
Panduo 潘多
Pinyin 拼音
Qianfang Youren Dengta 前方有人等她
Qiangba Lamu 强巴拉姆
Qiangba 强巴
Qinghai 青海
Qiu Ye 秋夜
Quguo shanshang de Xue 曲郭山上的雪
Shashou 杀手
Shenshou 神授
Sichuan 四川
Wangjiu 旺久
Wangla 旺拉
Wanma Caidan 万玛才旦
Weise 维色
Xiagu 夏辜
Yaerjie 亚尔杰
Yuji 雨季
Yunnan 云南
Zela 泽啦
Zhengdui 郑堆
Zhuangsi Yizhi Yang 撞死一只羊

TIBETAN TERMS

gesar, ge sar གེ་སར།
khams pa ཁམས་པ།
tshe ring nor bu ཚེ་རིང་ནོར་བུ།

REVIEW: *CULTURAL CHANGES AT AN A MDO DGE LUGS MONASTERY* by Lhun grub rdo rje[†]

Reviewed by Klu thar rgyal ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ།



Lhun grub rdo rje ལུ་ཐར་རྒྱལ་དེ་མེ། 2018. *Mdo smad dge lugs pa'i dgon sde'i rig gnas 'gyur ldog la dpyad pa dal 'gro'i zogs ma* མདོ་སྐད་དགེ་ལུགས་པའི་དགོན་སྡེའི་རིག་གནས་ རྒྱུར་ཕྱོག་ལ་དབྱེད་པ་དཔལ་འབྱོར་ཞུགས་མ། [*A Study of Cultural Changes at an A mdo Dge lugs Monastery*]. Pe cing བེ་ཅིང་། [Beijing 北京]: Krung ko'i bod rig pa dpe skrun khang [Zhongguo zangxue chubanshe] 中国藏学出版社 གུང་ཀོའི་བོད་རིག་པ་དཔལ་སྐྱེན་ཁང་། [China Tibetology Press]. 252 pages. 38 RMB, paperback.¹

In this eight-chapter study of D+hIH tsha Monastery in A mdo, the author focuses on "cultural" changes. By "cultural," Lhun grub rdo rje refers to management structures, housing, clothing, monks' lives, ritual, food, clothing, the educational system, and the monastery's economy from 1981 to 2016. The advantages and disadvantages of these changes are also discussed and suggestions made on how to minimize the disadvantages.

Chapter One gives the reasons behind conducting this research and suggests that monastery culture is part of larger Tibetan culture. Tibetan researchers' and scholars' familiarity with their own culture may be limiting. In addition, very little study of recent cultural changes in monasteries has been conducted by Chinese researchers, e.g., some who study the topic only introduce the educational system, monks'

[†]Klu thar rgyal. 2019. Review: *Cultural Changes at an A mdo Dge lugs Monastery* by Lhun grub rdo rje. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:543-553.

¹ Mtsho sngon dge 'os slob grwa chen mo'i mi rigs dge 'os slob gling gi ched mkhas rig gzhung dpe tshogs [Mtsho sngon Normal University's Nationalities Normal College's Expert Academic Book Collections].

lives, economic realities, the incarnation system, and rituals of certain monasteries. Meanwhile, foreign researchers have provided a few narrowly focused investigations of rules, regulations, structures, monks' lives, the education of monks and nuns, and the monastery economy.¹ The author states that this led him to focus on this topic for his PhD dissertation, with D+hIH tsha Monastery as the monastery of interest. Chapter One also provides a brief introduction to each chapter.

Chapter Two offers a global definition of culture, explains how monastery culture could be understood, and gives a brief history of D+hIH tsha Monastery.² Originally a place for religious retreat, full names of the monastery include D+hIH tsha bkra shis chos sdings gling, and Dpal mi 'gyur dge ldan bkra shis chos sdings. Other versions of the names include Sde tsha, Sdi tsha, Lde tsha, D+hi tsha, and D+hIH tsha. Lhun grub rdo rje used D+hIH tsha.

Why did the author choose this particular monastery? Lhun grub rdo rje states that D+hIH tsha Monastery features both *ri khrod* 'mountain hermitage' and a monastery that no longer solicits donations from farming and herding communities because it is financially independent. He writes that he did not observe such features in other Dge lugs Monasteries he visited in A mdo and D+hIH tsha Monastery's cultural changes had not been studied.

¹ Lhun grub rdo rje states (2018:8) "Goldstein and Jane Caple have studied the economic development of China's monasteries." (See Caple's discussion (2011, 2019) of D+hIH tsha Monastery opening shops, restaurant, a vegetable shop, a book shop, a printer's, a computer room, a tailor shop, a medical clinic, selling longevity pills and *gter bum* 'treasure jars' containing pure/blessed materials, and offering loans at interest.

² D+hIH tsha bkra shis chos sdings, located fifty-four kilometers northwest of Bayan Township Town, Dpa' lung (Hualong) Hui Autonomous County, is separated into upper and lower monasteries. The former, the "new monastery," was founded by the fourth Zhwa dmar dge 'dun bstan 'dzin rgya mtsho (1852-1912) in 1903. The lower monastery is known as the "old monastery" and was established by the Nang so 'lord' of Lde tsha at the beginning of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644). Both monasteries are Dge lugs (Nian and Bai 1993:53-55). See Smith (2017:171-172) for a photo of the monastery. For more, see <https://bit.ly/2rnXSJL>, accessed 8 November 2019.

The third chapter introduces the tasks of each of the monastery's administrators. The *khri pa* is the most important monastery leader and has the power to decide which new monks enter the monastery formally. In 2016, the *khri pa* was Sku phyogs sku mched tshang. When a *khri pa* completes his work term, another is chosen based on the needs of the monastery's educational system. The *khri pa*'s main responsibility is to annually choose a *bge bskos* whose duty it is to observe how well the monks follow monastery rules. The *khri pa* also selects five to seven monastery administrators every three years who are responsible for choosing *gnyer pa* 'stewards'. These monk workers are also shopkeepers, tailors, teachers in the monastery's primary school, or the monks who work in the photocopy shop. The administrators also serve special guests such as government representatives and famous *bla ma*, and ensure that the monastery's water-taps and roadways are maintained.

Changes in the number of administrators in the last two decades and the reasons for these changes are discussed. The author interviewed former *gnyer pa* and learned that there were four *gnyer pa* in the monastery in 1988. Even though the number of monks continually increased, only four monks were responsible for preparing *mang ja* 'tea and food offered as alms to monks during collective prayer assemblies'. They also needed to solicit tea and food for *mang ja* from designated communities.

In late 1997, *mang ja* was provided using the monastery's resources, except during the winter, thus reducing pressure on the *gnyer pa* to solicit collections. In 2008, the monastery had enough money to support itself from income from the shops, a restaurant, a tailor shop, and a copy shop at the monastery. The monastery then stopped seeking donations from communities.

In the 1980s and 1990s, there was one tailor, but now there is a specific shop for the tailors. All the income from the tailors belongs to the monastery. The salaries of the administrators and monk workers vary between 1,000 and 10,000 RMB per year. The monks preferred the higher paid positions.

Chapter Four describes changes in the monks' lives after 1980, the year the monastery reopened. The author focuses on the monks' quarters, food, clothes, and holidays and specifies the changes and reasons for each. For example, most monastery windows were covered with paper in the 1980s. However, in 1996, monks began building glass-enclosed porches that made the rooms warmer and helped dry clothing more quickly. After the monastery had electricity, the monks increasingly chose to cook with electricity. The monks then reduced the number of rooms they had because they no longer needed space to store fuel. In 2015, the monastery built a six-floor-apartment building sponsored by the leader of Zi ling (Xining) City and the local government. Aware of an apartment's advantages, the monks increasingly wanted their own apartment.

In the 1980s, some monks died from eating spoiled dry meat and old dry noodles. The monastery subsequently bought a large refrigerator. Monks were then able to cook using raw meat rather than only dried meat. In 2006, most monks stopped eating meat in the *tshogs chen 'du khang* 'central prayer assembly hall' to reduce the slaughter of animals and reduce food expenses, since vegetables cost less than meat.

In the 1980s, all the monks wore white *smad g.yogs* 'lower garment worn by monks' with a piece of red cloth along the bottom edge, because it was inexpensive. Once life conditions improved after 1990, monks purchased red *smad g.yogs* and no longer wore white *smad g.yogs*.

The monks have several annual holidays. The longest lasts for two months in summer. One holiday coincides with the time of class promotion in the monastery. For example, the day that monks are promoted, they serve *mang ja* to other monks. They also spend time chatting and teasing each other at a nearby stream. However, as living conditions improved, they began to travel and visit other monasteries in Mtsho sngon and Gansu provinces.

Chapter Five discusses changes in education. In 2001, the monastery established a primary school which taught Tibetan, Chinese, English, and Tibetan calligraphy. Later, math was added to better

educate future *gnyer pa*. An example of a change in classroom behavior is that monks used to prostrate to the teachers three times at the beginning and end of classes. This is no longer done by some monks because some teachers asked them not to do so.

In the past, the monks used a *sam Ta* 'traditional Tibetan writing board' that involved lightly covering the surface of a wood board with barley flour to practice Tibetan calligraphy. Later, when they had learned more, ink and paper were used. The *sam Ta* is no longer used.

Chapter Six discusses changes in the monastery economy. In the past, the most difficult monastery tasks were those of the *gnyer pa*, who were responsible for obtaining food for *mang ja* through community solicitations. Monks were generally reluctant to be *gnyer pa*, and there was also an awareness that soliciting from community members caused hardship. In 1987, a shop was opened in the monastery that proved successful. The monastery then opened a second shop, a restaurant, a vegetable shop, a tailor shop, a copy shop, stopped eating meat in the monastery's prayer assembly hall, and began loaning money at interest to locals. As the monastery became independent economically, it no longer relied on community donations.

Chapter Seven discusses the advantages and disadvantages of the changes at the monastery. Not eating meat in the prayer assembly hall reduced monastery expenses, and was considered more "Buddhist." Disadvantages included the use of cell phones, which led monks to spend less time on study. Previously, a common conversation topic for monks centered on those who were outstanding scholars; however, a main topic today is wealthy monks or those with rich sponsors. Overall, the author asserts that most changes to the monastery have more advantages than disadvantages.

At the end of this chapter, the author imagines what may happen in the future; for example, currently about forty monks enter the monastery annually and the same number leave and become laymen. Consequently, the number of monks will probably decline.

The final chapter summarizes the changes and the reasons for these changes. Fundamentally, monk life conditions and the monastery economy have improved. As the financial situation improves, the study of Buddhism declines.

My critique of this book includes the author using the term *glog klad khang* 'computer room', but not explaining until the end of the book that the monks copy texts here. The author also has a tendency to repeat background information.

My experience with Amdo monasteries is that their shop prices are higher than similar shops outside the monastery. The food at monastery restaurants is often double the price of comparable food in other restaurants, either due to the monastery's remote location, inconvenient transportation, or to maximize profit. I wonder if this is the same for D+hIH tsha Monastery and if so, what do individual monks think about this?

Later, the author mentions vehicles owned by D+hIH tsha Monastery. Did the monastery buy them to provide a taxi service for the monks and visitors to and from local towns? I spent several holidays at Klu tshang Monastery¹ in Mang ra (Guinan) County. During my first visit, I took a private taxi that operated between the county town and the monastery. Later, however, the monastery bought a small van to transport monks and guests, which proved popular because the fees were cheap and the van was fast. I was told the monastery's taxi service was profitable.

The author mentioned monks using wood as cooking fuel in the past and then switching to cooking with electricity. How did the monks warm their quarters? Monasteries that I have visited in Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture used livestock dung as

¹ Rnye dgon bshad sgrub dar rgyas gling and Klu tshang dgon bshad sgrub dar rgyas dge 'phel gling are alternative names. This Dge lugs monastery is located in Sum mdo (Senduo) Township, Mang ra County, two kilometers from the county town. The Fourth Rnye, Blo bzang chos kyi nyi ma (1850-1909) founded this monastery in 1889 at the request of four Bdud shul klu ba tribes. Also known as Klu tshang bshad sgrub dge 'phel gling, it sits at the foot of Hamairi Mountain at an elevation of 3,080 meters (Nian and Bai 1993:195). See Smith (2017:77) for a photo of the monastery.

cooking fuel and also to warm their quarters during the winter, but by 2012, coal had largely replaced the use of dung. Today, if D+hIH tsha Monastery does the same, it could be considered a disadvantage due to the strong smell of burning coal masking the odor of smoldering incense in the vicinity of Shing khri¹ and Klu thang monasteries in winter.

Currently, monasteries are confronting the issue of garbage. A monk from Shing khri Monastery told me that in about 1985, people walked barefoot in dense grass around the monastery. Today, however, broken glass and trash are scattered everywhere. How does garbage impact D+hIH tsha Monastery and how does the monastery deal with garbage?

These issues aside, Lhun grub rdo rje's study will interest scholars of contemporary Tibetan monasteries. It contributes to detailed studies of individual monasteries in China, and how Tibetan Buddhist institutions deal with the challenges of change in China. Careful description, well-organized points, photographs, and clear explanations of changes at the monastery allow the reader to quickly grasp the author's ideas.

¹ Located in 'Ba' chu (Bashui) Township in the northeast of 'Ba' (Tongde) County, the elevation is 3,200 meters. The third Rdzong sngon incarnation *bla ma* from Bde chen (Diqian) Monastery established this monastery as a branch monastery of Bde chen Monastery in 1950. Two abbots were invited from the Rnga ba (Aba) area in Sichuan. In 1958, there were seventeen monks, forty-five students, and three *bla ma*. The monastery was closed in the same year. In 1983, it was reopened and an abbot was invited from Sichuan (Nian and Bai 1993:313-314). Smith (2017:85) writes that this Rnying ma monastery's full name is 'Bal shing khri dgon thub bstan bshad sgrub dar rgyas chos 'khor gling and it had 220 monks.

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TIBETAN TERMS

'ba' འབལ།

'ba' chu འབལ་ཚུ།

'bal shing khri dgon thub bstan bshad sgrub dar rgyas chos 'khor

gling འབལ་ཤིང་ཁྱི་དགོན་ཐུབ་བསྟན་འཕད་སྦྱབ་དར་རྒྱས་ཆོས་འཁོར་གླིང།

a mdo ཨ་མདོ།

bde chen བདེ་ཆེན།

bdud shul klu ba བདུད་ཤུལ་ལྷ་བ།

bge bskos བག་བསྐོས།

bla ma ལྷ་མ།

blo bzang chos kyi nyi ma ལྷོ་བཟང་ཆོས་ཀྱི་ཉི་མ།

chos thog ཆོས་ཐོག།

d+hi tsha ལྷི་ཚ།

d+hiH tsha ལྷི་ཚ།

d+hiH tsha bkra shis chos sdings gling ལྷི་ཚ་བརྒྱ་ཤིས་ཆོས་སྤིངས་གླིང།

dge lugs དགེ་ལུགས།

dhi tsha ལྷི་ཚ།

dpa' lung དཔལ་ལུང།

dpal mi 'gyur dge ldan bkra shis chos sdings དཔལ་མི་འཁྱུར་དགེ་ལུང་བརྒྱ་ཤིས་ཆོས་

སྤིངས།

glog klad khang གློག་ཀླང་ཁང།

gnyer pa གཉེར་པ།

gter bum གཏེར་བུམ།

gzhung gsar གཞུང་གསར།

khri pa ཁྱི་པ།

klu tshang ལྷ་ཚང།

klu tshang bshad sgrub dge 'phel gling ལྷ་ཚང་བསྟན་སྦྱབ་དགེ་འཕེལ་གླིང།

klu tshang dgon bshad sgrub dar rgyas dge 'phel gling ལྷ་ཚང་དགོན་བཤའ་
 ལྷུང་དར་རྒྱས་དགེ་ལེལ་གླིང་།
 lde tsha ལྷེ་ཚ།
 lhun grub rdo rje ལྷུན་གྲུབ་རྩོམ་ཆེ།
 mang ja མང་ཇ།
 mang ra མང་ར།
 mkhan po མཁན་པོ།
 mtsho shar མཚོ་ཤར།
 mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྟོན།
 mtsho sngon dge 'os slob grwa chen mo'i mi rigs dge 'os slob gling gi ched
 mkhas rig gzhang dpe tshogs མཚོ་སྟོན་དགེ་འོས་སྟོན་གྲ་ཆེན་མོའི་མི་རིགས་དགེ་འོས་
 སྟོན་གླིང་གི་ཆེད་མཁས་རིག་གཞུང་དཔེ་ཚོགས།
 rdzong sngon རྫོང་སྟོན།
 ri khrod རི་ཁྲོད།
 rje zhwa dmar རྩེ་ལྷ་དམར།
 rnga ba རྩ་བ།
 rnye རྟེ།
 rnye dgon bshad sgrub dar rgyas gling རྟེ་དགོན་བཤའ་སྤྱུང་དར་རྒྱས་གླིང་།
 rnying ma རྟིང་མ།
 rtsam pa རུམ་པ།
 sam Ta སམ་ཏ།
 sde tsha ལྷེ་ཚ།
 sdi tsha ལྷི་ཚ།
 shing khri ཤིང་ཁྲི།
 sku phyogs sku mched tshang ལྷུ་ཕྱོགས་སྤུ་མཆེད་ཚང་།
 smad g.yogs ལྷན་གཡོགས།
 sum mdo ལུམ་མདོ།
 tshogs chen 'du khang ཚོགས་ཆེན་འདུ་ཁང་།

zha dmar pa dge 'dun bstan 'dzin rgya mtsho ཞ་དམར་པ་དགེ་འདུན་བསྐྱེན་འཛིན་རྒྱ་

མཚོ།
zi ling ཟི་ལིང་།

CHINESE TERMS

Aba 阿坝

Bashui 巴水

Diqian 迪千

Gansu 甘肃

Guinan 贵南

Haidong 海东

Haina 海南

Hamairi 哈买日

Hualong 化隆

Qinghai 青海

Senduo 森多

Sichuan 四川

Tongde 同德

Xining 西宁

REVIEW: *CHINA'S NEW SOCIALIST COUNTRYSIDE: MODERNITY
ARRIVES IN THE NU RIVER VALLEY*
BY RUSSELL HARWOOD

Reviewed by Duo Dala (Stobs stag lha ལྷོ་སྐུ་སྐུ་ལྷོ་), International
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Russell Harwood. 2014. *China's New Socialist Countryside: Modernity Arrives in the Nu River Valley*. Seattle: University of Washington Press.

Over the past two decades, Chinese State led development projects such as the "Western Development Campaign" and "Build a New Socialist Countryside" have accelerated rapid and potentially irreversible economic, social, and cultural transformation in the nation's ethnic minority areas. This has caught the attention of scholars (Fischer 2008, 2011; Grant 2018; Hillman 2013, Ma 2003, and Vasantkumar 2014) and created vibrant debates over the projects' rationales and consequences. Based on a case study in Cikai Township, Gongshan County, Yunnan Province, China, Russell Harwood examines how the implementation and strict enforcement of nine-year compulsory education, implementation of environmental conservation programs, promotion of outward migration for work, and the expansion of social and economic infrastructure projects shape and reshape rural communities in western China. He also explores how local people engage, adapt and negotiate with these projects.

This ethnographic study uses household surveys, participant observations, and interviews with officials, teachers, parents, students, and local farmers. Focusing on three distinct yet interrelated dynamics - conservation, education and migration - Harwood interrogates the unique relationship between implementation of state-prescribed

†Duo Dala (Stobs stag lha). 2019. Review: *China's New Socialist Countryside: Modernity Arrives in the Nu River Valley* by Russell Harwood. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:554-557.

projects and local negotiation in peripheric areas of China today. Additionally, he uses Foucault's theory of governmentality (1991) and Anthony Giddens's theory of modernity (1990) to frame his overall evaluation of social, cultural, and economic transformations at work in Gongshan, as well as in every corner of contemporary China. He states:

the experience of modernity brings with it both transformation and disintegration: on the one hand, it promises 'adventure, power, joy, growth, transformation of ourselves and the world', and on the other, 'it threatens to destroy everything we have, everything we know, everything we are' (189).

He concludes that development policies have contributed to the marginalization of traditional agricultural livelihoods and the integration of communities with the national market economy and reliance on the Chinese Party-state. He further writes that ethnic minorities possess agency, although with limited capacity to engage, adapt, contest, and negotiate the rapid changes state policies thrust upon them.

This work contributes to existing literature regarding how local ethnic minorities in China experience and negotiate state-led projects. For instance, Fischer's (2013) work reaches similar conclusions in stating that the Tibetans are disempowered and marginalized through the process of implementing state subsidized projects. Goldstein et al. (2010) find that the "Comfortable Housing Project" aimed at building a new socialist countryside in the Tibet Autonomous Region has improved the quality of life of herders and farmers. Conversely, Duojie Zhaxi (2018) studies the impacts of such projects in a village in Amdo through the lens of governmentality and concludes that the project has put locals into debt, increased disparity within the village, and encouraged consumptive behaviors. Much more work is needed to gain a better understanding of the contemporary social, economic, and cultural transformation of ethnic regions under the current development regime.

Harwood concludes by asking two questions: What might a more inclusive development model have achieved compared to the current authoritarian intervention? How could the opportunities and economic fruits of rapid economic growth and development be evenly distributed? These questions are not easily answered. Thoughtful recommendations for policy and decision makers would have made this book even more complete and practical. Overall, however, this book's straightforward prose and personal accounts provide important insight into the local experience.

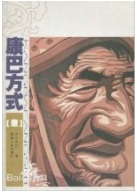
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REVIEW: *THE WAY OF KHAMS-PA* BY CHIANGYONG TSERING

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Jiang yang cai rang 江洋才让. 2010. *Kangba fangshi* 康巴方式 [*The Way of Khams-pa*]. Beijing 北京: Changpian xiaoshuo xuankan zazhi she 长篇小说选刊杂志社 [Selected Novels Publications]. 320pp. CN11-5296/1 (paperback 25RMB).



Chiangyong Tsering (Patric Burton and Jiang Yuqing 江玉清, translators). 2015. *The Way of Khams-pa*. Beijing 北京: Zhongyi chubanshe 中译出版社 [China Translation and Publishing House]. 268pp. ISBN 978-7-5001-4339-0 (paperback 35RMB).

The author, Chiangyong Tsering ('Jam dbyangs tshe ring, Jiangyangcairang), was born in Batang, Yushu Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Qinghai Province, PR China in 1970. A contemporary Tibetan novelist and poet, he studied in the Minority Class of the Lu Xun Literary Institute in Beijing and is currently the director of the Qinghai Writers' Association. His novels include *The Book of Khams-pa*, *Yak's Strolling*, *The Scattering of Ash*, *With a Stone in Arms*, and *The Way of Khams-pa*. *The Way of Khams-pa* was published in the periodical *Selected Novels* in 2010 and was translated into English by Burton and Jiang (2015).¹ Reflecting the life experiences of contemporary Tibetans, his works were awarded the 4th, 5th, and 6th Qinghai Literature and Art Government Award, the First Qinghai Lake

[†]Lhamodrolma (Lha mo sgrol ma, Lamaozhuoma). 2019. Review: *The Way of Khams-pa* by Chiangyong Tsering. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:558-563.

¹ These titles are from the English version.

Literature Award, and the Qinghai Youth Literature Award (Selected Novels, 2010:121).

In the novel's preface, Chiangyong Tsering writes:

When I was a child, I was the son of my father and mother. When I grew up, I found myself the son of the blue sky, the son of the river, and the son of the mountains. Many times, when I raise my head under the Plateau sky, I realize that the seeds of fate have sprouted in my body. As for the writing of *The Way of Khams-pa*, it should be regarded as the cause of this fate (Selected Novels, 2010:120).¹

The novel describes the life of an agro-pastoral Khams-pa village that is experiencing dramatic socioeconomic changes. The work is likely set after the Cultural Revolution, as indicated by the freedom of religious belief. Village changes echo economic developments following China's opening up beginning in the late 1970s. The work thus portrays a Khams-pa Tibetan village that goes through critical social changes, e.g., the development of infrastructure and the increasing availability of modern vehicles, which bring tremendous change to people's lives.

The novel begins with the following scene: Grandpa has lost his *thockcha* (*thog lcags*),² an amulet obtained from some mysterious period. Grandpa searches everywhere in the house, but the *thockcha* is nowhere to be found. In the end, he accepts the legend that *thockcha* might vanish into the ground. Consumed by great sorrow and regret, Grandpa draws his last breath at the age of seventy-three. That same night, a new life, Worma, is born.

Worma illustrates his family life in his village as he grows up. The second child of his family, Worma lives with his father, mother, and elder brother. His father and brother drive pack yaks loaded with goods to Baqing County Town to sell and exchange. They are also

¹ My translation.

² According to Bellezza, *thockcha* refers to "Tibetan talismans made of bronze and meteoric metals dating as far back as the Bronze Age" (<https://bit.ly/2GkwX6i>, accessed 11 July 2019).

messengers. The journey from the village to the county town takes a couple of days, and they often camp out in the open. Uncertainty and danger, such as bears attacking their yaks, are their companions.

The description of Grandpa, the loss of his *thockcha*, and his death signify a turning point. Although the *thockcha*, is not explicitly described, the writer indicates its special meaning to Grandpa: "This *thockcha* once opened its eyes and quivered on the bosom of Grandpa, who said that it had been a witness to his past seventy-three years and would remain as long as he lived" (Burton and Jiang, 2015:7).¹ After the *thockcha* vanished, Grandpa never woke up. The family did not reveal the cause of Grandpa's death because the loss of the *thockcha* would be regarded negatively. As mentioned earlier, the novel opens with this scene. The writer does not return to the *thockcha* until the very end of the story.

The village and Baqing County Town are two different regions employed by the writer to show the connection and contrast between tradition and modernity. The village symbolizes the traditional while the county town denotes the modern. The village is home to mountains and mountain deities, barley fields that many generations have worked in and passed on farming skills, and elders who guard the area and recount legends of Khams-pa. On the contrary, the county town is an exciting place with new objects and information. Stronger connections between the two areas are created because of such developments as roads, electricity, and so on.

Grandma Namkha is an old widow who lives alone. She is a mysterious figure; nobody knows much about her past. She lives in the foothills of the sacred Khawa Mountain, which she guards. Spiritual peace emanates from the mountain deity, which villagers prostrate to from time to time to feel reassured.

Women without men or families find spiritual support and comfort from the mountain and the mountain deity. Noyong Kardo, another village widow, later joins Grandma Namkha to guard the mountain deity. Noyong Kardo had lived in the village until her only daughter left with a man. Grandma Namkha tells her that the place will

¹ I edited the English.

depend on her after she passes away. Noyong Kardo thus finds her ultimate purpose in guarding the sacred Khawa Mountain.

Worma looks up to his smart, capable brother, Nyima, who is the expected future village leader. This strong male figure displays traditional Khams-pa characteristics of masculinity, a sense of responsibility, a strong sense of determination, and courage. Nyima follows the older generations in many ways, but he is also curious about the outside world. He challenges himself by conquering dangers in nature. He goes out at night, looking for a leopard threatening the village's safety and is eventually able to shoot it. Nyima killed the leopard to eliminate danger, but also to earn the title "Khams-pa."

He approaches problems in different ways. For instance, when most people rely on religious figures and rituals during a severe drought, Nyima and some other young men attempt to bring water from a nearby snow mountain. Also, he enjoys bringing news and stories each time he returns from the county town. Furthermore, Nyima is the first villager to move out and live in the county town.

Director Drolma is an unusual character. It is often men who are better educated and more powerful. In this novel, however, it is Drolma, a woman who is the Director of the United Front Work Department of Baqing County, and who later becomes the governor of Baqing County. Director Drolma was originally married to a man in a higher position but eventually divorced him because he had an affair and cared little about her. Later, Director Drolma falls in love with Nyima, and they decide to marry.

The road construction is finally completed, and Director Drolma is promoted to be the governor of Baqing County. She comes to the village in a green jeep to meet Nyima's family, which leads some to refer to the road as "the Road of Love." After spending a night at Nyima's home, Drolma and Nyima leave for the county town. As he leaves, Nyima takes the leopard skin on the wall and the family's treasured heirloom knife under his pillow. These two objects have special meaning to Nyima as a Khams-pa. Although Nyima left the village, the place that most people thought he would take charge of, nothing much changes. Nyima becomes a father and works as the

wiring team chief at the power plant in Baqing. Worma realizes his brother did not change; only his lifestyle changed.

Worma grows up, and it is time for him to marry. Worma's wedding is important for the family, who decide to renovate their old house before proposing marriage. The old house is demolished with help from village friends and relatives. When rebuilding, Worma finds the *thokcha* in the dust by happenstance, which brings joy, excitement, and hope. The story ends with Worma's mother saying:

'Son, it is your grandpa. He asked it to return to you!' Mother's voice sounded like a flag flapping in the wind. A long sigh escaped from her throat. I came close to her, and Mother placed the red string around my neck and covered her eyes with her hands. Nobody knew if she was in tears... Everybody saw the *thokcha*, the heavenly metal brought to earth by a flash of lightning, quivering on my chest, where it opened its eye that had long been covered by darkness (Burton and Jiang 2015, 268).¹

The *thokcha's* reappearance signifies the continuation of traditional life. The novel depiction of the intersection of tradition and modernity suggests that despite modernity changing the traditional world in this Khams-pa village, key traditional values and elements remain.

The English version of the novel follows the original work.

The novel is successful in showing the traditional aspects of Tibetan life as well as changes to that life brought by modern developments. Nevertheless, the linear storyline avoids conflict and complex dynamics that modern alterations bring to local traditional worlds. Those interested in traditional Tibetan life and contemporary changes at the grassroots level will find the novel of value.

¹ I edited the English.

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CHINESE TERMS

Baqing 巴青
Batang 巴塘
Chiangyong Tsering, Jiangyang Cairang 江洋才让
Drolma, Zhuoma 卓玛
Khams-pa, Kangba 康巴
Khawa, Kawa 卡瓦
Lu Xun 鲁迅
Namkha, Nanka 南卡
Noyong Kardo, Nuoyong kanzhuo 诺雍堪卓
Nyima, Nima 尼玛
Qinghai 青海
thockcha, *tajia* 铎珈
Worma, Woma 斡玛
Yushu 玉树

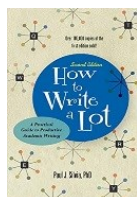
TIBETAN TERMS

'jam dbyangs tshe ring འཇམ་དབྱངས་ཙེ་རིང་།
khams pa ཁམས་པ།
thog lcags ཐོག་ལཱ་གས།

REVIEW: *HOW TO WRITE A LOT* BY PAUL J SILVIA

Reviewed by Lugyal Bum (Klu rgyal 'bum

ལུགྲའ་བུམ། Lijiaben 李加本)



PAUL J SILVIA. 2018. *How to Write a Lot: A Practical Guide to Productive Academic Writing* (2nd ed). Washington, DC: American Psychological Association, 2018. 110pp. ISBN-10:1433829738; ISBN-13:978-1433829734 (paperback 14.81USD).

In the well-received first edition of *How to Write a Lot*, Paul Silvia, the Lucy Spinks Kecker Excellence Professor at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro (in 2019),¹ addresses the challenges of academic writing, arguing that writing does not require innate skills but specific tactics and actions. Not focused on how to write stunning sentences or paragraphs without grammatical mistakes, the book seeks to inspire productively and overcome bad writing habits. Silvia synthesizes students' and professors' challenges from a psychological perspective and suggests useful strategies to ultimately achieve productive writing.

Similar to King (2000) and Zinsser (2001) that Silvia acknowledges in the introduction, writing is tough, and many scholars struggle to write after conducting extensive research. Writing is not a unique talent, but a skill that improves with practice. Universities generally do not systematically teach writing, in contrast to research skills, which are offered using a methodological approach. Instead, universities seem to assume students will learn from their advisors. While certain departments may offer writing classes, the focus is on specific writing style.

Chapter Two tackles barriers to writing that scholars face, e.g., "I can't find time to write." "I would write more if I could just find big

[†]Lugyal Bum (Klu rgyal 'bum, Lijiaben). 2019. Review: *How to Write a Lot* by Paul J Silvia. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:564-567.

¹ <https://bit.ly/2ZscgwF>, accessed 3 August 2019.

blocks of time." While seemingly a reasonable excuse in academia, Silvia points out that the word "find" is specious, i.e., teachers do not find time to teach because they have a teaching schedule. Therefore, a solution is to make a schedule for writing and stick to it.

A second fallacious barrier is "I need to do more analyses first." "I need to read a few more articles." Many unproductive writers recite this mantra and ultimately do not write. Hence, it is vital to do relevant reading and analyses during your scheduled time. "Writing time" embraces these activities as they are part of the writing process. A third barrier is, "I need a new computer, a better desk, a nice chair to write a lot," which Silvia interrogates by sharing his productive writing habits. Lacking facilities is not a good excuse for not writing a lot as pen and paper are always available.

A final barrier is certain writers say they write when they are inspired to do so. Silvia refutes this idea by applying the results of an experimental study that found people who write with inspiration write much less than the people who write in a scheduled writing time (Boice 1990), emphasizing the value of a writing schedule to write a lot and to be a productive writer.

Motivational tools are introduced in Chapter Three. A list of writing projects is not essential while setting a writing goal; however, having a concrete goal for each writing day is critical. It is also vital to prioritize writing projects according to urgency and importance. Professors and graduate students may have different priorities, and it is unlikely that they lack writing projects.

Monitoring the writing progress contributes to writing a lot because it enhances motivation and concentration on writing. Silvia shares how he uses Excel to monitor his writing progress by recording how much he wrote each day, a method that helped him write productively. Silvia suggests rewarding yourself when you meet your writing goal. At the end of Chapter Three, Silvia states that academic writers, unlike poets and novelists, do not get "writer's block." If an academic writer says, they cannot write, for this reason, it is saying they cannot write simply because they are not writing.

Organizing a writing group is an excellent way to get writers to work on writing projects. Chapter Four details how to set a writing group with five components. The first component is to set concrete, short-term goals, and monitor progress. The writing goal should be specific, not abstract or vague, and thus hard to track. Group members should complete the target before the next meeting. A second component is to adhere to the writing goal. Otherwise, members may waste time on unrelated topics in the writing group. Thirdly, those who made an achievement should be informally rewarded, and those who are struggling should be supported.

In Chapter Five, tips for improving the quality of academic writing are given. The purpose of articles is to deliver ideas and findings, not to amaze readers by using unusual words and wordy phrases. Silvia illustrates how to improve writing by choosing better words in the context of certain punctuation and how to avoid the passive voice and limp expressions. Silvia suggests writing first and revising later because they are different writing process that should be practiced at different times. Otherwise, writing will be unproductive.

Chapters Six and Seven deal with how to write journal articles and books. The first part of Chapter Six (on journals) discusses the structure of journal articles and how to write each section. The second part engages how to submit journal articles and advise on how to deal with rejection and resubmission of a journal article. Silvia points out that publishers reject most articles (the acceptance rate is twenty percent).

Writing a book (Chapter Seven), like writing a journal article, is to generate texts, but requires more time. Silvia's studies of why people write books suggest that many authors claim it is a way to learn a topic. Some scholars are interested in conveying the complexity of their research, while others want to publish a book. Silvia offers three ways to write productively. First, find a productive coauthor because it is fun and practical to work on a book with the right person. Next, discuss the structure of the book and what to include with your coauthor. Finally, stick to your schedule and write daily. Some authors suggest writing from Chapter Two and work on the preface and first

chapter later. Book writers also should monitor their writing progress. As an example, the author describes how he monitored the writing of his last book. Finally, Silvia shares how to find a publisher. He explains that publishing a scholarly book is relatively easy because they have stable markets, such as universities, libraries, and college courses.

Chapter Eight, a new chapter in the second edition, concerns writing grant and fellowship applications. Steps of writing a proposal are provided. Challenges of first proposals are acknowledged. Silvia employs elephant and seahorse imagery. The former seriously work on a single project to make it successful while seahorses produce multiple proposals at the same time and send to various potential sponsors. Though you compete for a grant with famous scholars in the same field, it is vital to realize that reviewers select the best among the proposals. Consequently, a great proposal has a chance of being funded. Silvia also introduces the differences in various grants in the humanities and science fields. Lastly, he suggests writing articles and books is a good option instead of wasting time working on grant proposals if a grant is unnecessary. Publishers of good manuscripts and books can be found, but a good grant proposal generally cannot be published.

This book inspired me, particularly chapters Two and Three, which helped me write more productively. Readers interested in writing journal articles and books would benefit from chapters Six and Seven. Finally, I reviewed Silvia's work by practicing his advice and strategies and highly recommend this book to those interested in academic writing.

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DISSERTATION NOTICE

REVIEW: *THE PHONETICS AND PHONOLOGY OF NYAGRONG MINYAG, AN ENDANGERED LANGUAGE OF WESTERN CHINA* BY JOHN R VAN WAY

Reviewed by Sami Honkasalo (University of Helsinki)



John R Van Way. 2018. *The Phonetics and Phonology of Nyagrong Minyag, an Endangered Language of Western China*. Honolulu: University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. Doctoral dissertation, xiv, 137 p [<https://bit.ly/2PpCV7Z>, accessed 25 September 2018].

John Van Way's dissertation, *The Phonetics and Phonology of Nyagrong Minyag, an Endangered Language of Western China* provides a compact, yet in-depth description of the sound system of Nyagrong Minyag, a Gyalrongic Horpa language of the Trans-Himalayan (Tibeto-Burman, Sino-Tibetan) language family spoken by ethnic Tibetans in western Sichuan, China. In diachronic research of Trans-Himalayan, the Gyalrongic languages are estimated to play a role comparable to that of Sanskrit in Indo-European studies (Jacques 2017:588). The Horpa languages, however, have only recently garnered more of the attention that they deserve. Van Way's dissertation forms a part of this ongoing new wave of Horpa research and constitutes a welcome addition in shedding more light on these languages, many of which are currently becoming endangered (see e.g., Tunzhi 2017 for the state of Stau).

Reflecting the current focus on collaboration and bidirectionality between the researcher and the language community, the dissertation forms a part of a larger partnership project in which the author and community members work towards language preservation. The present work focusing on phonetics and phonology

†Sami Honkasalo. 2019. Review: *The Phonetics and Phonology of Nyagrong Minyag, an Endangered Language of Western China* by John R Van Way. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 58:569-574.

begins with an introduction (1-15) and methodology (16-30). This is followed by an overview of the phonemic system (31-55) and a chapter dedicated to syllables, phonotactics, and related phonological processes (56-74). Nyagrong Minyag exhibits the typologically rare phenomena of aspirated fricatives and uvularized vowels. Consequently, the author dedicates two separate chapters to the phenomena of frication (75-91) and uvularization (92-127). The conclusion (128-131) both summarizes the central findings of the dissertation and highlights remaining questions that can primarily be addressed by working with more consultants and through new experiments in future research.

Glossonyms have been a problematic aspect of Trans-Himalayan research (Thurgood 2003:4). Horpa studies are currently moving from often pejorative or meaningless exonyms into glossonyms preferred and identifiable by the speaker communities (see Thunzhi 2017 for an argument for "rTa'u" in lieu of other alternatives for the variety of Central Horpa spoken primarily in rTa'u/Daofu County). Against this backdrop, the author chooses the term Nyagrong Minyag for the focus language. As mere Minyag (Muya), could easily be confused with the separate Minyag language, the adopted term that also combines the toponym Nyagrong likely constitutes the best option for future reference to this language in linguistic literature. When discussing the macro-level genealogical affiliation of Nyagrong Minyag, the author opts for the term Sino-Tibetan that has come under increasing debate in recent years (van Driem 2008, Owen-Smith and Hill 2014).

China is moving towards a widespread loss of languages, especially in the Tibetosphere (Roche 2017:24). Nyagrong Minyag exemplifies the current situation and appears highly vulnerable. The whole language community of approximately 1,000 speakers will be relocated due to the construction of a dam for a hydroelectric project. This will surely lead to disruption of language transmission. Since all Nyagrong Minyag speakers are bilingual in the local prestige language, Nyagskad, even a minor relocation in the region will accelerate a language shift among Nyagrong Minyag speakers. Viewed against this

backdrop, Van Way's description is very timely and a valuable permanent record of an extremely vulnerable language.

Regrettably, phonological descriptions of endangered languages have often been based on few sources that, not infrequently, are limited to a single speaker. Aware of this trend, Ladefoged (2003:14-15) advises a fieldworker to ideally record half a dozen speakers from both sexes to accurately reveal the phonetic characteristics of a language. For the main word list, Van Way uses recordings from seven female and thirteen male speakers, setting a high standard for fieldwork practices. Due to outsiders' limited access to the speech community in a politically sensitive area, the author collected the source materials through a visiting native collaborator. This imposed certain limitations on the work, e.g., the nature of the recordings.

Van Way reports on the difficulty of recording lexical items in carrier frames minimizing list intonation and other effects distorting suprasegmental features, such as intonation, resulting in excluding these phonological topics in the present work. Pitch and tonal phenomena play a crucial role in understanding the diachrony of Horpa languages. Also, while Sun (to appear) describes Nyagrong Minyag as a tonal language, Van Way finds no evidence for contrastive phonemic tone. Suprasegmental features thus remain to be researched in more detail in future Nyagrong Minyag scholarship.

With forty-two phonemic consonants and seven phonemic vowels, Nyagrong Minyag phonology closely aligns with previous phonological work on Horpa languages (see Vanderveen 2015 for Stau). In addition to minimal pair and near minimal pair sets, the author uses palatograms and linguograms together to provide further evidence for the phonological interpretation, greatly corroborating his arguments. As a result, Van Way's description is likely the most detailed phonological analysis of any rGyalrongic language at present. In addition to figure 3.1.3. illustrating the density plots of midpoints of vowels with normalization, a vowel table with frequencies listed could also have been included in the work. Of the vowels /i, y, u, ə, ε, ɔ, a/, /y/ has by far the lowest frequency and thus is of particular interest.

Based on figure 3.1.3., it seems that the phoneme could be rather interpreted as central, yet from the viewpoint of central phoneme ratios (Crothers 1978), the resulting system would be typologically rarer. Also, Van Way finds no vowel harmony in Nyagrong Minyag, a feature proposed to exist in Stau (Gates 2017 *passim*), but playing only a limited role in Geshiza (personal fieldwork).

Complex consonant clusters characterize many Gyalrongic languages, and Nyagrong Minyag neatly reflects this tendency. In its syllable structure, the language exhibits the maximal form CCCCVCV. Established terms 'preinitial', and 'initial' are used in the work in their special meanings in Gyalrongic studies. While two-member consonant clusters are treated exhaustively, discussion on other cluster types remains at the level of illustrations. Discovering and listing all consonant clusters will undoubtedly remain a challenging task in the documentation of Horpa languages, not least because some combinations appear only in "phonological hapax legomena" of a single lexical item, often in an obscure semantic domain facing the risk of oblivion. Consequently, new clusters are occasionally discovered even in better known Gyalrongic languages. Nevertheless, as Lai (2017:56-79) illustrates in the context of Wobzi Khroskyabs, instances of complex clusters have many underlying restrictions and also frequently result from derivation, which makes the daunting task of their mapping more reasonable in the future.

In clustered environments, Nyagrong Minyag nasals assimilate regressively into the following consonant. Van Way, however, discovers exceptions to this general tendency, for instance [mʈʂʰi] 'snake', [mɔzɔ] 'saliva'. For these instances an underlying form with two pre-initial consonants are proposed, one labiodental and one nasal: /fntʂʰi/ and /fndzɔ/. The two preinitial consonants consequently mutate into a single surface form. While this hypothesis adequately describes the synchronic, language-internal phonology of Nyagrong Minyag, an alternative explanation for the phenomenon is also possible in light of comparative Horpa data. In Geshiza, a related Horpa language, two distinct nasal preinitials exist. In addition to an archiphonemic abstract nasal preinitial *N-* that assimilates

regressively into the following consonant, the language also has a preinitial *m*- that retains its place of articulation without assimilation under all circumstances: *mp^hri* 'snake', *mdzə(rji)* 'saliva'. Seen from a comparative perspective, it can be alternatively hypothesized that the aberrant Nyagrong Minyag instances reflect a historical preinitial type that is disappearing from the phonotactic system of the language.

In addition to aspirational contrasts in plosives, Nyagrong Minyag also has three aspirated fricatives: /s^h, ʃ^h, t^h/. These sounds are typologically rare; for instance, based on an initial survey, Craioveanu (2013) found that aspirated fricatives appear in only two to three percent of the world's languages. Importantly, Van Way observes that aspirated fricatives exhibit a trend of slightly lower overall pitch. From a diachronic viewpoint, this provides valuable material for analyzing the interconnectedness of tone, aspiration, and phonation type in Horpa languages.

In conclusion, Van Way's dissertation on Nyagrong Minyag constitutes a contribution with lasting value. In addition to linguists working with Tran-Himalayan languages, it is recommended for researchers with phonological, phonetic, and typological orientations. It is hoped that this initial step in Nyagrong Minyag will be complemented by materials describing and analyzing other aspects of the language, for the benefit of both the language and research communities.

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